Douce S. 353.

Mat. 26. 14.
Mat. 27. 2.
ST PETERS
COMPLAINE
Mary Magdal:
teares
Wth other workes
of the author
R: S:
LONDON
Printed by I: Haviland
Luke. 22. 62. and sould by Robert Allott. Iohn. 20. 11.
Luke. 9. 38.
1630.
Luke. 22. 42.

# TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, RICHARD Earle of Dorcet, &c.

My Lord,

THe entertainment, which this worke in the ſeueral parts thereof hath formerly found with men of exact iudgment, may be a ſufficient teſtimony, that it is not (now) offered vnto your Lordſhip for that it ſtands in need of protection (the vſuall apologie of euery

trriuiall Pamphletter,) much leſſe to emendicate any others ſuffrages, beyond the knowne worth thereof: the onely reaſon of this preſent boldneſſe, and my excuſe for thus preſuming to recommend it to your Honorable hands, being, that as the Author thereof had long ſince dedicated ſome peeces of the whole to ſundrie particular branches of that noble ſtocke and familie wherof your Lordſhip is, (and long may you be a ſtrong and flouriſhing arme!) ſo now my ſelfe hauing firſt collected theſe diſmembred parcels into one body, and publiſhed them in an entire edition; I held it a kinde of ſacrilege to defraud your noble name of the right; which

which you may ſo iuſtly challenge thereunto, which by the Sunſhine of your fauour ſhall bee as it were reanimated; and He encouraged to further endeuours, who in the meane time is

*At your Lordſhips ſeruice,*

W. BARRET.

# THE AVTHOR TO HIS LOVING COVSIN.

Oets by abusing their talent, and making the follies and fainings of Loue, the customary subiect of their base endeuours, haue so discredited this faculty, that a Poet, a Louer, and a Lyer, are by many reckoned but three words of one signification. But the vanity of men cannot counterpoise the authority of God, who deliuering many parts of Scripture in verse, and by his Apostle willing vs to exercise our deuotion in Hymnes and spirituall Sonnets, warranteth the Art to be good

good, and the vſe allowable. And therfore not onely among the Heathen, whoſe Gods were chiefly canonized by their Poets, and their Paynim Diuinitie oracled in verſe: but euen in the old and New Teſtament, it hath beene vſed by men of greateſt pietie, in matters of moſt deuotion. Chriſt himſelfe by making an Hymne the concluſion of his laſt Supper, and the prologue to the firſt Pageant of his paſſion, gaue his Spouſe a method to imitate, as in the office of the Church it appeareth; and to all men a patterne to know the true vſe of this meaſured and footed ſtyle. But the Deuill as he affecteth Dietie and ſeeketh to haue all the complements of Diuine honour applyed to his ſeruice, ſo hath he among the reſt poſſeſſed alſo moſt Poets with his idle fancies. For in lieu of ſolemne and deuout

matter, to which in dutie they owe their abilities, they now busie themselues in expressing such passions, as onely serue for testimonies to how vnworthy affections they haue wedded their wils. And because the best course to let them see the errour of their workes, is to weaue a new webbe in their owne Loome, I haue here layd a few course threeds together, to inuite some skilfuller wits to goe forward in the same, or to begin some finer peece, wherein it may be seene how well verse and vertue sute together. Blame me not (good Cousin) though I send you a blame-worthie present: in which the most that can commend it, is the good will of the writer; neither Art nor Inuention giuing it any credit. If in me this be a fault, you cannot be faultlesse that did importune me to commit it, and therefore you must beare

part

part of the penance, when it ſhall pleaſe ſharpe cenſures to impoſe it. In the meane time with many good wiſhes I ſend you theſe few Ditties: adde you the Tunes, and let the meane, I pray you, be ſtill a part in all your Muſicke.

# THE AVTHOR to the Reader.

*DEare eye that doeſt*
*peruſe my Muſes ſtyle,*
*With eaſie cenſure*
*deeme of my delight:*
*Giue ſobreſt countnance*
*leaue ſometime to ſmile,*
*And graueſt wits*
*to take a breathing flight:*
*Of mirth to make*
*a trade may be a crime;*
*But tyred ſpirits*
*for mirth muſt haue a time.*

*The Lofty Eagle*
*ſoares not ſtill aboue,*
*High flights will force*
*her from the wing to ſtoope;*
*And ſtudious thoughts*
*at times men muſt remoue,*
*Leſt by exceſſe*
*before their time they droope:*

*In*

## To the Reader.

*In courser ſtudies*
*tis a ſweet repoſe,*
*With poets pleaſing*
*veine to temper Proſe.*

*Profane conceits,*
*and faining fits I flie,*
*Such lawleſſe ſtuffe*
*doth lawleſſe ſpeeches fit:*
*With* Dauid, *verſe*
*to Vertue I apply,*
*Whoſe meaſure beſt*
*with meaſur'd words doth fit:*
*It is the ſweeteſt*
*note that man can ſing,*
*When Grace in Vertues*
*key tunes Natures ſtring.*

RVR

# RVRSVS AD EVNDEM.

*DEare eye that dayneſt*
*to let fall a looke,*
*On theſe ſad memories*
*of* PETERS *plaints:*
*Muſe not to ſee*
*ſome mud in cleereſt Brooke.*
*They once were brittle*
*mould, that now are Saints;*
*Their weakeneſſe is*
*no warrant to offend,*
*Learne in their faults,*
*what in thine owne to mend.*

*If equities*
*euen hand the ballance held,*
*Where* PETERS *ſinnes*
*and ours were made the weights;*
*Ounce for his dramme,*
*pound for his ounce we yeeld,*
*His Ship would grone*
*to feele ſome ſinners freights.*
*Scripe is vice,*
*ſo greene is vertues bud;*
*The world doth wax*

*in ill, but wane in good.*

*This makes my mourning*
*muſe reſolue in teares,*
*This themes my heauy*
*penne, to plaine in proſe:*
CHRISTS *Thorne is ſharpe*
*no head his Garland weares:*
*Still fineſt wits*
*are ſtilling* VENVS *Roſe,*
*In Paynimtoyes*
*the ſweeteſt veines are ſpent:*
*To Chriſtian workes*
*few haue their Talents lent.*

*Licence my ſingle*
*penne to ſeeke a Pheere,*
*You heauenly ſparkes*
*of wit ſhew natiue light:*
*(loud not with miſty*
*loues your Orient cleere,*
*Sweet ſights you ſhoot,*
*learne once to leuell right:*
*Fauour my wiſh,*
*well wiſhing workes no ill,*
*I moue the Sute,*
*the grant reſts in your will.*

SAINT

# SAINT PETERS COMPLAINT.

LAnch foorth, my ſoule,
into a maine of teares,
Full fraught with griefe,
the trafficke of thy minde:
Torne ſailes will ſerue
thoughts rent with guilty feares:
Giue care the ſterne,
vſe ſighs in lieu of winde:
Remorſe, thy Pilot,
thy miſdeed, thy Card:
Torment thy Hauen,
ſhipwracke thy beſt reward.

Shun not the ſhelfe
of moſt deſerued ſhame,
Sticke in the ſands
of agonizing dread:
Content thee to
be ſtormes and billowes game;
Diuorc't from grace,

thy

thy ſoule to penance wed :
Fly not from forren
euils, fly from the heart :
Worſe than the worſt
of euils, is that thou art.

Giue vent vnto
the vapours of thy breſt,
That thicken in the
brimmes of cloudy eyes :
Where ſinne was hatcht,
let teares now waſh the neſt,
Where life was loſt,
recouer life with cries;
Thy treſpaſſe foule,
let not thy teares be few,
Baptize thy ſpotted
ſoule in weeping dew.

Fly mournfull plaints,
the Ecchoes of my ruth ;
Whoſe ſcreeches in
my frighted conſcience ring:
Sob out my ſorrowes,
fruits of mine vntruth :
Report the ſmart
of ſinnes infernall ſting.

Tell hearts that languiſh
in the ſorieſt plight,
There is on earth
a farre more ſory wight.

A ſory wight,
the obiect of diſgrace,
The Monument of feare,
the Map of ſhame,
The mirrour of miſhap,
the ſtaine of place,
The ſcorne of time,
the infamy of fame,
An excrement of earth,
to heauen hatefull,
Iniurious to man,
to God ingratefull.

Ambitious heads,
dreame you of Fortunes pride:
Fill Volumes with
your forged goddeſſe praiſe,
You Fancies drudges
plung'd in follies tide:
Deuote your fabling
wits to louers layes:
Be you, O ſharpeſt

griefes

griefes that euer wrong,
Text to my thoughts,
Theme to my playning tongue.

Sad ſubiect of
my ſinne hath ſtor'd my minde,
With euerlaſting
matter of complaint:
My threnes an endleſſe
Alphabet doe finde,
Beyond the pangs
which *Ieremy* doth paint.
That eyes with errors
may iuſt meaſure keepe,
Moſt teares I wiſh,
that haue moſt cauſe to weepe.

All weeping eyes
reſigne your teares to me:
A ſea will ſcantly
rince my ordur'd ſoule:
Huge horrors in
high tides muſt drowned be:
Of euery teare
my crime exacteth toule.
Theſe ſtaines are deepe;
few drops take out no ſuch:

Euen ſalue with ſore:
and moſt is not too much.

I fear'd with life
to die; by death to liue:
I left my guide,
now left, and leauing God.
To breathe in bliſſe,
I fear'd my breath to giue:
I fear'd for heauenly
raigne, an earthly rod.
Theſe feares I fear'd,
feares feeling no miſhaps:
O fond, O faint,
O falſe, O faulty lapſe!

How can I liue,
that thus my life deni'd?
What can I hope,
that loſt my hope in feare?
What truſt to one,
that truth it ſelfe defi'd?
What good in him,
that did his God forſweare?
O ſinne of ſinnes!
of euils the very worſt:
O matchleſſe wretch!

O caytiffe moſt accurſt!

Vaine in my vaunts,
I vowd, if friends had fail'd,
Alone *Chriſts* hardeſt
fortunes to abide.
Giant in talke;
like dwarfe in triall quail'd;
Excelling none,
but in vntruth and pride:
Such diſtance is
betweene high words and deeds;
In proofe, the greateſt
vaunter ſeldome ſpeeds.

Ah raſhneſſe, haſty
riſe to murdering leape,
Lauiſh in vowing,
blinde in ſeeing what:
Soone ſowing ſhames
that long remorſe muſt reape:
Nurſing with teares
that ouer-ſight begat;
Scout of repentance,
harbinger of blame,
Treaſon to wiſdome,
mother of ill name.

The borne-blind begger,
for receiued ſight,
Faſt in his faith
and loue, to *Chriſt* remain'd,
He ſtooped to
no feare, he fear'd no might,
No change his choice,
no threats his truth diſtain'd:
One wonder wrought
him in his duty ſure:
I, after thouſands,
did my Lord abiure.

Could ſeruile feare
of rendring Natures due,
Which growth in yeares
was ſhortly like to claime,
So thrall my loue,
that I ſhould thus eſchue
A vowed death,
and miſſe ſo faire an ayme?
Die, die, diſloyall
wretch, thy life deteſt:
For ſauing thine,
thou haſt forſworne the beſt.

Ah life, ſweet drop,

drown'd

drown'd in a ſea of ſowres,
A flying good,
poſting to doubtfull end,
Still loſing moneths
and yeares, to gaine new howres:
Faine, time to haue,
and ſpare, yet forc't to ſpend:
Thy growth, decreaſe,
a moment all thou haſt:
That gone ere knowne;
the reſt, to come, or paſt.

Ah life, the maze,
of countleſſe ſtraying wayes,
Open to erring ſteps,
and ſtrew'd with baits,
To winde weake ſenſes
into endleſſe ſtrayes,
Aloofe from vertues
rough vnbeaten ſtraits;
A flower, a play,
a blaſt, a ſhade, a dreame,
A liuing death,
a neuer-turning ſtreame.

And could I rate
ſo high a life ſo baſe?

Did

Did feare with loue
caſt ſo vneuen account,
That for this goale
Iſhould runne *Iudas* race,
And *Caiphas* rage
in cruelty ſurmount?
Yet they eſteemed
thirty pence his price;
I, worſe than both,
for nought deny'd him thrice.

The mother Sea,
from ouerflowing deepe,
Sends forth her iſſue
by diuided veines:
Yet backe her of-ſpring
to their mother creeps,
To pay their pureſt
ſtreames with added gaines;
But I, that drunke
the drops of heauenly flud,
Bemir'd the gines
with returning mud.

Is this the harueſt
of his ſowing toile?
Did *Chriſt* manure

thy

thy heart, to breed him briers?
Or doth it need
this vnaccuſtom'd ſoyle,
With helliſh dung
to fertile heauens deſires?
No, no, the marle
that periuries doth yeeld,
May ſpoile a good,
not fat a barren field.

Was this for beſt
deſerts the dueſt meed?
Are higheſt worths
well wag'd with ſpitefull hire?
Are ſtouteſt vowes
repeal'd in greateſt need?
Should friendſhip, at
the firſt affront, retire?
Bluſh, crauen ſot,
lurke in eternall night:
Crouch in the darkeſt
caues from loathed light.

Ah wretch, why was
I nam'd ſonne of a Doue,
Whoſe ſpeeches voided
ſpite, and breathed gall?

No kinne I am
vnto the bird of loue:
My ſtony name
much better ſutes my fall;
My othes were ſtones,
my cruell tongue the ſling;
My God, the marke,
at which my ſpite did fling.

Were all the Iewiſh
tyrannies too few
To glut thy hungry
lookes with his diſgrace:
That thou more hatefull
tyrannies muſt ſhew,
And ſpit thy poyſon
in thy Makers face?
Didſt thou to ſpare
his foes put vp thy ſword,
To brandiſh now
thy tongue againſt thy Lord?

Ah tongue, that didſt
his praiſe and God-head ſound,
How wert thou ſtain'd
with ſuch deteſting words,
That euery word

was to his heart a wound,
And launc't him deeper
than a thouſand ſwords?
What rage of man,
yea what infernall Sprite,
Could haue diſgorg'd
more lothſome dregs of ſpite?

Why did the yeelding
Sea, like marble way,
Support a wretch
more wauering than the waues?
Whom doubt did plunge,
why did the waters ſtay?
Vnkinde in kindneſſe,
murthering while it ſaues?
O that this tongue
had then beene fiſhes food,
And I deuour'd
before this curſing mood!

There ſurges, depths,
and Seas, vnfirme by kinde,
Rough guſts, and diſtance
both from ſhip and ſhore,
Were titles to
excuſe my ſtaggering minde;

Stout feet might falter
on that liquid floore.
But here no Seas,
no Blaſts, no Billowes were:
A puffe of womans
winde bred all my feare.

O Coward troops,
farre better arm'd than hearted?
Whom angrie words,
whom blowes could not prouoke:
Whom though I taught
how ſore my weapon ſmarted,
Yet none repaid
me with a wounding ſtroke.
O no: that ſtroke
could but one moity kill:
I was reſeru'd
both halfes at once to ſpill.

Ah, whither was
forgoten loue exil'd?
Where did the truth
of pledged promiſe ſleepe?
What in my thoughts
begat this vgly childe,
That could thorow rented

ſoule

ſoule thus fiercely creepe?
O Viper, feare
their death by whom thou liueſt,
All good thy ruines
wrecke, all euils thou giueſt.

Threats threw me not,
torments I none aſſay'd:
My fray, with ſhades;
conceits did make me yeeld,
Wounding my thoughts
with feares ſelfely diſmay'd:
I neither fought
nor loſt, I gaue the field:
Infamous foyle:
a Maidens eaſie breath
Did blow me downe,
and blaſt my ſoule to death.

Titles I make
vntruths: am I a rocke,
That with ſo ſoft
a gale was ouerthrowne?
Am I fit Paſtor
for the faithfull Flocke,
To guide their ſoules,
that murdered thus mine owne?

A rocke of ruine,
not a reſt to ſtay,
A Paſtor, not
to feed, but to betray.

Fidelity was flowne,
when feare was hatched,
Incompatible
brood in vertues neſt:
Courage can leſſe
with Cowardiſe be matched,
Proweſſe nor loue
lodg'd in diuided breſt;
O *Adams* Child,
caſt by a ſilly *Eue*,
Heire to thy Fathers
foyles, and borne to grieue!

In Thabors ioyes
I eager was to dwell,
An earneſt friend
while pleaſures light did ſhine:
But when eclipſed
glory proſtrate fell,
Theſe zealous heats
to ſleepe I did reſigne;
And now, my mouth

hath

hath thrice his name defil'd,
That cry'd ſo loude
three dwellings there to build.

When *Chriſt* attending
the diſtreſſefull howre,
With his ſurecharged
breſt did bleſſe the ground,
Proſtrate in pangs,
rayning a bleeding ſhowre,
Me, like my ſelfe,
a drowſie friend he found;
Thrice in his care,
ſleepe clos'd by careleſſe eye,
Preſage how him
my tongue ſhould thrice deny.

Parting from *Chriſt*,
my fainting force declin'd,
With lingring foot
I followed him aloofe,
Baſe feare out of
my heart his loue vnſhrin'd,
Huge in high words,
but impotent in proofe;
My vaunts did ſeeme
hatcht vnder *Sampſons* locks,

Yet womans words
did giue me murdering knocks.

So farre luke-warme
desires in crazie loue,
Farre off in need
with feeble foot they traine;
In tides they swim,
low ebbes they scorne to proue,
They seeke their friends
delights, but shun their paine;
Hire of an hireling
minde is earned shame:
Take now thy due;
beare thy begotten blame.

Ah, coole remisnesse,
vertues quartaine feuer,
Pining of loue,
consumption of grace:
Old in the cradle,
languor dying euer.
Soules wilfull famine,
sinnes soft stealing pace,
The vndermining
cuill of zealous thought,
Seeming to bring

no harmes till all be brought.

O portreſſe of
the doore of my diſgrace;
Whoſe tongue vnlockt
the truth of vowed minde;
Whoſe words, from Cowards
heart, did courage chaſe,
And let in death-full
feares my ſoule to blinde:
O hadſt thou beene
the portreſſe to my tombe,
When thou wert portreſſe
to that curſed roome!

Yet loue was loth
to part; feare, loth to die:
Stay, danger, life,
did counterpleade their cauſes;
I fauouring ſtay,
and life, bad danger flie:
But danger did
except againſt theſe clauſes:
Yet ſtay, and liue
I would, and danger ſhun:
And loſt my ſelfe,
while I my verdict wonne.

I ſtayd, yet did
my ſtaying fartheſt part:
I liu'd; but ſo,
that ſauing life, I loſt it:
Danger I ſhun'd,
but to my ſorer ſmart:
I gained nought,
but deeper dammage croſt it.
What danger, diſtance,
death is worſe than this,
That runnes from God
and ſpoyles his ſoule of bliſſe?

O *Iohn*, my guide
into this earthly hell,
Too well acquainted
in ſo ill a Court,
(Where rayling mouthes
with blaſphemies did ſwell,
With tainted breath
infecting all reſort:)
Why didſt thou lead
me to this hell of euils,
To ſhew my ſelfe
a Fiend among the Deuils?

Euill preſident,

the tide that wafts to vice:
Dumme Orator,
that wooes with ſilent deeds,
Writing in workes
leſſons of ill aduice;
The doing tale
that eye in practice reads:
Taſter of ioyes,
to vnacquainted hunger:
With leauen of
the old ſeaſoning the younger.

It ſeemes no fault
to doe that all haue done:
The number of
offenders hide the ſinne:
Coach drawne with many
horſe, doth eaſily runne,
Soone followeth one
where multitudes begin.
O, had I in
that Court much ſtronger bin;
Or not ſo ſtrong
as firſt to enter in!

Sharpe was the weather
in that ſtormy place,

Beſt ſuting hearts
benum'd with helliſh froſt:
Whoſe cruſted malice
could admit no grace,
Where coales are kindled
to the warmers coſt,
Where ſeare my thoughts
canded with icie cold:
Heat did my tongue
to periuries vnfold.

O hatefull fire
(ah, that I neuer ſaw it!)
Too hard my heart
was frozen for thy force,
Farre hotter flames
it did require to thaw it,
Thy hell-reſembling
heat did freeze it worſe.
O that I rather
had congeal'd to ice,
Than bought thy warmth
at ſuch a damning price!

O wakefull bird,
proclaimer of the day,
Whoſe piercing note

doth daunt the Lions rage:
Thy crowing did
my ſelfe to me bewray,
My frights and brutiſh
heats it did aſſwage.
But ô, in this
alone, vnhappy Cocke,
That thou to count
my foyles wert made the clocke.

O bird, the iuſt
rebuker of my crime,
The faithfull waker
of my ſleeping feares:
Be now the daily
clocke to ſtrike the time,
When ſtinted eyes
ſhall pay their taske of teares;
Vpbraid mine eares
with thine accuſing crow,
To make me rue
that firſt it made me know.

O milde reuenger
of aſpiring Pride,
Thou canſt diſmount
high thoughts to low effects:

Thou mad'ſt a Cocke
me for my fault to chide,
My lofty boaſts
this lowly bird corrects.
Well might a Cocke
correct me with a crow,
Whom henniſh cackling
firſt did ouerthrow.

Weake weapons did
*Goliahs* fumes abate,
Whoſe ſtorming rage
did thunder threats in vaine:
His body huge,
harneſt with maſſie plate,
Yet *Dauids* ſtone
brought death into his braine:
With ſtaffe and ſling
as to a dog he came;
And with contempt
did boaſting fury tame.

Yet *Dauid* had
with Beare and Lion fought,
His skilfull might
excus'd *Goliahs* foile:
The death is eas'd

that worthy hand hath wrought:
Some honour liues
in honourable ſpoyle;
But I, on whom
all infamies muſt light,
Was hiſt to death
with words of womans ſpight.

Small gnats enforc't
th'Egyptian King to ſtoope,
Yet they in ſwarmes,
and arm'd with piercing ſtings:
Smart, noyſe, anoyance,
made his courage droope,
No ſmall incombrance
ſuch ſmall vermine brings:
I quail'd at words
that neither bit nor ſtung,
And thoſe deliuered
from a womans tongue.

Ah feare, abortiue
impe of drooping minde:
Selfe-ouerthrow;
falſe friend; root of remorſe:
Sighted in ſeeing
euils; in ſhunning blinde:

Foyld without field,
by fancy not by force;
Ague of valour;
phrenſie of the wiſe:
True honours ſtaine;
loues froſt; the mint of lies.

Can vertue, wiſdome,
ſtrength by women ſpild
In *Dauids*, *Salomons*,
and *Sampſons* falls,
With ſemblance of
excuſe my errour gild,
Or lend a marble
gloſſe to muddy walls?
O no, their fault
had ſhew of ſome pretence,
No veile can hide
the ſhame of my offence.

The blaze of beauties
beames allur'd their lookes;
Their lookes, by ſeeing
oft, conceiued loue;
Loue, by effecting,
ſwallowed pleaſures hookes:
Thus beauty, loue,

and

and pleaſure them did moue.
Theſe Syrens ſugred
tunes rockt them aſleepe;
Enough to damne,
yet not to damne ſo deepe.

But gracious features
dazled not mine eyes,
Two homely Droyles
were authors of my death:
Not loue, but feare,
my ſenſes did ſurprize:
Not feare of force,
but feare of womans breath:
And thoſe vnarm'd,
ill grac'd, deſpis'd, vnknowne:
So baſe a blaſt
my truth hath ouerthrowne.

O women, woe
to men; traps for their falls;
Still actors in
all Tragicall miſchances:
Earths neceſſary
euils, captiuing thralls;
Now murdering with
your tongues, now with your glances,

Parents

Parents of life,
and loue : ſpoylers of both :
The theeues of hearts:
falſe, doe you loue or loath.

In time, O Lord,
thine eyes with mine did meet,
In them I read
the ruines of my fall:
Their cheering rayes
that made misfortune ſweet,
Into my guilty
thoughts powr'd flouds of gall:
Their heauenly lookes,
that bleſt where they beheld,
Darts of diſdaine,
and angrie checks did yeeld.

O ſacred eyes,
the ſprings of liuing light,
The earthly heauens,
where Angels ioy to dwell,
How could you deigne
to view my deathfull plight,
Or let your heauenly
beames looke on my hell?
But thoſe vnſpotted

eyes

eyes encountred mine,
As ſpotleſſe Sunne
doth on the dunghill ſhine.

Sweet volums ſtor'd
with learning fit for Saints,
Where blisfull quires
imparadize their mindes,
Wherein eternall
ſtudy neuer faints,
Still finding all,
yet ſeeking all it findes:
How endleſſe is
your labyrinth of bliſſe,
Where to be loſt
the ſweeteſt finding is?

Ah wretch, how oft
haue I ſweet leſſons read,
In thoſe deare eyes
the regiſters of truth?
How oft haue I
my hungry wiſhes fed,
And in their happy
ioyes redreſt my ruth?
Ah, that they now
are heralds of diſdaine,

That

That erſt were euer
pitiers of my paine!

You flames diuine
that ſparkle out your heats,
And kindle pleaſing
fires in mortall hearts:
You Nectar'd Aumbries
of ſoule-feeding meats;
You gracefull quiuers
of loues deareſt darts:
You did vouchſafe
to warme, to wound, to feaſt,
My cold, my ſtony,
my now famiſht breſt.

The matchleſſe eyes,
matcht onely each by other,
Were pleas'd on my
ill-matched eyes to glance:
The eye of liquid
pearle, the pureſt mother,
Broch't teares in mine
to weepe for my miſchance;
The cabinets
of grace vnlockt their treaſure,
And did to my

miſdeed

misdeed their mercies measure.

These blazing Comets,
lightning flames of loue,
Made me their warming
influence to know;
My frozen heart
their sacred force did proue,
Which at their lookes
did yeeld like melting snow:
They did not ioyes
in former plentie carue:
Yet sweet are crums
where pined thoughts doe starue.

O liuing mirrours,
seeing whom you shew,
Which equall shadowes
worths with shadowed things,
Yea make things nobler
than in natiue hew,
By being shap't
in those life-giuing springs;
Much more my image
in those eyes were grac't
Than in my selfe,
whom sinne and shame defac't.

All-

All-ſeeing eyes,
more worth than all you ſee,
Of which one is
the others onely price:
I worthleſſe am,
direct your beames on me,
With quickning vertue
cure my killing vice.
By ſeeing things,
you make things worth the ſight,
You ſeeing, ſalue,
and being ſeene delight.

O pooles of Heſebon,
the baths of grace,
Where happy ſpirits
diue in ſweet deſires:
Where Saints delight
to glaſſe their glorious face,
Whoſe bankes make Eccho
to the Angels quires;
An Eccho ſweeter
in the ſole rebound,
Than Angels muſicke
in the fulleſt ſound.

O eyes, whoſe glances

are ſilent ſpeech,
In ciphred words
high myſteries diſcloſing:
Which with a looke
all Sciences can teach,
Whoſe texts to faithfull
hearts need little gloſing:
Witneſſe vnworthy
I, who in a looke
Learn'd more by rote,
than all the Scribes by booke.

Though malice ſtill
poſſeſt their hardned mindes:
I, though too hard,
learn'd ſoftneſſe in thine eye,
Which iron knots
of ſtubborne will vnbindes,
Offring them loue,
that loue with loue will buy:
This did I learne,
yet they could not diſcerne it;
But woe, that I
had now ſuch need to learne it.

O Sunnes, all but
your ſelues in light excelling,

Whoſe

Whoſe preſence day,
whoſe abſence cauſeth night,
Whoſe neighbour courſe
brings Summer, cold expelling,
Whoſe diſtant periods
freeze away delight.
Ah, that I loſt
your bright and foſtering beames,
To plunge my ſoule
in theſe congealed ſtreames!

O gracious Spheres
where loue the Center is,
A natiue place
for our ſelfe-loaden ſoules;
The compaſſe, loue,
a cope that none can miſſe,
The motion, loue
that round about vs roules:
O Spheres of loue,
whoſe Center, cope, and motion,
Is loue of vs,
loue that inuites deuotion!

O little worlds,
the ſummes of all the beſt,
Where glory, Heauen;

God,

God, Sunne; all vertues, ſtarres;
Where fire a loue
that next to heauen doth reſt;
Ayre, light of life,
that no diſtemper marres;
The water grace,
whoſe ſeas, whoſe ſprings, whoſe (ſhowres
Cloath Natures earth
with euerlaſting flowres.

What mixtures theſe
ſweet Elements doe yeeld,
Let happy worldlings
of thoſe worlds expound,
But ſimples are
by compounds farre excel'd,
Both ſute a place,
where all beſt things abound:
And if a baniſht
wretch gheſſe not amiſſe,
All but one compound
frame of perfect bliſſe.

I, out-caſt from
theſe worlds, exiled rome,
Poore Saint, from heauen,
from fire cold Salamander:

Loſt fiſh; from thoſe
ſweet waters kindly home,
From land of life
ſtray'd Pilgrim ſtill I wander.
I know the cauſe:
theſe worlds had neuer hell,
In which my faults
haue beſt deſeru'd to dwell.

O Bethlem ceſternes,
*Dauids* moſt deſire,
From which my ſinnes
like fierce Philiſtims keepe,
To fetch your drops
what Champion ſhould I hire,
That I therein
my withered heart may ſteepe?
I would not ſhead
them like that holy King,
His were but types,
theſe are the figured thing.

O turtle twinnes
all bath'd in Virgins milke,
Vpon the margine
of full-flowing banks:
Whoſe gracefull plume

ſurmounts the fineſt ſilke,
Whoſe ſight enamoureth
heauens moſt happy ranks,
Could I forſweare
this heauenly payre of Doues,
That cag'd in care
for me were groning loues!

Twice *Moſes* wand
did ſtrike the ſtubburne Rocke,
Ere ſtony veines
would yeeld their chryſtall bloud:
Thy eyes, one looke
ſerv'd as an onely knocke,
To make mine heart
guſh out a weeping floud:
Wherein my ſinnes
as fiſhes ſpawne their frie,
To ſhew their inward
ſhames, and then to die.

But ô, how long
demurre I on his eyes,
Whoſe looke did pierce
my heart with healing wound?
Launcing impoſtum'd ſore
of periur'd lyes,

Which theſe two iſſues
of mine eyes haue found:
Where runne it muſt,
till death the iſſues ſtop,
And penall life
hath purg'd the finall drop.

Like ſoleſt Swan
that ſwims in ſilent deepe,
And neuer ſings
but obſequies of death,
Sigh out thy plaints,
and ſole in ſecret weepe,
In ſuing pardon,
ſpend thy periur'd breath;
Attire thy ſoule
in ſorrowes mourning weed,
And at thine eyes
let guilty conſcience bleed.

Still in the Limbecke
of thy dolefull breſt
Theſe bitter fruits
that from thy ſinnes doe grow,
For fuell, ſelfe
accuſing thoughts be beſt,
Vſe feare as fire;

the coales let penance blow;
And ſeeke none other
quinteſſence but teares,
That eyes may ſhed
what entred at thine eares.

Come ſorrowing teares,
the off-ſpring of my griefe,
Scant not your Parent
of a needfull ayd;
In you I reſt,
the hope of wiſht releeſe,
By you my ſinfull
debts muſt be defrayd:
Your power preuailes,
your ſacrifice is gratefull,
By loue obtaining
life to men moſt hatefull.

Come good effect
of ill-deſeruing cauſe
Ill gotten impes,
yet vertuouſly brought forth:
Selfe-blaming probates
of infringed Lawes;
Yet blamed faults
redeeming with your worth;

The ſignes of ſhame
in you each eye may reade;
Yet while you guilty proue,
you pitty pleade.

O beames of mercy
beat on ſorrowes Cloud,
Proue ſuppling ſhowres
vpon my parched ground:
Bring forth the fruit
to your due ſeruice vow'd,
Let good deſires
with like deſerts be crown'd,
Water young blooming
vertues tender flowre,
Sinne did all grace
of riper growth deuoure.

Weepe Balme and Myrrh,
you ſweet Arabian trees,
With pureſt gummes
perfume and pearle your rine:
Shed on your hony drops,
you buſie Bees,
I, barren plant,
muſt weepe vnpleaſant brine:
Hornets I hyue,

ſlat drops their labour plyes,
Suckt out of ſinne,
and ſhed by ſhowring eyes.

If *Dauid* night by night
did bathe his bed,
Eſteeming longeſt dayes
too ſhort to mone;
Inconſolable teares
if *Anna* ſhed,
Who in her ſonne
her ſolace had forgone;
Then I to daies, and weekes,
to moneths, and yeares,
Doe owe the hourely
rent of ſtintleſſe teares.

If loue, if loſſe,
if fault, if ſpotted fame,
If danger, death,
if wrath, or wrecke of weale,
Entitle eyes
true heyres to earned blame,
That due remorſe
in ſuch euents conceale,
That want of teares
might well enrole my name,

As chiefeſt Saint
in Calendar of ſhame.
Loue, where I lou'd,
was due, and beſt deſeru'd,
No loue could aime
at more loue-worthy marke,
No loue more lou'd,
than mine of him I ſeru'd,
Large vſe he gaue,
a flame for euery ſparke.
This loue I loſt,
this loſſe a life muſt rue,
Yea, life is ſhort
to pay the ruth is due.

I loſt all that
I had, and had the moſt,
The moſt that will
can wiſh, or wit deuiſe:
I leaſt perform'd,
that did moſt vainly boaſt,
I ſtain'd my fame
in moſt infamous wiſe.
What danger then,
death, wrath, or wrecke can moue
More pregnant cauſe
of teares than this I proue?

If

If *Adam* ſought
a veyle to ſcarfe his ſinne,
Taught by his fall
to feare a ſcourging hand;
If men ſhall wiſh
that hils ſhould wrap them in,
When crimes in finall
doome come to be ſcand;
What Mount, what Caue,
what Center can conceale
My monſtrous fact,
which euen the birds reueale?

Come ſhame, the liuery
of offending minde,
The vgly ſhroud
that ouer-ſhadoweth blame:
The mulct, at which
foule faults are iuſtly fin'd,
The dampe of ſinne,
the common ſluce of fame,
By which impoſtum'd
tongues their humours purge,
Light ſhame on me,
I beſt deſeru'd the ſcourge.

*Cains* murdring hand

imbru'd in brothers bloud,
More mercy than
my impious tongue may craue:
He kild a riuall
with pretence of good,
In hope Gods doubled
loue alone to haue:
But feare ſo ſpoyld
my vanquiſht thoughts of loue,
That periur'd oaths
my ſpitefull hate did proue.

Poore *Agar* from
her pheere inforc't to flie,
Wandring in
Barſabian wildes alone:
Doubting her child
through helpleſſe drought would dye,
Laid it aloofe,
and ſet her downe to mone:
The heauens with prayers,
her lap with teares ſhe fild:
A mothers loue
in loſſe is hardly ſtild.

But *Agar* now
bequeath thy teares to me,

Feares,

Feares, not effects,
did ſet a-flote thine eyes:
But wretch, I feele
more than was fear'd of thee.
Ah, not my Sonne,
my ſoule it is that dies:
It dies for drought,
yet hath a ſpring in ſight,
Worthy to die,
that would not liue and might.

Faire *Abſaloms* foule faults
compar'd with mine,
Are brighteſt ſands,
to mud of Sodome Lakes;
High aymes, yong ſpirits,
birth of royall line,
Made him play falſe,
where Kingdoms were the ſtakes;
He gaz'd on golden hopes,
whoſe luſtre winnes,
Sometime the graueſt wits
to grieuous ſinnes.

But I, whoſe crime
cuts off the leaſt excuſe,
A Kingdome loſt,

but hop't no mite of gaine,
My higheſt marke
was but the worthleſſe vſe
Of ſome few lingring
howres of longer paine;
Vngratefull childe,
his Parent he purſu'd,
I, Gyants warre
with God himſelfe renu'd.

Ioy, infant Saints,
whom in the tender flower,
A happy ſtorme
did free from feare of ſinne,
Long is their life
that die in blisfull hower,
Ioyfull ſuch ends
as endleſſe ioyes begin.
Too long they liue,
that liue till they be nought:
Liſe ſau'd by ſinne,
baſe purchaſe dearely bought.

This lot was mine,
your fate was not ſo feirce,
Whom ſpotleſſe death
in Cradle rockt a ſleepe,

Sweet

Sweet Roſes, mixt
with Lillies, ſtrew'd your hearce,
Death Virgin white
in martyrs red did ſteepe.
Your downy heads
both Pearles and Rubies crown'd,
My hoary locks
did female feares confound.

You bleating Ewes,
that wayle this woluiſh ſpoyle,
Of ſucking Lambs
new bought with bitter throwes,
T'imbalme your babes
your eyes diſtill their oyle,
Each heart to tombe
her childe wide rupture ſhowes;
Rue not their death,
whom death did but reuiue:
Yeeld ruth to me
that liu'd to die aliue.

With eaſie loſſe
ſharpe wrecks did he eſchew,
That Sindonleſſe
aſide did naked ſlip:
Once naked Grace

no outward garment knew,
Rich are his robes
whom ſinne did neuer ſtrip,
I rich in vaunts
diſplay'd prides faireſt flags,
Diſrob'd of grace,
am wrapt in *Adams* rags.

When traytor to the ſonne,
in Mothers eyes,
I ſhall preſent
my humble ſute for grace,
What bluſh can paint
the ſhame that will ariſe,
Or write my inward
feeling in my face?
Might ſhe the ſorrow
with the ſinner ſee,
Though I deſpiſde,
my griefe might pitied be.

But ah, how can her eares
my ſpeech endure,
Or ſent my breath
ſtill reeking helliſh ſteeme?
Can Mother like,
what did the Sonne abiure,

Or

Or heart deflowr'd,
a Virgins loue redeeme?
The Mother nothing loues
that Sonne doth loath:
Ah loathſome wretch,
deteſted of them both!

O ſiſter Nymphes,
the ſweet renowned paire,
That bleſſe Bethania bounds
with your abode!
Shall I infect
that ſanctified ayre,
Or ſtaine thoſe ſteps
where *Ieſus* breath'd and trode?
No: let your prayers
perfume that ſweetned place;
Turne me with Tygers
to the wildeſt chaſe.

Could I reuiued
*Lazarus* behold,
The third of that
ſweet Trinity of Saints;
Would not aſtoniſht dread
my ſenſes hold?
Ah, yes my heart

euen with his naming faints;
I ſeeme to ſee
a meſſenger from hell,
That my prepared torments
comes to tell.

O *Iohn*, O *Iames*,
we made a triple cord,
Of three moſt louing,
and beſt louing friends:
My rotten twiſt
was broken with a word,
Fit now to fuell fire
among the Fiends;
It is not euer true,
though often ſpoken,
That triple twiſted cord
is hardly broken.

The diſpoſſeſſed Deuils
that out I threw,
In IESVS name,
now impiouſly forſworne,
Triumph to ſee
me caged in their mew,
Trampling my ruines
with contempt and ſcorne;

My periuries were muſicke
to their dance,
And now they heape diſdaines
on my miſchance.

Our Rocke (ſay they) is riuen,
O welcome howre!
Our Eagles wings are clipt
that wrought ſo high:
Our thundring Cloud made noiſe,
but caſt no ſhowre,
He proſtrate lies
that would haue ſcal'd the skie:
In womans tongue
our runner found a rub,
Our Cedar now is ſhrunke
into a ſhrub.

Theſe ſcornefull words
vpbraid my inward thought,
Proofes of their damned
prompters neighbours voice:
Such vgly gueſts
ſtill wait vpon the nought.
Fiends ſwarme to ſoules
that ſwarue from vertues choice,
For breach of plighted truth,

this true I trie;
Ah, that my deed
thus gaue my word the lie.

Once, and but once,
too d are a once to twice it,
A heauen, in earth,
Saints, neere my ſelfe I ſaw;
Sweet was the ſight,
but ſweeter loues did ſpice it,
But ſights and loues
did my miſdeed withdraw;
From heauen and Saints,
to hell and Deuils eſtrang'd,
Thoſe ſights to fiights,
thoſe loues to hates are chang'd.

*Chriſt*, as my God,
was templed in my thought,
As man, he lent mine eyes
their deareſt light,
But ſinne his temple
hath to ruine brought:
And now, he lightneth
terrour from his ſight:
Now of my late
vnconſecrate deſires,

Profaned

Profaned wretch,
I taste the earned hires.

Ah sinne, the nothing
that doth all things file;
Out-cast from heauen,
earths curse, the cause of hell;
Parent of death,
author of our exile,
The wreake of soules,
the wares that Fiends doe sell,
That men to monsters,
Angels turne to Deuils;
Wrong of all rights;
selfe ruine; root of euils.

A thing most done,
yet more than God can doe:
Daily new done,
yet neuer done amisse;
Friended of all,
yet vnto all a foe;
Seeming an heauen,
yet banishing from blisse:
Serued with toyle,
yet paying nought but paine:
Mans deepest losse,

though

though falſe, eſteemed gaine.

Shot, without noiſe;
wound, without preſent ſmart:
Firſt ſeeming light,
prouing in fine a lode,
Entring with eaſe,
not eaſily wonne to part,
Farre in effects
from that the ſhowes abode;
Endorc't with hope,
ſubſcribed with deſpaire;
Vgly in death,
though life did faine it faire.

O forfeiture of heauen!
eternall debt;
A moments ioy;
ending in endleſſe fires;
Our natures ſcum;
the worlds intangling Net:
Night of our thoughts;
death of all good deſires.
Worſe than all this;
worſe than all tongues can ſay,
Which man could owe,
but onely God defray.

This fawning Viper,
dumbe till he had wounded,
With many mouthes
doth now vpbraid my harmes:
My ſight was veil'd
till I my ſelfe confounded;
Then did I ſee
the diſinchanted charmes:
Then could I cut
th'Anatomy of ſinne,
And ſearch with Linxes eyes
what lay within.

Bewitching euill,
that hides death in deceits,
Still borrowing lying ſhapes
to maske thy face,
Now know I the
deciphring of thy ſleights,
A cunning dearely bought
with loſſe of grace;
Thy ſugred poyſon
now hath wrought ſo well,
That thou haſt made me
to my ſelfe an hell.

My eye reades mournfull

leſſons to my heart,
My heart doth to my thought
the griefe expound,
My thought the ſame
doth to my tongue impart,
My tongue the meſſage
in the eares doth ſound;
My eares backe to my heart
their ſorrowes ſend;
Thus circling griefes
runne round without an end.

My guilty eye
ſtill ſeemes to ſee my ſinne,
All things Characters are
to ſpell my fall,
What eye doth reade without,
heart rues within,
What heart doth rue,
to penſiue thought is gall,
Which when the thought
would by the tongue digeſt,
The eare conueies it
backe into the breſt.

Thus gripes in all my parts
doe neuer faile,

Whoſe onely league
is now in bartring paines,
What I ingroſſe,
they trafficke by retaile,
Making each others
miſeries their gaines;
All bound for euer
prentiſes to care,
Whilſt I in ſhop of ſhame
trade ſorrowes ware.

Pleaſ'd with diſpleaſing lot
I ſeeke no change,
I wealthieſt am,
when richeſt in remorſe;
To fetch my ware
no Seas nor Lands I range:
For cuſtomers to buy
I nothing force.
My home-bred goods
at home are bought and ſold,
And ſtill in me
my intereſt I hold.

My comfort now
is comfortleſſe to liue,
In Orphan ſtate

deuot ed

deuoted to miſhap:
Rent from the root,
that ſweeteſt fruit did giue,
I ſcorn'd to graffe in ſtock,
of meaner ſap.
No iuce can ioy me
but of *Ieſſes* flower,
Whoſe heauenly root
hath true reuiuing power.

At ſorrowes doore I knockt,
they crau'd my name:
I anſwered: One,
vnworthy to be knowne.
What one, ſay they?
One worthyeſt of blame.
But who? A wretch,
not Gods, nor yet his owne.
A man? O no, a beaſt;
much worſe: What creature?
A rocke: How cald?
the rocke of ſcandal, *Peter*.

From whence? From *Caiphas* houſe:
Ah, dwell you there?
Sinnes farme I rented there,
but now would leaue it:

What rent? My ſoule;
What gaine? Vnreſt, and feare.
Deare purchaſe. Ah too deare,
will you receiue it?
What ſhall we giue?
Fit teares, and times to plaine me.
Come in, ſay they;
thus griefes did entertaine me.

With them I reſt
true priſoner in their Iayle,
Chayn'd in the iron linkes
of baſeſt thrall,
Till Grace vouchſafing
captiue ſoule to bayle,
In wonted See
degraded loues inſtall.
Dayes paſſe in plaints,
the night without repoſe;
I wake, to ſleepe,
I ſleepe in waking woes.

Sleepe deaths ally,
obliuion of teares,
Silence of paſſions,
blame of angry ſore,
Suſpence of loues,

ſecurity of feares,
Wraths lenitiue, hearts eaſe,
ſtormes calmeſt ſhore,
Senſes and ſoules repriuall
from all cumbers,
Benumming ſenſe of ill
with quiet ſlumbers.

Not ſuch my ſleepe,
but whiſperer of dreames,
Creating ſtrange Chymeras
fayning frights:
Of day diſcourſes
giuing fancie themes,
To make dumbe ſhewes
with worlds of anticke ſights,
Caſting true griefes
in fancies forged mold,
Brokenly telling tales
rightly fore-told.

This ſleepe moſt fitly
ſuiteth ſorrowes bed,
Sorrow, the ſmart of euill,
Sinns eldeſt child:
Beſt, when vnkinde
in killing whom it bred:

A racke for guilty thoughts,
a bit for wilde,
The ſcourge that whips,
the ſalue that cures offence:
Sorrow my bed, and home,
while life hath ſenſe.

Here ſolitarie Muſes
nurſe my griefes,
In ſilent loneneſſe
burying worldly noiſe,
Attentiue to rebukes,
deafe to releefes,
Penſiue to foſter cares,
careleſſe of ioyes;
Ruing lifes loſſe
vnder deaths dreary rooſes,
Solemnizing
my funerall behooſes.

A ſelfe-content the ſhrowd,
my ſoule the coarſe,
The Beere an humble hope,
the herſe-cloth feare;
The mourners thoughts,
in blacks of deepe remorſe,
The herſe, grace, pitie,

loue, and mercie beare.
My teares, my dole,
the Prieſt a zealous will:
Penance the tombe,
and doleſull ſighs the knill.

*Chriſt*, health of feuer'd ſoule,
heauen of the minde,
Force of the feeble,
nurſe of infant loues,
Guide to the wandring foot,
light to the blinde,
Whom weeping windes,
repentant ſorrow moues.
Father in care,
mother in tender heart,
Reuiue and ſaue me,
ſlaine with ſinfull dart.

If King *Manaſſes*, ſunke
in depth of ſinne,
With plaints and teares
recouered grace and Crowne:
A worthleſſe worme
ſome milde regard may winne,
And lowly creepe,
where flying thre wit downe.

A poore deſire I haue
to mend my ill,
I ſhould, I would,
I dare not ſay, I will.

I dare not ſay, I will;
but wiſh I may,
My pride is checkt,
high words the ſpeaker ſpilt:
My good, ô Lord,
thy gift, thy ſtrength my ſtay:
Giue what thou bidſt,
and then bid what thou wilt.
Worke with me what
of me thou doeſt requeſt,
Then will I dare the moſt,
and vow the beſt.

Prone looke, croſt armes,
bent knee, and contrite heart,
Deepe ſighs, thicke ſobs,
dew'd eyes, and proſtrate prayers,
Moſt humbly beg releaſe
of earned ſmart,
And ſauing ſhrowd
in mercies ſweet repaires.
If Iuſtice ſhould

my wrongs with rigor wage,
Feares, would deſpaires;
ruth, breed a hopeleſſe rage.

*Lazar* at pities gate
I vlcered lye,
Crauing the refuſe crums
of childrens plate:
My ſores I lay in view
to mercies eye,
My rags beare witneſſe
of my poore eſtate;
The wormes of conſcience
that within me ſwarme,
Proue that my plaints are leſſe
than is my harme.

With mildneſſe, *Ieſu*,
meaſure mine offence;
Let true remorſe
thy due reuenge abate;
Let teares appeaſe
when treſpaſſe doth incenſe;
Let pity temper
thy deſerued hate;
Let grace forgiue,
let loue forget my fall,

With feare I craue,
with hope I humbly call.

Redeeme my lapſe
with ranſome of thy loue,
Trauerſe th'inditement,
rigors doome ſuſpend:
Let frailty fauour,
ſorrowes ſuccour moue.
Be thou thy ſelfe,
though changling I offend:
Tender my ſuit,
cleanſe this defiled denne,
Cancell my debts,
ſweet *Ieſu*, ſay Amen.

*The end of S.* Peters *Complaint.*

## MARIE MAGdalens blush.

THe signes of shame
that staine my blushing face,
Rise from the feeling
of my rauing fits:
Whose ioy, annoy,
whose guerdon is disgrace:
Whose solace flies,
whose sorrow neuer flits:
Bad seed I sow'd,
worse fruit is now my gaine,
Soone dying mirth
begat long liuing paine.

Now pleasure ebbes,
reuenge begins to flow,
One day doth wreake
the wrath that many wrought:
Remorse doth teach
my guilty thoughts to know
How cheape I sold,
what Christ so dearely bought.
Faults long vnfelt
doth conscience now bewray,

All

All ghoſtly dints
that Grace at me did dart,
Like ſtubborne rocke
I forced to recoyle;
To other flights
an ayme I made mine heart,
Whoſe wounds then welcome,
now haue wrought my foyle.
Woe worth the bow,
woe worth the archers might,
That draue ſuch arrowes
to the marke ſo right.

To pull them out,
to leaue them in, is death;
One to this world,
one to the world to come:
Wounds may I weare,
and draw a doubtfull breath;
But then my wounds
will worke a dreadfull doome.
And for a world,
whoſe pleaſures paſſe away,
I loſe a world,
whoſe ioyes are paſt decay.

O ſenſe, ô ſoule,

ô had, ô hoped bliſſe,
You wooe, you weane,
you draw, you driue me backe;
Your croſſe encountring
like their combat is,
That neuer end
but with ſome deadly wracke.
When ſenſe doth winne,
the ſoule doth loſe the field,
And preſent haps
make future hopes to yeeld.

O heauen, lament,
ſenſe robbeth thee of Saints;
Lament, O ſoules,
ſenſe ſpoyleth you of Grace:
Yet ſenſe doth ſcarce deſerue
theſe hard complaints:
Loue is the theefe,
ſenſe but the entring place,
Yet grant I muſt,
ſenſe is not free from ſinne,
For theefe he is,
that theefe admitteth in.

# MARY MAGDALENS complaint at Christs death.

*SIth my life from life is parted,*
*Death come take thy portion:*
*Who survives, when life is murdred,*
*Lives by meere extortion.*
*All that live, and not in God,*
*Couch their life in deaths abode.*

*Silly starres must needs leave shining,*
*When the Sunne is shadowed:*
*Borrowed streams refraine their running,*
*When head-springs are hindered.*
*One that lives by others breath,*
*Dyeth also by his death.*

*O true Life, since thou hast left me,*
*Mortall life is tedious,*
*Death it is to live without thee,*
*Death of all most odious.*
*Turne againe, or take me to thee,*
*Let me dye, or live thou in me.*

*Where the truth once was and is not,*
*Shadowes are but vanity;*
*Shewing want, that helpe they cannot,*
*Signes, not ſalue of miſery.*
*Painted meat no hunger feeds,*
*Dying life each death exceeds.*

*With my loue my life was neſtled*
*In the ſumme of happineſſe;*
*From my loue my life is wreſted*
*To a world of heauineſſe.*
*O, let loue my life remoue,*
*Sith I liue not where I loue.*

*O my ſoule, what did vnloſe thee*
*From the ſweet captiuity?*
*God, not I, did ſtill poſſeſſe thee;*
*His, not mine thy liberty.*
*O, too happy thrall thou wert,*
*When thy priſon was his heart.*

*Spitefull ſpeare that break'ſt this priſon,*
*Seat of all felicity,*
*Working this, with double treaſon,*
*Loues, and liues deliuery:*
*Though my life thou drau'ſt away,*
*Maugre thee my loue ſhall ſtay.*

Times

## *Times goe by turnes.*

THE lopped tree
in time may grow againe,
Moſt naked plants
renew both fruit and flowre:
The ſorrieſt wight
may finde releaſe of paine,
The drieſt ſoyle
ſucke in ſome moyſtning ſhowre.
Times goe by turnes,
and chances change by courſe,
From foule to faire,
from better hap to worſe.

The ſea of Fortune
doth not euer flow,
She drawes her fauours
to the loweſt ebbe;
Her tides haue equall times
to come and goe,
Her loome doth weaue
the fine and courſeſt webbe;
No ioy ſo great,
but runneth to an end:
No hap ſo hard,
but may in fine amend.

Not

Not alwayes Fall of leafe,
nor euer Spring,
No endleſſe night,
nor yet eternall day:
The ſaddeſt Birds
a ſeaſon finde to ſing,
The rougheſt ſtorme
a calme may ſoone allay.
Thus with ſucceeding turnes
God tempereth all;
That man may hope to riſe,
yet feare to fall.

A chance may winne
that by miſchance was loſt,
That net that holds no great,
takes little fiſh;
In ſome things all,
In all things none are croſt:
Few all they need,
but none haue all they wiſh.
Vnmingled ioyes
here to no man befall:
Who leaſt, hath ſome,
who moſt, hath neuer all.

## LOOKE HOME.

REtyred thoughts enioy
their owne delights,
As beauty doth
in ſelfe-beholding eye:
Mans minde a mirrour is
of heauenly ſights,
A briefe wherein
all maruels ſummed lye:
Of faireſt formes,
and ſweeteſt ſhapes the ſtore,
Moſt gracefull all,
yet thought may grace them more.

The minde a creature is,
yet can create,
To Natures patterns
adding higher skill:
Of fineſt workes
wit better could the ſtate,
If force of wit
had equall power of will.
Deuice of man
in working hath no end:
What thought can thinke,
another thought can mend.

Mans

Mans ſoule of endleſſe
beauties image is,
Drawne by the worke
of endleſſe skill and might;
This skilfull might
gaue many ſparks of bliſſe,
And to diſcerne this bliſſe,
a natiue light;
To frame Gods image
as his worth requir'd,
His might, his skill,
his word, and will conſpir'd.

All that he had,
his Image ſhould preſent,
All that it ſhould preſent,
he could afford;
To that he could afford,
his will was bent,
His will was followed
with performing word.
Let this ſuffice,
by this conceiue the reſt,
He ſhould, he could,
he would, he did the beſt.

## *Fortunes falſhood.*

IN worldly merriments
lurketh much miſery:
Sly Fortunes ſubtilties,
in baits of happineſſe,
Shrowd hookes; that ſwallowed
(without recouery)
Murder the innocent
with mortall heauineſſe.

She ſootheth appetites
with pleaſing vanities,
Till they be conquered
with cloaked tyranny:
Then, changing countenance,
with open enmities,
She triumphs ouer them,
ſcorning their ſlauery.

With fawning flattery
deaths doore ſhe openeth,
Alluring paſſengers

to

to bloudy deſtiny:
In offers bountifull,
in proofe ſhe beggereth;
Mens ruines regiſtring
her falſe felicity.

Her hopes are faſtned
in bliſſe that vaniſheth,
Her ſmart inherited
with ſure poſſeſſion,
Conſtant in cruelty,
ſhe neuer altereth,
But from one violence,
to more oppreſſion.

To thoſe that follow her,
fauours are meaſured
As eaſie premiſes
to hard concluſions;
With bitter corroſiues
her ioyes are ſeaſoned;
Her higheſt benefits
are but illuſions.

Her way's a labyrinth
of wandring paſſages:
Fooles common pilgrimage,

to curſed deities:
Whoſe fond deuotion
and idle menages,
Are wag'd with wearineſſe
in fruitleſſe drudgeries.

Blinde in her fauorites
fooliſh election,
Chance is her Arbiter
in giuing dignity:
Her choyce of viſions
ſhewes moſt diſcretion,
Sith wealth, the vertuous
might wreſt from piety.

To humble ſuppliants
tyrant moſt obſtinate:
She ſuters anſwereth
with contrarieties.
Proud with petition,
vntaught to mitigate
Rigor with clemencie
in hardeſt cruelties.

Like Tygre fugitiue
from the Ambitious,
Like weeping Crocodile

to ſcornfull enemies,
Suing for amitie
where ſhe is odious,
But to her followers
forſwearing courteſies.

No winde ſo changeable,
no ſea ſo wauering,
As giddie Fortune
in reeling varieties;
Now mad, now mercifull,
now fierce, now fauouring:
In all things mutable,
but mutabilities.

## *Scorne not the leaſt.*

WHere wards are weake,
and foes encountring ſtrong,
Where mightier doe aſſault
than doe defend,
The feebler part
puts vp enforced wrong,
And ſilent ſees,
that ſpeech could not amend;
Yet higher powers muſt thinke,
though they repine,
When ſunne is ſet,
the little ſtarres will ſhine.

While Pike doth range,
the ſilly Tench doth flye,
And crouch in priuy creekes,
with ſmaller fiſh:
Yet Pikes are caught
when little fiſh goe by,
Theſe fleet aflote,
while thoſe doe fill the diſh:
There is a time
euen for the wormes to creepe,
And ſucke the dew
while all their foes doe ſleepe.

The

The Marline cannot
euer ſoare on high,
Nor greedy grey-hound
ſtill purſue the chaſe:
The tender Larke
will finde a time to fly,
And fearefull Hare
to runne a quiet race.
He that high growth
on Cedars did beſtow,
Gaue alſo lowly Muſhrumps
leaue to grow.

In *Hamans* pompe
poore *Mardochew* wept,
Yet God did turne
his fate vpon his foe;
The *Lazar* pinde,
while *Dives* feaſt was kept,
Yet he to heauen,
to hell did *Dives* goe.
We trample graſſe,
and prize the flowers of May,
Yet graſſe is greene,
when flowers do fade away.

## *The Natiuitie of Christ.*

Behold, the Father
is his daughters ſonne:
The bird that built the neſt,
is hatcht therein:
The old of yeares,
an howre hath not out-runne:
Eternall life, to liue
doth now beginne.
The Word is dumbe,
the mirth of heauen doth weepe,
Might feeble is,
and force doth faintly creepe.

O dying ſoules,
behold your liuing ſpring!
O dazled eyes,
behold your Sunne of grace!
Dull eares, attend what word
this Word doth bring:
Vp heauy hearts,
with ioy your ioy embrace:
From death, from darke,
from deafneſſe, from deſpaires:
This life, this light,
this Word, this ioy repaires.

Gift

Gift better than himſelfe,
God doth not know;
Gift better than his God,
no man can ſee:
This gift doth here
the giuer giuen beſtow,
Gift to this gift
let each receiuer be.
God is my gift,
himſelfe he freely gaue me;
Gods gift am I,
and none but God ſhall haue me.

Man altered was
by ſinne from man to beaſt:
Beaſts food is hay,
hay is all mortall fleſh,
Now God is fleſh,
and lies in manger preſt
As hay, the bruteſt ſinner
to refreſh:
O happy field
wherein this fodder grew,
Whoſe taſte doth vs
from beaſts to men renew.

*Chriſts*

## *Chriſts Childhood.*

TIll twelue yeares age,
how Chriſt his childhood ſpent,
All earthly pens
vnworthy were to write,
Such acts to mortall eyes
he did preſent,
Whoſe worth, not men,
but Angels muſt recite.
No natures blots,
no childiſh faults defilde,
Where grace was guide,
and God did play the child.

In ſpringing locks
lay couched hoarie wit,
In ſemblance young
a graue and ancient port,
In lowly looks
high maieſty did ſit,
In tender tongue
ſound ſenſe of ſageſt ſort:

Nature

Nature imparted all
that she could teach,
And God suppli'd
where Nature could not reach.

His mirth of modest meane
a mirrour was,
His sadnesse tempered
with a milde aspect;
His eye to try
each action was a glasse,
Whose lookes did good approue,
and bad correct.
His Natures gifts,
his grace, his word and deed,
Well shewed that all
did from a God proceed.

## *A Childe my Choice.*

LEt folly praiſe
that fancie loues:
I praiſe and loue that child,
Whoſe heart no thought,
whoſe tongue no word,
whoſe hand no deed defil'd.
I praiſe him moſt,
I loue him beſt,
all praiſe and loue is his:
While him I loue,
in him I liue,
and cannot liue amiſſe.

Loues ſweeteſt marke,
lauds higheſt theme,
mans moſt deſired light;
To loue him, life;
to leaue him, death;
to liue in him, delight.
He mine by gift,
I his by debt,
thus each to other's due:
Firſt friend he was,
beſt friend he is,

all times will trie him true.

Though young yet wiſe,
though ſmall yet ſtrong,
though man, yet God he is;
As wiſe, he knowes,
as ſtrong, he can,
as God, he loues to bliſſe:
His knowledge rules,
his ſtrength defends,
his loue doth cheriſh all;
His birth our ioy,
his life our light,
his death our end of thrall.

Alas, he weepes,
he ſighs, he pants,
yet doe his Angels ſing:
Out of his teares,
his ſighs and throbs,
doth bud a ioyfull ſpring.
Almightie Babe,
whoſe tender armes,
can force all foes to fly;
Correct my faults,
protect my life,
direct me when I die.

## *Content and rich.*

I Dwell in Graces Court,
Enricht with Vertues rights,
Faith guides my wit, Loue leades my will,
Hope all my minde delights.

In lowly vales I mount
To pleaſures higheſt pitch:
My ſilly ſhrowd true Honour brings,
My poore eſtate is rich.

My conſcience is my Crowne,
Contented thoughts, my reſt,
My heart is happy in it ſelfe,
My bliſſe is in my breſt.

Enough, I reckon wealth,
A meane, the ſureſt lot,
That lies too high for baſe contempt,
Too low, for Enuies ſhot.

My wiſhes are but few,

All easie to fulfill:
I make the limits of my power,
The bounds vnto my will.

I haue no hopes but one,
Which is of heauenly raigne:
Effects attain'd, or not desir'd,
All lower hopes refraine.

I feele no care of coyne,
Well-doing is my wealth,
My minde to me an Empire is,
While grace affoordeth health.

I clip high climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride,
Their fall is worst, that from the height
Of greater honour slide.

Sith sayles of largest size
The storme doth soonest teare,
I beare so low and small a sayle
As freeth me from feare.

I wrastle not with rage,
While furies flame doth burne,
It is in vaine to stop the streame,

Vntill the tide doth turne.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turne a late enraged foe
vnto a quiet friend.

And taught with often proofe,
A tempered calme I finde
To be moſt ſolace to it ſelfe:
Beſt cure for angrie minde.

Spare dyet is my fare,
My cloathes more fit than fine,
I know, I feed, and cloath a foe,
That pamp'red would repine.

I enuie not their hap,
Whom fauour doth aduance;
I take no pleaſure in their paine
That haue leſſe happy chance.

To riſe by others fall,
I deeme a loſing gaine;
All ſtates with others ruines built,
To ruine runne amaine.

No change of Fortunes calmes
Can caſt my comforts downe:
When Fortune ſmiles, I ſmile to thinke
How quickly ſhe will frowne.

And when in froward mood,
She prou'd an angry foe,
Small gaine I found to let her come,
Leſſe loſſe to let her goe.

Loſſe

## Losse in delayes.

*SHun delayes, they breed remorse,*
*Take thy time while time doth serue thee,*
*Creeping Snayles haue weakest force,*
*Flie their fault, lest thou repent thee.*
*Good is best, when soonest wrought,*
*Lingring labours come to nought.*

*Hoyse vp sayle while gale doth last,*
*Tide and winde stay no mans pleasure;*
*Seeke not time, when time is past,*
*Sober speed is wisdomes leasure:*
*After-wits are dearely bought,*
*Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.*

*Time weares all his locks before,*
*Take thon hold vpon his forehead,*
*When he flies, he turnes no more,*
*And behinde his scalpe is naked.*
*Workes adiourn'd haue many stayes,*
*Long demurres breed new delayes.*

Seeke thy salue while sore is greene,
Festered wounds aske deeper launcing;
After-cures are seldome seene,
Often sought, scarce euer chancing.
Time and place giues best aduice,
Out of season, out of price.

Crush the Serpent in the head,
Breake ill egges ere they be hatched:
Kill bad Chickins in the tread;
Fligge, they hardly can be catched:
In the rising stifle ill,
Lest it grow against thy will.

Drops doe pierce the stubburne Flint,
Not by force, but often falling,
Custome kils with feeble dint,
More by vse, than strength preuailing;
Single sands haue little weight,
Many make a drowning fraight.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
Aged trees do breake with bending,
Yong desires make little presse,
Growth doth make them past amending:
Happie man that soone doth knocke
Babels Babes against the rocke.

Loues

## Loues ſeruile Lot.

*LOue Miſtreſſe is of many minds,*
*Yet few know whom they ſerue,*
*They reckon leaſt how little Loue*
*Their ſeruice doth deſerue.*

*The will ſhe robbeth from the wit,*
*The ſenſe from reaſons lore,*
*She is delightfull in the rine,*
*Corrupted in the core.*

*She ſhrowdeth vice in Vertues veile,*
*Pretending good in ill,*
*She offereth ioy, affoordeth griefe,*
*A kiſſe where ſhe doth kill.*

*A hony ſhowre raines from her lips,*
*Sweet lights ſhine in her face:*
*She hath the bluſh of virgin minde,*
*The minde of Vipers race.*

*She makes thee ſeeke, yet feare to finde,*

*To finde, but none enioy;*
*In many frownes some gliding smiles*
*She yeelds to more annoy.*

*She wooes thee to come neere her fire,*
*Yet doth she draw it from thee.*
*Farre off she makes thy heart to fry,*
*And yet to freeze within thee.*

*She letteth fall some luring baits*
*For fooles to gather vp:*
*Too sweet, too sowre, to euery taste*
*She tempereth her cup.*

*Soft soules she bindes in tender twist,*
*Small Flies in spinners webbe,*
*She sets a flote some luring streames,*
*But makes them soone to ebbe.*

*Her watrie eyes haue burning force,*
*Her flouds and flames conspire:*
*Teares kindle sparkes, sobs fuell are,*
*And sighs doe blow her fire.*

*May neuer was the Moneth of loue.*
*For May is full of flowres,*
*But rather Aprill wet by kind,*
*For loue is full of showers.*

*Like Tyrant cruell wounds ſhe giues,*
*Like Surgeon ſalue ſhe lends:*
*But ſalue and ſore haue equall force,*
*For death is both their ends.*

*With ſoothing words, enthralled ſoules*
*She chaines in ſeruile bands,*
*Her eye in ſilence hath a ſpeech,*
*Which eye beſt vnderſtands.*

*Her little ſweet hath many ſowres,*
*Short hap immortall harmes,*
*Her louing lookes are murdring darts,*
*Her ſongs bewitching charmes.*

*Like Winter Roſe, and Summer Ice,*
*Her ioyes are ſtill vntimely,*
*Before her hope, behinde remorſe,*
*Faire firſt, in fine vnſeemely.*

*Moods, paſſions, fancies, iealous fits*
*Attend vpon her traine,*
*She yeeldeth reſt without repoſe,*
*A Heauen in helliſh paine.*

*Her houſe is ſloth, her doore deceit,*
*And ſlipperie hope her ſtaires,*

*Vnbaſh-*

*Vnbaſhfull boldneſſe bids her gueſts,*
*And euerie vice repaires.*

*Her dyet is of ſuch delights,*
*As pleaſe till they be paſt,*
*But then the poyſon kils the heart,*
*That did entice the taſte.*

*Her ſleepe in ſinne doth end in wrath,*
*Remorſe rings her awake,*
*Death cals her vp, ſhame drines her out,*
*Deſpaires her vpſhot make.*

*Plow not the Seas, ſow not the ſands,*
*Leane off your idle paine,*
*Seeke other miſtreſſe for your mindes,*
*Loues ſeruice is in vaine.*

## *Life is but Losse.*

BY force I liue,
in will I wish to dye,
In plaint I passe
the length of lingring dayes,
Free would my soule
from mortall bodie fly,
And tread the tracke
of Deaths desired wayes;
Life is but losse,
where death is deemed gaine,
And lothed pleasures
breed displeasing paine.

Who would not dye,
to kill all murdering griefes?
Or who would liue
in neuer-dying feares?
Who would not wish
his treasure safe from theeues,
And quit his heart from pangs,
his eyes from teares?
Death parteth but
two euer fighting foes,

Whose

Whose ciuill strife
doth worke our endlesse woes.

Life is a wandring course
to doubtfull rest,
As oft a cursed rise
to damning leape;
As happie race
to winne a heauenly crest,
None being sure
what finall fruits to reape.
And who can like
in such a life to dwell,
Whose wayes are strait to Heauen,
but wide to Hell?

Come cruell death,
why lingrest thou so long?
What doth withhold thy dint
from fatall stroke?
Now prest I am:
alas, thou doest me wrong,
To let me liue
more anger to prouoke:
Thy right is had,
when thou hast stopt my breath,
Why should'st thou stay,

to worke my double death?

If *Sauls* attempt
in falling on his blade,
As lawfull were,
as ethe to put in vre:
If *Sampsons* leaue,
a common Law were made,
Of *Abels* lot
if all that would were sure:
Then cruell death,
thou shouldst the Tyrant play
With none but such
as wished for delay.

Where life is lou'd,
thou readie art to kill,
And to abridge
with sudden pangs their ioy;
Where life is loath'd,
thou wilt not worke their will,
But dost adiourne their death
to their annoy.
To some thou art
a fierce vnbidden guest:
But those that craue thy helpe
thou helpest least.

Auaunt oh viper,
I thy ſpite defie,
There is a God
that ouer-rules thy force,
Who can thy weapons
to his will apply,
And ſhorten or prolong
our brittle courſe:
I on his mercie,
not thy might relye,
To him I liue,
for him I hope to dye.

## *I dye aliue.*

O Life, what lets thee
from a quicke deceaſe?
O death, what drawes thee
from a preſent prey?
My feaſt is done,
my ſoule would be at eaſe,
My grace is ſaid,
O death come take away.

I liue but ſuch a life
as euer dyes;
I dye but ſuch a death
as neuer ends:
My death to end
my dying life denies,
And life my liuing death
no whit amends.

Thus till I dye,
yet ſtill I doe reuiue,
My liuing death

by

by dying life is fed:
Grace more than Nature
keepes my heart aliue,
Whose idle hopes
and vaine desires are dead.

Not where I breathe,
but where I loue, I liue,
Not where I loue,
but where I am, I dye:
The life I wish
must future glorie giue,
The deaths I feele,
in present dangers lye.

## *What Ioy to liue.*

I Wage no warre,
yet peace I none enioy,
I hope, I feare,
I fry in freezing cold,
I mourne in mirth,
ſtill proſtrate in annoy,
I all the World embrace,
yet nothing hold.
All wealth is want
where chiefeſt wiſhes faile,
Yea, life is loath'd,
where loue may not preuaile.

For that I loue, I long,
but that I lacke;
That others loue, I loath,
and that I haue:
All worldly fraights
to me are deadly wracke,
Men, preſent hap,
I, future hopes doe craue.

They

They louing where they liue,
long life require,
To liue where beſt I loue,
death I deſire.

Here loue is lent
for lone of filthy gaine,
Moſt friends befriend themſelues
with friendſhips ſhew:
Here plenty, perill,
want, doth breed diſdaine;
Cares common are,
ioyes faulty, ſhort and few;
Here Honour enuide,
meanneſſe is deſpis'd,
Sinne deemed ſolace,
Vertue little pris'd.

Here beauty is a bait,
that ſwallowed choakes;
A treaſure ſought
ſtill to the owners harmes;
A light that eyes
to murdring ſights prouokes;
A grace that ſoules inchants
with mortall charmes:
A luring ayme

to *Cupids* firie flights;
A balefull bliſſe
that damnes where it delights.

O who would liue,
ſo many deaths to trie,
Where will doth wiſh
that wiſdome doth reproue?
Where Nature craues
that Grace muſt needs deny,
Where ſenſe doth like,
that reaſon cannot loue,
Where beſt in ſhew,
in finall proofe is worſt,
Where pleaſures vp-ſhot
is to dye accurſt.

*Lifes*

## Lifes death, Loues life.

*WHo liues in loue, loues leaſt to liue,*
*And long delayes doth rue,*
*If him he loue by whom he liues,*
*To whom all his loue is due.*

*Who for our loue did chooſe to liue,*
*And was content to die;*
*Who lou'd our loue more than his life,*
*And loue with life did buy.*

*Let vs in life, yea with our life*
*Requite his liuing loue,*
*For beſt we liue, when leaſt we liue,*
*If loue our life remoue.*

*Where loue is hot, life hatefull is,*
*Their grounds doe not agree,*
*Loue where it loues, life where it liues,*
*Deſireth moſt to be.*

*And ſith loue is not where it liues,*

Nor

*Nor liueth where it loues,*
*Loue hateth life, that holds it backe,*
*And death it beſt approues.*

*For ſeldome is he wonne in life,*
*Whom loue doth moſt deſire,*
*If wonne by loue, yet not enioy'd,*
*Till mortall life expire.*

*Life out of earth, hath not abode,*
*In earth loue hath no place,*
*Loue ſetled hath her ioyes in Hean'n,*
*In earth life all her grace.*

*Mourne therefore no true louers death,*
*Life onely him annoyes,*
*And when he taketh leaue of life,*
*Then loue begins his ioyes.*

## *At home in Heauen.*

FAire ſoule, how long
ſhall veiles thy graces ſhrowd?
How long ſhall this exile
with-hold thy right?
When will thy Sunne
diſperſe this mortall cloud,
And giue thy glories ſcope
to blaze their light?
O that a ſtarre
more fit for Angels eyes,
Should pine in earth,
not ſhine aboue the skies!

This ghoſtly beautie
offered force to God,
It chain'd him in
the linkes of tender loue,
It wonne his will
with man to make abode:

It

It ſtaid his ſword,
and did his wrath remoue;
It made the rigor
of his iuſtice yeeld,
And crowned mercie
Empreſſe of the field.

This lull'd our heauenly *Sampſon*
faſt aſleepe,
And laid him in
our feeble Natures lap;
This made him vnder
mortall load to creepe,
And in our fleſh
his Godhead to inwrap;
This made him ſoiourne
with vs in exile,
And not diſdaine
our titles in his ſtile.

This brought him from
the ranks of heau'nly Quires,
Into the vale of teares,
and curſed ſoyle;
From flowers of grace
into a world of bryers;
From life to death,

from bliſſe to balefull toyle.
This made him wander
in our Pilgrim weed,
And taſte our torments,
to releeue our need.

O ſoule, doe not
thy noble thoughts abaſe,
To loſe thy loue
in any mortall wight:
Content thine eye at home
with natiue grace,
Sith God himſelfe
is rauiſht with thy ſight.
If on thy beautie
God enamoured be,
Baſe is thy loue
of any leſſe than he.

Giue not aſſent
to muddie minded skill,
That deemes the feature
of a pleaſing face,
To be the ſweeteſt bait
to lure the will,
Not valuing right
the worth of ghoſtly grace.

Let God and Angels
censure winne beleefe,
That of all beauties
iudge our ſelues the chiefe.

Queene *Heſter* was
of rare and peereleſſe hew,
And *Iudith* once
for beauty bare the vaunt;
But he that could
our ſoules endowments view,
Would ſoone to ſoules
the Crowne of beauty grant.
O ſoule, out of thy ſelfe
ſeeke God alone:
Grace more than thine,
but Gods, the world hath none.

## *Lewd loue is loſſe.*

MIſdeeming eye
that ſtoopeth to the lure
Of mortall worths,
not worth ſo worthy Loue,
All beautie's baſe,
all graces are impure,
That doe thy erring thought
from God remoue.
Sparkes to the fire,
the beames yeeld to the Sunne,
All grace to God,
from whom all graces runne.

If picture moue,
more ſhould the patterne pleaſe;
No ſhadow can
with ſhadowed things compare,
And faireſt ſhapes
whereon our loues do ſeaze,
But ſilly ſignes
of Gods high beauties are.

Goe,

Goe, staruing sense,
feed thou on earthly mast,
True loue in Heau'n
seeke thou thy sweet repast.

Gleane not in barren soyle
these offall eares,
Sith reape thou maist
whole haruests of delight.
Base ioyes with griefes,
bad hopes doe end in feares,
Lewd loue with losse,
euill peace with deadly fight:
Gods loue alone doth end
with endlesse ease,
Whose ioyes in hope,
whose hope concludes in peace:

Let not the luring traine
of fancies trap,
Or gracious features
proofes of Natures skill,
Lull reasons force asleepe
in errours lap,
Or draw thy wit
to bent of wanton will,
The faireſt flowers

haue not the ſweeteſt ſmell,
A ſeeming Heauen
proues oft a damning Hell.

Selfe-pleaſing ſoules
that play with beauties bait,
In ſhining ſhrowd
may ſwallow fatall hooke,
Where eager ſight
on ſemblant faire doth wait,
A locke it proues
that firſt was but a looke:
The fiſh with eaſe
into the Net doth glide,
But to get out
the way is not ſo wide.

So long the Fly
doth dally with the flame,
Vntill his ſinged wings
do force his fall:
So long the eye
doth follow Fancies game,
Till loue hath left the heart
in heauy thrall;
Soone may the minde
be caſt in *Cupids* Iayle,

But

But hard it is
impriſoned thoughts to bayle.

O loath that loue
whoſe finall ayme is luſt,
Moth of the minde,
eclipſe of reaſons light,
The graue of grace,
the mole of Natures ruſt,
The wracke of wit,
the wrong of euerie right;
In ſumme, an euill,
whoſe harmes no tongue can tell,
In which to liue
is death, to dye is Hell.

## *Loues Garden griefe.*

VAine loues auaunt,
infamous is your pleaſure,
Your ioy deceit,
Your iewels, iefts,
and worthleſſe traſh your treaſure,
Fooles common bait.
Your palace is
a priſon that allureth
To ſweet miſhap,
and reſt that paine procureth.

Your Garden griefe,
hedg'd in with thornes of Enuie,
and ſtakes of ſtrife,
Your Allies errour,
grauelled with iealouſie,
And cares of life.
Your bankes are ſeates
inwrapt with ſhades of ſadneſſe,
Your Arbours breed

rough

rough fits of raging madneſſe.

Your beds are ſowne
with ſeeds of all iniquitie,
And poys'ning weeds:
Whoſe ſtalkes ill thoughts,
whoſe leaues words full of vanitie,
Whoſe fruit miſdeeds.
Whoſe ſap is ſinne,
whoſe force and operation,
To baniſh grace,
and worke the ſoules damnation.

Your trees are diſmall plants
of pining corroſiues,
Whoſe root is ruth,
Whoſe barke is bale,
whoſe timber ſtubburne fantaſies,
Whoſe pith vntruth:
On which in lieu of birds
whoſe voice delighteth,
Of guiltie conſcience
ſcreeching note affrighteth.

Your cooleſt Summer gales
are ſcalding ſighings,
Your ſhowres are teares,

Your ſweeteſt ſmell
the ſtench of ſinfull liuing.
Your fauours feares;
Your Gardener Satan,
all you reape is miſerie:
Your gaine remorſe,
and loſſe of all felicitie.

*From*

## *From Fortunes reach.*

LEt fickle Fortune runne
her blindeſt race,
I ſetled haue
an vnremoued minde:
I ſcorne to be
the game of Fancies chaſe,
Or vane to ſhew
the change of euery winde:
Light giddie humours,
ſtinted to no reſt,
Still change their choice,
yet neuer chuſe the beſt.

My choice was guided
by foreſightfull heed,
It was auerred
with approuing will,
It ſhall be followed
with performing deed,
And ſeal'd with vow,
till death the chuſer kill:
Yea death, though finall date
of vaine deſires,
Ends not my choice,
which with no time expires.

To beauties fading bliſſe
I am no thrall;
I burie not my thoughts
in metall Mines,
I ayme not at ſuch fame,
as feareth fall,
I ſeeke and finde a light
that euer ſhines:
Whoſe glorious beames
diſplay ſuch heauenly ſights,
As yeeld my ſoule
a ſumme of all delights.

My light to loue,
my loue to life doth guide
To life that liues by loue,
and loueth light:
By loue to one,
to whom all loues are tyde
By dueſt debt,
and neuer equall right.
Eyes light, hearts loue,
ſoules trueſt life he is,
Conſorting in three ioyes,
one perfect bliſſe.

# A FANCY TVRNED to a Sinners Complaint.

*HE that his mirth hath loſt,*
*Whoſe comfort is to rue,*
*Whoſe hope is fallen, whoſe faith is cras'd,*
*Whoſe truſt is found vntrue:*

*If he haue held them deare,*
*And cannot ceaſe to mone;*
*Come, let him take his place by me,*
*He ſhall not rue alone.*

*But if the ſmalleſt ſweet*
*Be mixt with all his ſowre;*
*If in the day, the moneth, the yeare,*
*He feels one lightning howre:*

*Then reſt he with himſelfe,*
*He is no mate for me;*
*Whoſe time in teares, whoſe race in ruth,*
*Whoſe life a death muſt be.*

*Yet not the wiſhed death,*
*That feels no paine or lacke:*
*That making free the better part,*
*Is onely Natures wracke.*

*O no,*

*O no, that were too well,*
*My death is of the minde,*
*That alwaies yeelds extremeſt pangs,*
*Yet threatens worſe behinde.*

*As one that liues in ſhew,*
*And inwardly doth dye:*
*Whoſe knowledge is a bloudy field,*
*Where vertue ſlaine doth lye.*

*Whoſe heart the Altar is:*
*And hoaſt, a God to moue:*
*From whom my ill doth feare reuenge,*
*His good doth promiſe loue.*

*My Fancies are like thornes,*
*In which I goe by night;*
*My frighted wits are like an hoaſt,*
*That force hath put to flight.*

*My ſenſe is paſſions ſpye,*
*My thoughts like ruines old,*
*Which ſhew how faire the building was,*
*While grace did it vphold.*

*And ſtill before mine eyes,*
*My mortall fall they lay;*

*Whom grace and vertue once aduanc't,*
*Now ſinne hath caſt away.*

*O thoughts, no thoughts but wounds,*
*Sometime the Seat of ioy,*
*Sometime the ſtore of quiet reſt,*
*But now of all annoy.*

*I ſow'd the ſoyle of peace,*
*My bliſſe was in the ſpring;*
*And day by day the fruit I eate,*
*That Vertues tree did bring.*

*To Netles now my corne,*
*My field is turn'd to flint,*
*Where I a heauy harueſt reape,*
*Of cares that neuer ſtint.*

*The peace, the reſt, the life,*
*That I enioyd of yore,*
*Were happy lot, but by their loſſe,*
*My ſmart doth ſting the more.*

*So to vnhappy men,*
*The beſt frames to the worſt:*
*O time, ô place, where thus I fell,*
*Deare then, but now accurſt.*

*In*

*In was, ſtands my delight,*
*In is, and ſhall, my woe,*
*My horrour faſtned in the yea,*
*My hope hangs in the no.*

*Vnworthy of releefe,*
*That craued is too late;*
*Too late I finde, (I finde too well)*
*Too well ſtood my eſtate.*

*Behold, ſuch is the end,*
*That pleaſure doth procure,*
*Of nothing elſe but care and plaint,*
*Can ſhe the minde aſſure.*

*Forſaken firſt by grace,*
*By pleaſure now forgotten,*
*Her paine I feele, but graces wage*
*Haue others from me gotten.*

*Then grace, where is the ioy,*
*That makes thy torments ſweet?*
*Where is the cauſe, that many thought*
*Their deaths through thee but meet?*

*Where thy diſdaine of ſinne,*
*Thy ſecret ſweet delight;*

*Thy ſparkes of bliſſe, thy heauenly ioyes,*
*That ſhined erſt ſo bright?*

*O that they were not loſt,*
*Or I could it excuſe;*
*O that a dreame of fained loſſe*
*My iudgment did abuſe.*

*Or fraile inconſtant fleſh,*
*Soone trapt in euery ginne;*
*Soone wrought thus to betray thy ſoule,*
*And plunge thy ſelfe in ſinne.*

*Yet hate I but the fault,*
*And not the faulty one.*
*Ne can I rid from me the mate,*
*That forceth me to mone:*

*To moane a ſinners caſe,*
*Than which was neuer worſe;*
*In Prince or poore, in young or old,*
*In bleſt, or full of curſe.*

*Yet Gods muſt I remaine;*
*By death, by wrong, by ſhame,*
*I cannot blot out of my heart,*
*That grace writ in his name:*

*I cannot ſet at nought,*
*Whom I haue held ſo deare:*
*I cannot make him ſeeme afarre,*
*That is in deed ſo neere.*

*Not that I looke hence-forth*
*For loue that erſt I found;*
*Sith that I brake my plighted troth,*
*To build on fickle ground.*

*Yet that ſhall neuer faile,*
*Which my faith bare in hand:*
*I gaue my vow, my vow gaue me,*
*Both vow and gift ſhall ſtand.*

*But ſince that I haue ſinn'd,*
*And ſcourge none is too ill,*
*I yeeld me captiue to my curſe,*
*My hard fate to fulfill.*

*The ſolitary Wood,*
*My City ſhall become;*
*The darkeſt denns ſhall be my Lodge,*
*In which I reſt or come.*

*A ſandy plot my boord,*
*The wormes my feaſt ſhall be,*

*Where.*

*Wherewith my carkeiſe ſhall be fed,*
*Vntill they feed on me.*

*My teares ſhall be my wine,*
*My bed a craggy Rocke;*
*My harmony the Serpents hiſſe,*
*The ſcreeching Owle my clocke.*

*My exerciſe remorſe,*
*And dolefull ſinners layes;*
*My booke remembrance of my crimes,*
*And faults of former dayes.*

*My walke the path of plaint,*
*My proſpect into hell;*
*Where* Iudas *and his curſed crue*
*In endleſſe paines doe dwell.*

*And though I ſeeme to vſe*
*The faining Poets ſtile,*
*To figure forth my carefull plight,*
*My fall and my exile:*

*Yet is my griefe not fain'd,*
*Wherein I ſtarue and pine;*
*Who feeles the moſt, ſhall thinke it leaſt,*
*If his compare with mine.*

*Dauids*

## *Dauids Peccani.*

IN Eaues, sole Sparrow fits
not more alone,
Nor mourning Pellican
in Desart wilde,
Than silly I,
that solitary mone,
From highest hopes
to hardest hap exilde:
Sometime (O blissefull time)
was vertues meed,
Ayme to my thoughts,
guide to my word and deed.

But feares are now my Pheeres,
griefe my delight,
My teares my drinke,
my famisht thoughts my bread;
Day full of Dumps,
Nurse of vnrest the night,
My garments gyues,
a bloudy field my bed;

My

My ſleepe is rather death,
than deaths allye,
Yet kill'd with murdring pangs
I cannot dye.

This is the chance
of my ill changed choice,
To pleaſant tunes
ſucceeds a plaining voice,
The dolefull eccho
of my wailing minde:
Which taught to know
the worth of vertues ioyes,
Doth hate it ſelfe
for louing fancies toyes.

If wiles of wit
had ouer-raught my will,
Or ſubtill traines
miſled my ſteps awry,
My foile had found
excuſe in want of skill,
Ill deed I might,
though not ill doome deny:
But wit and will
muſt now confeſſe with ſhame,
Both deed and doome

to haue deſerued blame.

I Fancie deem'd
fit guide to lead my way,
And as I deem'd
I did purſue the tracke;
Wit loſt his ayme,
and will was Fancies prey,
The Rebels wan,
the Rulers went to wracke:
But now ſith Fancie
did with folly end,
Wit bought with loſſe,
Will taught by wit, will mend.

*Sinnes*

## *Sinnes heauie load.*

O Lord, my ſinnes
doe ouer-charge thy breſt,
The poyſe thereof
doth force thy knees to bow;
Yea, flat thou falleſt
with my faults oppreſt,
And bloudie ſweat
runs trickling from thy brow:
But had they not
to Earth thus preſſed thee,
Much more they would
in Hell haue peſtred me.

This Globe of Earth
doth thy one finger prop,
The world thou do'ſt
within thy hand embrace;
Yet all this weight
of ſweat drew not a drop,
Ne made thee bow,
much leſſe fall on thy face:

But

But now thou haſt
a load ſo heauie found,
That makes thee bow,
yea fall flat to the ground.

O ſinne, how huge
and heauie is thy weight!
That weigheſt more
than all the world beſide.
Of which when Chriſt
hath taken in his fraight,
The poyſe thereof
his fleſh could not abide.
Alas, if God himſelfe
ſinke vnder ſinne,
What will become of man
that dyes therein?

Firſt flat thou fell'ſt,
when earth did thee receiue,
In cloſet pure
of *Maries* virgin breſt;
And now thou fall'ſt,
of earth to take thy leaue,
Thou kiſſeſt it
as cauſe of thy vnreſt:
O louing Lord,

that ſo doeſt loue thy foe,
As thus to kiſſe the ground
where he doth goe.

Thou minded in thy heauen
our earth to weare,
Do'ſt proſtrate now thy heauen,
our earth to bliſſe;
As God, to earth
thou often wert ſeuere:
As man, thou call'ſt
a peace with bleeding kiſſe.
For as of ſoules
thou common Father art,
So is ſhe mother
of mans other part.

She ſhortly was to drinke
thy deareſt bloud,
And yeeld the ſoule
a way to Satans caue;
She ſhortly was
thy coarſe in tombe to ſhrowd,
And with them all
thy Dietie to haue:
Now then in me
thou ioyntly yeeldeſt all,

That ſeuerally to earth
ſhould ſhortly fall.

O proſtrate Chriſt,
erect my crooked mind:
Lord, let thy fall
my flight from earth obtaine;
Or if I needs muſt ſtill
in Earth be ſhrin'd,
Then Lord, on Earth
come fall yet once againe:
And either yeeld
in Earth with me to lye,
Or elſe with thee
to take me to the skie.

## *Ioſephs Amazement.*

WHen Chriſt by growth
diſcloſed his deſcent,
Into the pure receipt
of *Maries* breſt;
Poore *Ioſeph*, ſtranger yet
to Gods intent,
With doubts of iealous thoughts
was ſore oppreſt:
And wrought with diuers fits
offeare and loue,
He neither can her free,
nor faulty proue.

Now ſince the wakefull ſpy
of iealous minde,
By ſtrong coniectures
deemeth her defil'd;
But loue, in doome of things
beſt loued blinde,
Thinkes rather ſenſe deceiu'd,
than her with child:

Yet proofes ſo pregnant were,
that no pretence
Could cloake a thing
ſo cleare and plaine to ſenſe.

Then *Ioſeph* daunted
with a deadly wound,
Let looſe the reines
of vndeſerued griefe;
His heart did throb,
his eyes in teares were drownd,
His life a loſſe,
death ſeem'd his beſt releeſe:
The pleaſing reliſh
of his former loue,
In gauliſh thoughts
to bitter taſte doth proue.

One foot he often
ſetteth out of doore,
But th'other loath
vncertaine wayes to tread;
He takes his fardell
for his needfull ſtore,
He caſts his Inne
where firſt he meanes to bed:
But ſtill ere he

can frame his feet to goe,
Loue winneth time,
till all conclude in no.

Sometimes griefe adding force
he doth depart,
He will againſt his will
keepe on his paſe:
But ſtraight remorſe
ſo rackes his raging heart,
That haſting thoughts
yeeld to a pawſing paſe:
Then mightie reaſons
preſſe him to remaine,
She whom he flyes
doth winne him home againe.

But when his thought
by ſight of his aboad,
Preſents the ſigne
of miſeſteemed ſhame,
Repenting euery ſtep
that backe he trode,
Teares done, the guide,
the tongue, the feet doe blame.
Thus warring with himſelfe,
a field he fights,

Where euery wound
vpon the giuer lights.

And was ( quoth he )
my loue ſo lightly pris'd,
Or was our ſacred league
ſo ſoone forgot?
Could vowes be void,
could vertues be deſpis'd;
Could ſuch a ſpouſe,
be ſtain'd with ſuch a ſpot?
O wretched *Ioſeph*,
that hath liu'd ſo long,
Of faithfull loue
to reape ſo grieuous wrong!

Could ſuch a worme
breed in ſo ſweet a Wood?
Could in ſo chaſt demeanure
lurke vntruth?
Could vice lye hid
where Vertues image ſtood?
Where hoary ſageneſſe
graced tender youth?
Where can affiance reſt,
to reſt ſecure?
In vertues faireſt ſeat,

faith

faith is not sure.

All proofes did promise hope
a pledge of grace,
Whose good might haue
repay'd the deepest ill:
Sweet signes of purest thoughts
in Saintly face,
Assur'd the eye
of her vnstained will.
Yet in this seeming lustre
seeme to lye
Such crimes, for which
the Law condemnes to dye.

But *Iosephs* word
shall neuer worke her woe,
I wish her leaue to liue,
not doome to dye;
Though Fortune mine,
yet am I not her foe,
She to her selfe
lesse louing is than I.
The most I will,
the least I can is this,
Sith none may salue,
to shun that is amisse.

Exile my home,
the wildes ſhall be my walke,
Complaint my ioy,
my muſicke mourning layes;
With penſiue griefes
in ſilence will I talke:
Sad thoughts ſhall be
my guides in ſorrowes wayes.
This courſe beſt ſutes
the care of careleſſe minde,
That ſeekes to loſe,
what moſt it ioy'd to finde.

Like ſtocked tree
whoſe branches all doe fade,
Whoſe leaues do fall,
and periſht fruit decay;
Like herbe that growes
in cold and barren ſhade,
Where darkneſſe driues
all quickning heat away:
So dye muſt I,
cut from my root of ioy,
And throwne in darkeſt ſhades
of deepe annoy.

But who can flye

from

from that his heart doth feele?
What change of place
can change implanted paine?
Remouing moues
no hardneſſe from the ſteele.
Sicke hearts, that ſhift no fits,
ſhift roomes in vaine:
Where thought can ſee,
what helps the cloſed eye?
Where heart purſues,
what gaines the foot to fly?

Yet did I tread a maze
of doubtfull end;
I goe, I come,
ſhe drawes, ſhe driues away,
She wounds, ſhe heales,
ſhe doth both marre and mend,
She makes me ſeeke,
and ſhun, depart, and ſtay:
She is a friend to loue,
a foe to loath,
And in ſuſpence
I hang betweene them both.

## New Prince, new Pompe.

*BEhold a silly tender Babe,*
*In freezing Winter night*
*In homely Manger trembling lies;*
*Alas, a piteous sight:*
*The Innes are full, no man will yeeld*
*This little Pilgrim bed;*
*But forc't he is with silly beasts,*
*In crib to shrowd his head.*
*Despise him not for lying there,*
*First what he is enquire:*
*An orient pearle is often found*
*In depth of dirtie mire.*
*Waigh not his Crib, his wooden dish,*
*Nor beast that by him feed:*
*Waigh not his Mothers poore attire,*
*Nor Iosephs simple weed.*
*This Stable is a Princes Court,*
*The Crib his chaire of State:*
*The Beasts are parcell of his Pompe,*
*The wooden dish his plate.*
*The persons in that poore attire,*

*His*

*His royall liueries weare,*
*The Prince himselfe is come from heauen,*
*This pompe is prized there.*
*With ioy approach, O Christian wight,*
*Doe homage to thy King;*
*And highly praise his humble Pompe,*
*Which he from Heauen doth bring.*

The

# The burning Babe.

*AS I in hoary Winters night*
*ſtood ſhiuering in the ſnow,*
*Surpris'd I was with ſudden heat,*
*which made my heart to glow;*
*And lifting vp a fearefull eye*
*to view what fire was neere,*
*A prettie Babe all burning bright*
*did in the ayre appeare;*
*Who, ſcorched with exceſſiue heat,*
*ſuch flouds of teares did ſhed,*
*As though his flouds ſhould quench his flames,*
*which with his teares were bred: (Alas,*
*Alas, (quoth he) but newly borne,*
*in fierie heats I frie,*
*Yet none approach to warme their hearts,*
*or feele my fire but I;*
*My faultleſſe breſt the furnace is,*
*the fuell wounding thornes:*
*Loue is the fire, and ſighs the ſmoke,*

*the*

the aſhes ſhames and ſcornes;
The fuell Iuſtice layeth on,
and mercy blowes the coles,
The metall in this Fornace wrought,
are mens defiled ſoules:
For which, as now on fire I am,
to worke them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
to waſh them in my blood.
With this he vaniſht out of ſight,
and ſwiftly ſhrunke away,
And ſtraight I called vnto minde,
that it was Chriſtmaſſe day.

New

## *New Heauen, new Warre.*

COme to your heauen, you heauenly Quires,
Earth hath the heauen of your desires:
Remoue your dwelling to your God,
A stall is now his best abode;
Sith men their homage doe deny,
Come Angels all, their fault supply.

His chilling cold doth heat require,
Come Seraphins in lieu of fire;
This little Arke no couer hath,
Let Cherubs wings his body swathe:
Come *Raphael*, this Babe must eate,
Prouide our little *Toby* meat.

Let *Gabriel* be now his groome;
That first tooke vp his earthly roome;
Let *Michael* stand in his defence,
Whom loue hath linkt to feeble sense:
Let Graces rocke when he doth cry,
Let Angels sing his lullaby.

The

The ſame you ſaw in heauenly ſeate,
Is he that now ſuckes *Maries* teate;
Agnize your King a mortall wight,
His borrowed weed lets not your ſight;
Come kiſſe the manger where he lyes,
That is your bliſſe aboue the skies.

This little Babe, ſo few dayes old,
Is come to rifle Sathans fold;
All hell doth at his preſence quake,
Though he himſelfe for cold doe ſhake:
For in this weake vnarmed wiſe,
The gates of hell he will ſurpriſe.

With teares he fights and wins the field,
His naked breſt ſtands for a ſhield;
His battering ſhot are babiſh cryes,
His arrowes, lookes of weeping eyes,
His Martiall Enſignes, cold and need;
And feeble fleſh, his warriers Steed.

His Campe is pitched in a ſtall,
His bulwarke but a broken wall:
The Crib his trench, hay-ſtalkes his ſtakes,
Of Shepherds he his Muſter makes:
And thus as ſure his foe to wound,

The

The Angels trumps alarum ſound.

My ſoule, with Chriſt ioyne thou in fight,
Sticke to the tents, that he hath dight;
Within his crib is ſureſt ward,
This little Babe will be thy guard:
If thou wilt foile thy foes with ioy,
Then flit not from the heauenly Boy.

*FINIS.*

# *Mæoniæ:*
OR
# CERTAINE
EXCELLENT POEMS
AND SPIRITVAL
Hymnes:

Composed by *R.S.*

LONDON,
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1630.

## *Maries conception.*

OVR ſecond *Eue*
puts on her mortall ſhrowd,
Earth breeds a heauen,
for Gods new dwelling place,
Now riſeth vp
*Elias* little cloud,
That growing ſhall
diſtill the ſhowre of grace:
Her being now begins,
who ere ſhe end
Shall bring our good
that ſhall our ill amend.
Both Grace and Nature
did their force vnite,
To make this babe
the ſumme of all their beſt,
Our moſt, her leaſt,
our million, but her mite:
She was at eaſieſt rate

worth

worth all the reſt:
What grace to men
or Angels God did part,
Was all vnited
in this infants heart.
Foure onely wights,
bred without fault are nam'd,
And all the reſt
conceiued were in ſinne;
Without both man and wife
was *Adam* fram'd,
Of man but not of wife
did *Eue* beginne:
Wife without touch of man
Chriſts mother was,
Of man and wife
this babe was borne in grace.

*Her*

## *Her Natiuity.*

Ioy in the riſing
of our Orient ſtarre,
That ſhall bring forth
the Sunne that lent her light:
Ioy in the peace
that ſhall conclude our war,
And ſoone rebate
the edge of Sathans ſpight.
Loadſtarre of all
inclos'd in worldly waues,
The care and compaſſe
that from ſhip-wracke ſaues:
The Patriarkes and Prophets
were the flowers,
Which time by courſe
of ages did diſtill,
And call'd into
his little clowd the ſhowres,
Whoſe gracious drops
the world with ioy ſhall fill,
Whoſe moiſture ſuppleth

euery

euery ſoule with grace,
And bringeth life
to *Adams* dying race.
For God on earth
ſhe is the royall throne,
The choſen cloth
to make his mortall weed,
The quarry to cut out
our corner ſtone,
Soile full of fruit,
yet free from mortall ſeed,
For heauenly flowre
ſhe is the *Ieſſa* rod,
The child of man,
the parent of a God.

## *Her Spouſals.*

WIſe did ſhe liue,
yet virgin did ſhe dye,
Vntoucht of man,
yet mother of a ſonne,
To ſaue her ſelfe
and childe from fatall lie,
To end the web
whereof the thred was ſpun,
In marriage knots
to *Ioſeph* ſhe was tide,
Vnwonted workes
with wonted wiles to hide.
God lent his Paradiſe
to *Ioſephs* care,
Wherein he was
to plant the tree of life:
His ſonne, of *Ioſephs* child
the title bare:
Iuſt cauſe to make

the

the mother *Iosephs* wife.
O blessed man
betroth'd to such a spouse,
More blest to liue
with such a child in house.
No carnall loue
this sacred league procur'd,
All vaine delights
were farre from their assent,
Though both themselues
in wedlocke bands assur'd,
Yet chast by vow
they seald their chast intent.
Thus had the Virgins,
wiues, and widows crowne,
And by chaste child-birth
doubled their renowne.

## *The virgins ſalutation.*

SPell *Eua* backe,
and *Aue* ſhall you finde;
The firſt began,
the laſt reuerſt our harmes;
An Angels *Aue*
diſinchants the charmes,
Death firſt by womans
weakneſſe entred in,
In womans vertue
life doth now begin.
O Virgins breſt,
the heauens to thee incline,
In thee they ioy,
and ſoueraigne they agnize;
Too meane their glorie is
to match with thine,
Whoſe chaſt receit
God more than heauen did prize:
Haile faireſt heauen,

that

that heauen and earth doe bliſſe,
Where vertues ſtarre,
God's Sunne of iuſtice is;
With haughty minde
to Godhead man aſpired,
And was by pride
from place of pleaſure chac'd;
With louing minde
our manhood God deſired,
And vs by loue
in greater pleaſure plac'd:
Man labouring to aſcend
procur'd our fall,
God yeelding to deſcend
cut off our thrall.

## *The Viſitation.*

PRoclaimed Queene
and mother of a God,
The light of earth,
the ſoueraigne of Saints,
With pilgrime foot
vp tyring hils ſhe trod,
And heauenly ſtile
with handmaids toile acquaints:
Her youth to age,
her ſelfe to ſicke ſhe lends,
Her heart to God,
to neighbour hand ſhe bends.
A Prince ſhe is,
and mightier Prince doth beare,
Yet pompe of princely traine
ſhe would not haue,
But doubtleſſe heauenly Quires
attendant were,
Her childfrom harme,
her ſelfe from fall to ſaue:
Word to the voice,

ſong

ſong to the tune ſhe brings,
The voice her word,
the tune her ditty ſings.
Eternall lights
incloſed in her breſt,
Shot out ſuch piercing beames
of burning loue,
That when her voice
her coſins eares poſſeſt,
The force thereof
did force her babe to moue,
With ſecret ſignes
the children greet each other,
But open praiſe
each leaueth to his mother.

## *His Circumcision.*

THe head is launc't
to worke the bodies cure,
With angry ſalue
it ſmarts to heale our wound:
To faultleſſe Sonne
from all offences pure,
The faulty vaſſals
ſcourges doe redound.
The Iudge is caſt
the guiltie to acquit;
The Sunne defac'd
to lend the Starre his light;
The vine of life
diſtilleth drops of grace:
Our rocke giues iſſue
to an heauenly ſpring,
Teares from his eyes,
bloud runnes from wounding place,
Which ſhowres to heauen
of ioy an harueſt bring.
This ſacred dew

let

let Angels gather vp :
Such dainty drops
beſt fit their nectar'd cup :
With weeping eyes
his mother rewd his ſmart,
If bloud from him,
teares came from her as faſt;
The knife that cut his fleſh
did pierce her heart,
The paine that Ieſus felt
did *Mary* taſte,
His life and hers
hung by one fatall twiſt,
No blow that hit the Sonne
the mother miſt.

## *The Epiphanie.*

TO blaze the rising
of this glorious Sunne
A glittering starre
appeareth in the East,
Whose sight to pilgrims toile
three sages wun,
To seeke the light
they long had in request:
And by this starre
to nobler starre they pace,
Whose armes did their
desired sinne embrace:
Stall was the skie
wherein those planets shinde,
And want the cloud
that did eclipse their rayes,
Yet through this cloud
their light did passage finde,
And pierc'd these sages hearts
by secret wayes,
Which made them know

the ruler of the skies,
By infant tongue and lookes
of babish eyes:
Heauen at her light,
earth blusheth at her pride,
And of their pompe
these peeres ashamed be,
Their crownes, their robes,
their traines they set aside;
When Gods poore cottage,
clouts, and crew they see.
All glorious things
their glorie now despise,
Sith God Contempt
doth more than Glorie prise.
Three gifts they bring,
three gifts they beare away;
For incense, myrrh, and gold,
faith, hope, and loue;
And with their gifts
the giuers heart doe stay:
Their minde from Christ,
no parting can remoue,
His humble state,
his stall, his poore retinew
They fancy more
than all their rich reuenew.

## *The Presentation.*

TO be redeem'd
the worlds redeemer brought,
Two silly turtle doues
for ransome paies:
O wares with empires
worthie to be bought!
This base rate doth sound,
not drowne thy praise;
For sith no price
can to thy worth amount,
A doue, yea loue,
due price thou doest account.
Old *Simeon*,
cheape penie worth and sweet,
Obtaind when thee in armes
he did embrace,
His weeping eyes
thy smiling lookes did meet,
Thy loue his heart,

thy kiſſes bleſt his face.
O eyes, O heart,
meane ſights and loues auoide,
Baſe not your ſelues,
your beſt you haue enioyd:
O virgin pure
thou doſt thoſe doues preſent,
As due to law,
not as an equall price;
To buy ſuch ware
thou wouldſt thy ſelfe haue ſpent,
The world to reach his worth
could not ſuffice.
If God were to be bought,
not worldly pelfe,
But thou wert fitteſt price
next God himſelfe.

## *The flight into Egypt.*

ALas, our day is forſt
to flie by night,
Light without light,
and Sunne by ſilent ſhade;
O Nature bluſh,
that ſuffreſt ſuch a wight,
That in thy Sunne
thy darke eclipſe haſt made,
Day to his eyes,
light to his ſteps denie,
That hates the light
which graceth euery eye.
Sunne being fled,
the ſtarres doe loſe their light,
And ſhining beames
in bloudy ſtreames they drench.
A cruell ſtorme
of *Herods* mortall ſpight,
Their liues and lights
with bloudy ſhowres doe quench:
The tyrant to be ſure

of

of murdring one;
For feare of sparing him
doth pardon none.
O blessed babes,
first flowers of Christian spring,
Who though vntimely cropt
faire garlands frame;
With open throats,
and silent mouthes yet sing
His praise, whom age
permits you not to name.
Your tunes are teares,
your instruments are swords,
Your dittie death,
and bloud in lieu of words.

*Christs*

## *Christs returne out of Egypt.*

WHen death and hell their right in *Herods* haue,
Christ from exile returnes to natiue soile:
There, with his life more deeply death to maime,
Then death did life by all the infants spoile.
He shewed the parents that the babes did mone,
That all their liues were lesse than his alone.
But hearing *Herods* sonne to haue the crowne,
The impious offspring of a bloudy sire,
To *Nazareth* (of heauen beloued) towne,
Flower to a flower he fitly doth retire.
For he is a flower,

and

and in a flower he bred,
And from a thorne
now to a flower he fled.
And well deseru'd this flower
his fruit to view,
Where he inuested was
in mortall weed,
Where first into
a tender bud he grew,
In virgin branch
vnstaind with mortall seed.
Young flower with flowers,
in flower well may he be:
Ripe fruit he must
with thornes hang on a tree.

## *Christs bloudy sweat.*

FAt soile, full spring,
sweet oliue, grape of blisse,
That yeelds, that streames,
that powres, that doth distill:
Vntild, vndrawne,
vnstampt, vntoucht of presse,
Deare fruit, cleare brooks,
faire oyle, sweet wine at will:
Thus Christ vnforst,
preuents in shedding bloud:
The whips, the thornes,
the naile, the speare, and roode.
He Pellicans,
he Phenix fate doth proue,
Whom flames consume
when streames enforce to dye.
How burneth bloud,
how bleedeth burning loue?
Can one in flame,
and streame both bathe and frie?
How would he ioyne
a Phenix fiery paines,
In fainting Pellicans
still bleeding veines?

*Christs*

## *Chriſts ſleeping Friends.*

WHen Chriſt with care
and pangs of death oppreſt,
From frighted fleſh
a bloudy ſweat did raine;
And full of feare
without repoſe or reſt,
Did watch and pray
in agonie and paine,
Three ſundry times
he his diſciples findes
With heauy eyes,
with dull and heauy minds;
With milde rebuke
he warned them to wake,
Yet ſleepe did ſtill
their drowſie ſenſes hold:
As when the Sunne
the brighteſt ſhew doth make,
In darkeſt ſhrowds
the night-birds them infold.
His foes did watch

to worke their cruell spight,
His drowsie friends
slept in his hardest night.
As *Ionas* sayled
once from *Ioppa's* shore,
A boystrous tempest
in the aire did broile,
The waues did rage,
the thundring heau'ns did roare,
The stormes, the rocks,
the lightnings threatned spoile,
The ship was billowes game
and chances pray,
Yet careless *Ionas*
mute and slumbring lay;
So now though *Iudas*
like a blustring gust,
Do stirre the furious sea
of Iewish ire,
Though storming troopes
in quarrels most vniust,
Against the barke
of all our blisse conspire,
Yet these disciples
sleeping lie secure,
As though their wonted calme
did still endure.

So

So *Ionas* once
his heauy limbes to rest,
Did shrowd himselfe
in Iuy pleasant shade:
But loe, while him
an heauy sleepe oppreſt,
His shadowy bowre
to withered stalke did fade,
A cankered worme
did gnaw the root away,
And brought the glorious
branches to decay.
O gracious plant,
O tree of heauenly spring,
The paragon for leafe,
for fruit and flower,
How sweet a shadow
did thy branches bring,
To shrowd those soules
that chose thee for their bower?
But now while they
with *Ionas* fall asleepe,
To spoile their plant
an enuious worme doth creepe.
Awake you slumbring wights,
lift vp your eyes,
Marke *Iudas* how

to teare your root he striues.
Alas the glory
of your arbour dies,
Arise and guard
the comfort of your liues.
No *Ionas* Iuy,
no *Zacheus* tree,
Were to the world
so great a losse as hee.

The

# The Virgin *Mary* to Chriſton the Groſſe.

*WHat miſt hath dim'd that glorious face?*
*what ſeas of griefe my Sun doth toſſe?*
*The golden raies of heauenly grace,*
*lie now eclipſed on the croſſe:*
*Ieſus my loue, my ſonne, my God,*
*behold thy mother waſht in teares:*
*Thy bloudy wounds be made a rod,*
*to chaſten theſe my latter yeares.*
*You cruell Iewes come worke your ire,*
*vpon this worthleſſe fleſh of mine:*
*And kindle not eternall fire,*
*by wounding him which is diuine.*
*Thou meſſenger that didſt impart*
*his firſt deſcent into my wombe,*
*Come helpe me now to cleaue my heart,*
*that there I may my ſonne intombe.*
*You Angels all that preſent were*
*to ſhew his birth with harmonie,*

*Why*

*Why are you not now ready here*
*to make a mourning ſymphony?*
*The cauſe I know you waile alone,*
*and ſhed your teares in ſecrecie,*
*Leſt I ſhould mouedbe to moane,*
*by force of heauy company.*
*But waile my ſoule, thy comfort dies,*
*my wofull wombe lament thy fruit,*
*My heart giue teares vnto mine eyes,*
*let ſorrow ſtring my heauy lute.*

An

## *An holy Hymne.*

PRaiſe, O Sion, praiſe thy Sauiour,
Praiſe thy captaine, & thy paſtour,
With hymnes and ſolemne harmony.
What power affords performe indeed,
His workes all praiſes farre exceed:
No praiſe can teach his dignity.

A ſpeciall theme of praiſe is read,
A liuing and life-giuing bread
Is on this day exhibited
Within the Supper of our Lord,
To twelue diſciples at his bord,
As doubtleſſe twas deliuered.

Let our praiſe be lou'd and free,
Full of ioy and decent glee,
With minds and voices melody,
For now ſolemnize we that day,
Which doth with ioy to vs diſplay

The

The ſecret of this myſtery,

At this boord of our new ruler,
Of old law, and Paſcall order,
The ancient right aboliſheth:
Old decrees, by new annil'd.
Shadowes are in truth fulfil'd,
Day former darkneſſe finiſheth.

That at ſupper Chriſt performed
To be done he ſtraightly charged,
For his eternall memorie.
Guided by his ſacred orders,
Bread and wine vpon our altars,
To ſauing hoſt we ſanctifie.

Chriſtians are by faith aſſured,
That by faith fleſh is receiued,
And Chriſt his bloud moſt precious:
That no wit, no ſenſe conceiueth,
Firme and grounded faith beleeueth,
In ſtrange effects not curious.

As ſtaffe of bread thy heart ſuſtaines,
And chearefull wine thy ſtrength re-
By power and vertue naturall: (gaines,
So doth this conſecrated food,

The

The ſymbole of Chriſt fleſh & bloud,
By vertue ſupernaturall.

The ruines of thy ſoule repaire,
Baniſh ſinne, horrour, and deſpaire,
And feed faith, by faith receiued:
Angels bread made *Pilgrims* feeding,
Truely bread for childrens eating,
To dogs not to be offered:

Sign'd by *Iſaack* on the altar,
By the Lambe and paſcall Supper,
And in the Manna figured.
Ieſu food and feeder of vs
Here with mercie feed and friend vs,
Then grant in heauen felicitie.
Lord of all whom here thou feedeſt,
Fellow heires, gueſts with thy deareſt,
Make vs in thy heauenly citie.

*S. Peters*

## S. Peters afflicted minde.

IF that the ſicke may grone,
Or Orphane mourne his loſſe:
If wounded wretch may rue his harme,
Or caitife ſhew his croſſe:
If heart conſum'd with care,
May vtter ſignes of paine,
Then may my breſt be ſorrowes home,
And tongue with cauſe complaine.
My maladie is ſinne,
And languor of the minde,
My body but a lazars couch,
Wherein my ſoule is pinde.
The care of heauenly kinde
Is dead to my releeſe,
Forlorne and left like orphan child,
With ſighs I feed my griefe.
My wounds with mortall ſmart
My dying ſoule torment,
And priſoner to mine owne miſhaps,
My follies I repent.
My heart is but the haunt
Where all diſlikes do keepe:
And who can blame ſo loſt a wretch,
Though teares of bloud he weepe?

S. Peter

## S. Peters remorse.

*Remorse vpbraids my faults,*
*Selfe-blaming conscience cries,*
*Sin claimes the hoist of hũbled thoughts,*
*And streames of weeping eyes.*
*Let penance Lord prevaile,*
*Let sorrow sue release,*
*Let loue be vmpire in my cause,*
*And passe the doome of peace.*
*If doome goe by desert,*
*My least desert is death,*
*That robs from soule immortall ioyes,*
*From body mortall breath.*
*But in so high a God,*
*So base a wormes annoy,*
*Can adde no praise vnto thy power,*
*No blisse vnto thy ioy.*
*Well may I frie in flames,*
*Due fuell to hell fire,*
*But on a wretch to wreake thy wrath,*
*Can not be worth thine ire.*
*Yet sith so vile a worme*

*Hath wrought his greateſt ſpite,*
*Of higheſt treaſon well thou maiſt*
*In rigour him indite.*
*But mercy may relent*
*And temper iuſtice rod,*
*For mercy doth as much belong*
*As iuſtice to a God.*
*If former time or place*
*More right to mercy winne,*
*Thou firſt wert author of my ſelfe,*
*Then vmpire of my ſinne.*
*Did mercy ſpin the thred,*
*To weaue in iuſtice loome,*
*Wert thou a father to conclude,*
*With dreadfull Iudges doome:*
*It is a ſmall releeſe,*
*To ſay I was thy child,*
*If as an ill deſeruing foe*
*From grace I am exilde,*
*I was, I had, I could,*
*All words importing want:*
*They are but duſt of dead ſupplies,*
*Where needfull helpes are ſcant.*
*Once to haue beene in bliſſe*
*That hardly can returne,*
*Doth not bewray from whence I fell,*
*And wherefore now I mourne.*

*All thoughts of passed hopes*
*Increase my present crosse:*
*Like ruines of decayed ioyes,*
*They still vpbraid my losse.*
*O milde and mighty Lord,*
*Amend that is amisse:*
*My sinne my sore, thy loue my salue,*
*Thy cure my comfort is:*
*Confirme thy former deeds,*
*Reforme that is defild:*
*I was, I am, I will remaine,*
*Thy charge, thy choice, thy child.*

# Man to the wound in Christs side.

O Pleasant sport, O place of rest,
O royall rist, O worthy wound,
Come harbour me a weary guest,
That in the world no ease haue found.
I lie lamenting at thy gate,
Yet dare I not aduenture in:
I beare with me a troublous mate,
And combred am with heape of sinne:
Discharge me of this heauy load,
That easier passage I may find,
Within this bowre to make abode,
And in this glorious tombe be shrin'd.
Here must I liue, here must I die,
Here would I viter all my griefe:
Here would I all those paines descrie,
Which here did meet for my releefe.
Here would I view that bloudy sore,
Which dint of spitefull speare did breed:

The

*The bloudy wounds laid there in store*
*Would force a stony heart to bleed.*
*Here is the spring of tricking teares,*
*The mirrour of all mourning wights,*
*With dolefull tunes for dumpish eares,*
*And solemne shewes for sorrowed sights.*
*O happie soule that flies so hie,*
*As to attaine this sacred caue:*
*Lord send me wings that I may flie,*
*And in this harbour quiet haue.*

# Vpon the Image of death.

*Before my face the picture hangs,*
*That daily should put me in mind,*
*Of those cold names and bitter pangs,*
*That shortly I am like to find:*
*But yet alas full little I*
*Doe thinke hereon that I must die.*
*I often looke vpon a face*
*Most vgly, grisly, bare and thinne,*
*I often view the hollow place,*
*Where eyes and nose had sometimes bin:*
*I see the bones acrosse that lie,*
*Yet little thinke that I must die.*
*I read the Labell vnderneath,*
*That telleth me whereto I must:*
*I see the sentence eke that saith,*
*Remember man thou art but dust:*
*But yet alas, but seldome I*
*Doe thinke indeed that I must die.*
*Continually at my beds head,*

*An*

*An hearſe doth hang which doth me tell,*
*That I ere morning may be dead,*
*Though now I feele my ſelfe full well:*
*But yet alas, for all this I*
*Haue little mind that I muſt die.*
*The gowne which I do vſe to weare,*
*The knife wherewith I cut my meat,*
*And eke that old and ancient chaire,*
*Which is my onely vſuall ſeat:*
*All theſe doe tell me, I muſt die,*
*And yet my life amend not I.*
*My Anceſtors are turnd to clay,*
*And many of my mates are gone,*
*My youngers daily drop away,*
*And can I thinke to ſcape alone?*
*No, no, I know that I muſt die,*
*And yet my life amend not I.*
*Not* Salomon *for all his wit,*
*Nor* Sampſon *though he were ſo ſtrong,*
*No king nor perſon euer yet*
*Could ſcape, but death laid him along:*
*Wherefore I know that I muſt die,*
*And yet my life amend not I.*
*Though all the Eaſt did quake to heare*
*Of* Alexanders *dreadfull name,*
*And all the Weſt did likewiſe feare,*
*To heare of* Iulius Cæſars *fame,*

*Yet both by death in dust now lie,*
*Who then can scape, but he must die?*
*If none can scape deaths dreadfull dart,*
*If rich and poore his becke obey,*
*If strong, if wise, if all doe smart,*
*Then I to scape shall haue no way.*
*Oh grant me grace O God that I*
*My life may mend, sith I must die.*

## *A vale of teares.*

A Vale there is, enwrapt
with dreadfull ſhades,
Which thicke of mourning pines
ſhrowds from the Sunne,
Where hanging cliffes
yeeld ſhort and dumpiſh glades,
And ſnowy flouds
with broken ſtreames doe runne:
Where eye roome is
from rocke to cloudy skie,
From thence to dales
which ſtormy ruines ſhrowd,
Then to the cruſhed
waters frothie frie,
Which tumbleth from
the tops where ſnow is thow'd;
Where cares of other ſound
can haue no choice,
But various bluſtring
of the ſtubburne wind,
In trees, in caues,

in ſtraits with diuers noiſe,
Which now doth hiſſe,
now howle, now roare by kind:
Where waters wraſtle
with encountering ſtones,
That breake their ſtreames,
and turne them into fome.
The hollow clouds
full fraught with thundering grones,
With hideous thumps
diſcharge their pregnant wombe.
And in the horror
of this fearefull quire,
Conſiſts the muſicke
of this dolefull place:
All pleaſant birds
their tunes from thence retire,
Where none but heauy notes
haue any grace.
Reſort there is
of none but pilgrime wights,
That paſſe with trembling foot,
and panting heart,
With terrour caſt
in cold and ſhuddring frights,
And all the place
to terror fram'd by art:

Yet

Yet natures worke
it is of art vntoucht,
So ſtrait indeed,
ſo vaſt vnto the eye,
With ſuch diſordred order
ſtrangely coucht,
And ſo with pleaſing
horror low and high,
That who it viewes
muſt needs remaine a gaſt,
Much at the worke,
more at the makers might,
And muſe how Nature
ſuch a plot could caſt,
Where nothing ſeemed wrong,
yet nothing right:
A place for mated minds,
an onely bower,
Where euerie thing
doth ſooth a dumpiſh mood.
Earth lies forlorne,
the cloudie skie doth lowre,
The winde here weeps,
her ſighs, her cries aloud:
The ſtrugling floud
betweene the marble grones,
Then roaring beats

vpon the craggie ſides,
A little off amidſt
the pibble ſtones,
With bubling ſtreames
a purling noiſe it glides.
The pines thicke ſet,
high growne, and euer greene,
Still cloath the place
with ſhade and mourning vaile,
Here gaping cliffes,
there moſſe growne plaine is ſeene;
Here hope doth ſpring,
and there againe doth quaile.
Huge maſſie ſtones
that hang by tickle ſtay,
Still threaten foule,
and ſeeme to hang in feare:
Some withered trees
aſham'd of their decay,
Beſet with greene,
and forc'd gray coats to weare.
Here chryſtall ſprings
crept out of ſecret veine,
Strait findes ſome enuious hole
that hides their graine.
Here feared tufts
lament the wants of grace,

There thunder wracke
giues terror to the place.
All pangs and heauie paſſions
here may find
A thouſand motiues
ſuting to their griefes,
To feed the ſorrowes
of their troubled mind,
And chaſe away
dame pleaſures vaine releefes.
To plaining thoughts
this vale a reſt may be,
To which from worldly toyes
they may retire,
Where ſorrow ſprings
from water, ſtone, and tree;
Where euerie thing
with mourners doth conſpire.
Sit here my ſoule,
mourne ſtreames of teares aflote,
Here all thy ſinfull foyles
alone recount;
Of ſolemne tunes
make thou the dolefulſt note,
That to thy ditties
dolor may amount,
When *Eccho* doth repeat

thy

thy painefull cries,
Thinke that the very ſtones
thy ſinnes bewray,
And now accuſe thee
with their ſad replies,
As heauen and earth
ſhall in the latter day:
Let former faults
be fuell of the fire,
For griefe in Limbecke
of thy heart to ſtill
Thy penſiue thoughts,
and dumps of thy deſire,
And vapour teares
vp to thy eyes at will.
Let teares to tunes,
and paines to plaints be preſt,
And let this be
the burthen to thy ſong,
Come deepe remorſe,
poſſeſſe my ſinfull breſt:
Delights adue,
I harboured you too long.

The

# The prodigall childs foule-wracke.

*Disanchored from a blisfull shore,*
*and lanch't into the maine of cares,*
*Growne rich in vice, in vertue poore,*
*from freedome falne in fatall snares:*
*I found my selfe on euery side*
*enwrapped in the waues of woe,*
*And tossed with a toilesome tide,*
*could to no port for refuge goe.*
*The wrastling winds with raging blasts*
*still held me in a cruell chase:*
*They breake my anchors, saile, and masts,*
*permitting no reposing place.*
*The boysterous seas with swelling flouds,*
*on euery side did worke their spight,*
*Heauen ouercast with stormy clouds*
*deni'de the planets guiding light.*
*The hellish furies lay in wait,*
*to winne my soule into their power,*
*To make me bite at euery bait,*
*wherein my bane I might deuoure.*

*Thus*

*Thus heauen and hell, thus ſea and land,*
*thus ſtormes and tempeſts did conſpire,*
*With iuſt reuenge of ſcourging hand,*
*to witneſſe Gods deſerued ire.*
*I plunged in this heauy plight,*
*found in my faults iuſt cauſe to feare:*
*My darkeneſſe taught to know my light,*
*the loſſe thereof enforced teares.*
*I felt my inward bleeding ſores,*
*my feſtred wounds began to ſmart,*
*Stept far within deaths fatall doores,*
*the pangs thereof went neere my heart.*
*I cried truce: I craued peace,*
*a league with death I would conclude,*
*But vaine it was to ſue releaſe,*
*ſubdue I muſt or be ſubdude.*
*Death and deceit had pitcht their ſnares,*
*and put their wonted proofes in vre,*
*To ſinke me in deſpairing cares,*
*or make me ſtoope to pleaſures lure:*
*They ſought by their bewitching charmes,*
*ſo to enchant my erring ſenſe,*
*That whē they ſought my greateſt harms,*
*I might neglect my beſt defence.*
*My dazled eyes could take no view,*
*no heed of their deceiuing ſhifts,*
*So often did they alter hew,*

*and*

*and practiſe new deuiſed drifts:*
*With Syrens ſongs they fed mine eares,*
*till luld aſleepe on errors lap,*
*I found their tunes turnd into teares,*
*and ſhort delights to long miſhap.*
*For I inticed to their lore,*
*and ſoothed with their idle toyes,*
*Was trained to their priſon doore,*
*the end of all ſuch flying ioyes:*
*Where chaind in ſinne I lay in thrall,*
*next to the dungeon of deſpaire,*
*Till mercy raiſ'd me from my fall,*
*and grace my ruines did repaire.*

Mans

## Mans ciuill warre.

*MY houering thoghts wold fly to heauē*
*and quiet nestle in the skie,*
*Faine would my ship in vertues shore*
*without remoue at anchor lie:*
*But mounted thoughts are hailed downe*
*with heauie poise of mortall load,*
*And blustring stormes denie my ship*
*in vertues hauen a sure aboad.*
*When inward eye to heauenly sights*
*doth draw my longing hearts desire,*
*The World with gesses of delights,*
*would to her perch my thoughts retire.*
*Fond fancie traines to pleasures lure,*
*though reason stifly doe repine:*
*Though reason wooe mee to the Saint,*
*yet sense would win me to the shrine:*
*Where wisdome loathes, there fancy loues*
*and ouer-rules the captiue will.*
*Foes senses, and to vertues lore,*
*they draw the wit their wish to fill.*
*Need craues consent of soule to sense,*

*yet*

*yet diuers bents breeds ciuill fray,*
*Hard hap where halues must disagree,*
*or truſt of halues the whole betray.*
*O cruell fight, where fighting friend*
*with loue doth kill a fauouring foe:*
*Where peace with ſenſe is warre with God,*
*and ſelfe-delight the ſeed of woe,*
*Dame pleaſures drugges are ſteept in ſin,*
*their ſugred taſte doth breed annoy;*
*O fickle ſenſe beware her ginne,*
*ſell not thy ſoule for brittle ioy.*

Seeke

## Seeke flowers of heauen.

*SOare vp my ſoule vnto thy reſt,*
*caſt off this loathſome load:*
*Long is the date of thy exile,*
*too long the ſtrict abode.*
*Graze not on worldly withered weed,*
*it fitteth not thy taſte;*
*The flowers of euerlaſting ſpring*
*doe grow for thy repaſt.*
*Their leaues are ſtaind in beauties die,*
*and blazed with their beames;*
*Their ſtalkes enameld with delight,*
*and limb'd with glorious gleams.*
*Life-giuing iuice of liuing loue,*
*their ſugred veines doth fill,*
*And watred with eternall ſhowers,*
*they nectard drops diſtill.*
*Theſe flowres doe ſpring from fertile ſoile,*
*though from vnmanur'd field,*
*Moſt glittering gold in lieu of gleue,*
*theſe fragrant flowers do yeeld:*
*Whoſe ſoueraigne ſent ſurpaſſing ſenſe,*
*ſo raviſheth the mind,*
*That worldly weeds needs muſt be loath,*
*that can theſe flowers find.*

FINIS.

# MARIE MAGDALENS FVNERALL TEARES.

*Ieremie Chap.6.verſ.26.*

*Luctum vnigeniti fac tibi planctum amarum.*

LONDON,
Printed by *I. Haviland.*
1630.

To the worſhipfull and vertuous Gentlewoman, Miſtreſſe *D. A.*

*YOur Vertuous requeſts, to which your deſerts gaue the force of a commandement, won me to ſatisfie your deuotion, in penning ſome little diſcourſe of the bleſſed* Mary Magdalene. *And among other glorious examples of this Saints life, I haue made choice of her* Funerall Teares, *in which as ſhe moſt vttered the great vehemencie of her feruent loue to Chriſt, ſo hath ſhe giuen therein largeſt ſcope to dilate vpon the ſame: a theme*

theme pleasing I hope vnto your selfe, and fittest for this time. For as passion, and especially this of loue, is in these dayes the chiefe commander of most mens actions, and the Idol to which both tongues and pennes doe sacrifice their ill bestowed labours: so is there nothing now more needfull to be intreated, than how to direct these humours vnto their due courses, and to draw this flood of affections into the right chanell. Passions I allow, and loues I approue, onely I would wish that men would alter their obiect, and better their intent. For passions being sequels of our nature, and allotted vnto vs, as the handmaids of reason, there can be no doubt, but that as their vsehour is good, and their end godly; so their

vse

vse tempered in the meane, implyeth no offence. Loue is but the infancie of true charitie, yet ſucking Natures teat, and ſwathed in her bands, which then groweth to perfection, when faith beſides naturall motiues, propoſeth higher and nobler grounds of amitie. Hatred and anger are the neceſſarie officers of prowesſe and iuſtice, courage being cold and dull, and Iuſtice in due reuenge ſlacke and careleſſe, where hate of the fault doth not make it odious, and anger ſetteth not an edge on the ſword that puniſheth or preuenteth wrongs. Deſire and hope are the parents of diligence and induſtrie, the nurſes of perſeuerance and conſtancie, the ſeeds of valur & magnanimitie, the death of ſloath, and the breath of all

vertue. Feare and dislikes are the scouts of discretion, the harbingers of wisdome and policie, killing idle repentance in the cradle, and curbing rashnesse with deliberation. Audacitie is the armour of strength, and the guide of glorie, breaking the Ice to the hardest exploits, and crowning valour with honourable victorie.

Sorrow is the sister of mercie, and a waker of compassion, weeping with others teares, & grieued with their harmes. It is both the salue and smart of sinne, curing that which it chastiseth with true remorse, & preuenting need of new cure with the detestation of the disease. Despaire of the successe, is a bitte against euill attempts, and the hearse of idle hopes, ending

ending endleſſe things in their firſt motion to begin. True ioy is the reſt and reward of vertue, ſeaſoning difficulties with delight, and giuing a preſent aſſay of future happineſſe. Finally, there is no paſſion but hath a ſeruiceable vſe, either in purſuit of good, or auoidance of euill, and they are all benefits of God, and helpes of nature, ſo long as they are kept vnder vertues correction.

But a too much of the beſt is euill, and exceſſe in vertue, vice; ſo paſſions let looſe without limits, are imperfections, nothing being good that wanteth meaſure. And as the ſea is vnfit for traffike, not only when the windes are too boyſterous, but alſo when they are too ſtill, and a middle gale and motion of the waues ſerueth

best the saylers purpose; So neither too stormy, nor too calme a mind giueth Vertue the first course, but a middle temper betweene them both, in which the wel ordered passiõ are wrought to prosecute, not suffered to peruert any vertuous endeuour. Such were the passions of this holy Saint, which were not guides to reason, but attendants vpon it, and commanded by such a loue as could neuer exceed, because the thing loued was of infinite perfection And if her weakenesse of faith, (an infirmitie then common to all Christs disciples) did suffer her vnderstanding to be deceiued, yet was her will so setled in a most sincere and perfect loue, that it led all her passions with the same byas, recompencing the want of beleefe, with

the

*the ſtrange effects of an excellent charitie. This loue and theſe paſſions are the ſubiect of this diſcourſe, which though it reach not to the dignitie of* Maries *deſerts, yet ſhall I think my endeuours well appayd, if it may but wooe ſome skilfuller pennes from vnworthy labors, either to ſupply in this matter my want of ability, or in other of like pietie, (whereof the Scripture is full) to exerciſe their happier talents. I know that none can expreſſe a paſſion that he feeleth not, neither doth the penne deliuer but what it copieth out of the minde. And therefore the fineſt wits are now giuen to write paſſionate diſcourſes, I would wiſh them to make choice of ſuch paſſions, as it neither ſhould be ſhame to vtter, nor ſinne to feele.*

*But whether my wishes in this behalfe take effect or not, I reape at the least this reward of my paines, that I haue shewed my desire to answer your courtesie, and set forth the due praises of this glorious Saint.*

Your louing friend,

*R. S.*

# To the Reader.

*Many, suting their labours to the popular vain, & guided by the gale of vulgar breath, haue diuulged diuers patheticall discourses, in which if they had shewed as much care to profit, as they haue done desire to please, their workes would much more haue honoured their names, and auailed the Reader. But it is a iust complaint among the better sort of persons, that the finest wits lose themselues in the vainest follies, spilling much Art in some idle fancie, and leauing their workes as witnesses how long they haue beene in trauaile, to be in fine deliuered of a fable. And sure it is a thing greatly to be lamented, that men of so high conceit*

*should so much abase their abilities, that when they haue racked them to the vttermost endeuour, all the praise that they reape of their imployment, consisteth in this, that they haue wisely told a foolish tale and carried a long lye very smoothly to the end. Yet this inconuenience might find some excuse, if the drift of their discourse leuelled at any vertuous marke. For in fables are often figured morall truths, and that couertly vttered to a common good, which without a maske would not find so free a passage. But when the substance of the worke hath neither truth nor probability, nor the purport thereof tendeth to any honest end, the writer is rather to be pitied than praised, and his bookes fitter for the fire than for the presse. This common ouersight more haue obserued, than endeuored to salue, euery one being able to reproue, none willing to redresse such faults, authorized especially by generall custome. And though if*

*neces-*

neceſſitie (the lawleſſe patron of enforced actions) had not more preuailed than choice, this worke of ſo different a ſubiect from the vſuall veine, ſhould haue beene no eye-ſore to thoſe that are pleaſed with worſe matters: Yet ſith the copies thereof flew ſo faſt and ſo falſe abroad, that it was in danger to come corrupted to the print, it ſeemed a leſſe euill to let it flye to common view in the natiue plume, and with the owne wings, than diſguiſed in a coat of a baſtard feather, or caſt off from the fiſt of ſuch a corrector, as might haply haue periſhed the ſound, and imped in ſome ſicke and ſory feathers of his owne fancies. It may be that courteous skill will reckon this, though courſe in reſpect of others exquiſite labours, not vnfit to entertaine wel-tempered humours, both with pleaſure and profit, the ground thereof being in Scripture, and the forme of enlarging it, an imitation of the ancient Doctors, in the ſame and other

*points of like tenour. This commodity at the leaſt it wil carry with it, that the Reader may learne to loue without improoſe of puritie, and teach his thoughts either to temper paſſion in the meane, or to giue the bridle onely where the exceſſe cannot be faulty. Let the worke defend it ſelfe, and euery one paſſe his cenſure as he ſeeth cauſe. Many Carps are expected, when curious eyes come a fiſhing. But the care is already taken, and patience waiteth at the table, ready to take away, when that diſh is ſerued in, and to make roome for others to ſet on the deſired fruit.*

*R. S.*

# MARIE MAGDALENS FVNERAL TEARES.

AMONGST other mournefull accidents of the paſſion of Chriſt, that loue preſenteth it ſelfe vnto my memory, with which the bleſſed *Mary Magdalene* louing our Lord more than her ſelfe, followed him in his iourney to his death, attending vpon him when his diſciples fled, and being more willing to die with him, than they to liue without him. But not finding the fauour to accompany him in death, and loathing after him to remaine in life, the fire of her true affe-

affection inflamed her heart, and her inflamed heart resolued into vncessant teares, so that burning and bathing betweene loue and griefe, she led a life euer dying, and felt a death neuer ending. And when he by whom she liued was dead, and she for whom he dyed enforcedly left aliue, she praised the dead more than the liuing: and hauing lost that light of her life, she desired to dwell in darkenesse, & in the shadow of death, choosing Christs Tombe for her best home, and his coarse for her chiefe comfort. For *Mary* (as the Euangelist saith) *stood without at the Tombe weeping.*

But alas how vnfortunate is this woman, to whom neither life will affoord a desired farewell, nor death allow any wished welcome? She hath abandoned the liuing, and chosen the company of the dead; and now it seemeth that euen the dead haue

haue forſaken her, ſith the coarſe ſhe ſeeketh is taken away from her. And this was the cauſe that loue induced her to ſtand, and ſorrow enforced her to weepe. Her eye was watchfull to ſeeke whom her heart moſt longed to enioy, and her foot in a readineſſe to runne, if her eye ſhould chance to eſpy him. And therefore ſhe ſtandeth to be ſtill ſtirring, preſt to watch euery way, and prepared to goe whither any hope ſhould call her. But ſhe wept becauſe ſhe had ſuch occaſion of ſtanding: and that which moued her to watch was the motiue of her teares. For as ſhe watched to finde whom ſhe had loſt, ſo ſhe wept for hauing loſt whom ſhe loued, her poore eyes being troubled at once with two contrarie offices, both to be cleare in ſight the better to ſeeke him, and yet cloudy with teares for miſſing the ſight of him.

Yet

Yet was not this the entrance, but the increaſe of her griefe, not the beginning, but the renewing of her moane. For firſt ſhe mourned for the departing of his ſoule out of his body, and now ſhe lamented the taking of his body out of the graue, being puniſhed with two wreckes of her onely welfare, both full of miſerie, but the laſt without all comfort. The firſt originall of her ſorrow grew, becauſe ſhe could not enioy him aliue: yet this ſorrow had ſome ſolace, for that ſhe hoped to haue enioyed him dead.

But when ſhe conſidered that his life was already loſt, and now not ſo much as his body could be found, ſhe was wholly daunted with diſmay, ſith this vnhappineſſe admitted no helpe. She doubted leſt the loue of her maſter (the onely portion that her fortune had left her) would ſoone languiſh in her cold breſt,

breſt, if it neither had his words to kindle it, nor his preſence to cheriſh it, nor ſo much as his dead aſhes to rake it vp. She had prepared her ſpices, and prouided her oyntments, to pay him the laſt tribute of externall duties. And though *Ioſeph* and *Nicodemus* had already beſtowed an hundreth pounds of Myrrh and Aloes, which was in quantity ſufficient, in quality of the beſt, and as well applyed as art and deuotion could deuiſe: yet ſuch was her loue, that ſhe would haue thought any quantitie too little, except hers had beene added; the beſt in qualitie too meane, except hers were with it; and no diligence in applying it enough, except her ſeruice were in it. Not that ſhe was ſharpe in cenſuring that which others had done, but becauſe loue made her ſo deſirous to doe all her ſelfe, that though all had been done that ſhe could deuiſe,

deuiſe, and as well as ſhe could wiſh, yet vnleſſe ſhe were an actor it would not ſuffice, ſith loue is as eager to be vttered in effects, as it is zealous in true affection. She came therefore now meaning to enbalme his corps, as ſhe had before annointed his feet, and to preſerue the reliques of his body, as the onely remnant of all her bliſſe. And as in the ſpring of her felicitie ſhe had waſhed his feet with her teares, bewailing vnto him the death of her owne ſoule: ſo now ſhe came in the depth of her miſerie, to ſhed them afreſh for the death of his body. But when ſhe ſaw the graue open, and the body taken out, the labour of enbalming was preuented, but the cauſe of her weeping increaſed, and he that was wanting to her obſequies, was not wanting to her teares; and though ſhe found not whom to annoint, yet found ſhe whom

to

to lament.

And not without cauſe did *Marie* complaine, finding her firſt anguiſh doubled with a ſecond greife, and being ſurcharged with two moſt violent ſorrowes in one afflicted heart. For hauing ſetled her whole affection vpon Chriſt, and ſummed all her deſires and wiſhes into the loue of his goodneſſe, as nothing could equall his worth: ſo was there not in the whole world, either a greater benefit for her to enioy than himſelfe, or any greater dammage poſſible than his loſſe.

The murdering in his owne death the life of all liues, left a generall death in all liuing creatures, and his deceaſe not onely diſrobed our nature of her moſt royall ornaments, but impoueriſhed the world of all higheſt perfections. What maruell therefore though her vehement loue to ſo louely a Lord, being after

after the wrecke of his life, now also depriued of his dead body, feele as bitter pangs for his losse, as before it tasted ioyes in his presence, and open as large an issue to teares of sorrow, as euer heretofore to teares of contentment? And though teares were rather oyle than water to her flame, apter to nourish than diminish her griefe: yet now being plunged in the depth of paine, she yeelded her selfe captiue to all discomfort, carrying an ouerthrowne mind in a more enfeebled body, and still busie in deuising, but euer doubtfull in defining what she might best do. For what could a silly woman do but weepe, that floating in a sea of cares, found neither eare to heare her, nor tongue to direct her, nor hand to helpe her, nor heart to pittie her in her desolate case? True it is, that *Peter* and *Iohn* came with her to the Tombe, and to make triall of her

her report were both within it: but as they were ſpeedy in comming, and diligent in ſearching, ſo were they as quicke to depart, and fearefull of farther ſeeking. And alas, what gained ſhe by their comming, but two witneſſes of her loſſe, two diſmayers of her hope, and two patternes of a new deſpaire? Loue moued them to come, but their loue was ſoone conquered with ſuch feare, that it ſuffered them not to ſtay. But *Mary*, hoping in deſpaire, and perſeuering in hope, ſtood without feare; becauſe ſhe now thought nothing left that ought to be feared. For ſhe hath loſt her maſter, to whom ſhe was ſo entirely deuoted, that he was the totall of her loues, the height of her hopes, and the vttermoſt of her feares, and therefore beſides him, ſhe could neither loue other creature, hope for other comfort, nor feare other loſſe. The worſt ſhe

could

could feare, was the death of her body, and that shee rather desired than feared, sith she had already lost the life of her soule, without which any other life would be a death, and with which any other death would haue beene a delight. But now she thought it better to die than to liue, because she might happily dying find, whom not dying she looked not to enioy, and not enioying she had little will to liue. For now she loued nothing in her life, but her loue to Christ: and if any thing did make her willing to liue, it was onely the vnwillingnesse that his Image should die with her, whose likenesse loue had limited in her heart, and treasured vp in her sweetest memories. And had she not feared to breake the table, and to breake open the closet, to which she had entrusted this last relique of her lost happinesse,

the violence of griefe would haue melted her heart into inward bleeding teares, and blotted her remembrance with a fatall obliuion. And yet neuertheleſſe, ſhe is now in ſo imperfect a ſort aliue, that it is proued true in her, that *Loue is as ſtrong as death.* For what could death haue done more in *Mary* than loue did? Her wits were aſtonied, and all her ſenſes ſo amazed, that in the end finding ſhe did not know, ſeeing ſhe could not diſcerne, hearing ſhe perceiued not, and more than all th s, ſhe was not there where ſhe was, for ſhe was wholly where her maſter was; more where ſhe loued, than where ſhe liued, and leſſe in her ſelfe than in his body, which notwithſtanding where it was ſhe could not imagine. For ſhe ſought, and as yet ſhe found not, and therefore ſtood at the Tombe weeping for it, being now altogether

ther giuen to mourning, and driuen to misery.

But ô *Mary*, by whose counsell, vpon what hope, or with what heart, couldest thou stand alone, when the Disciples were departed? Thou wentst there once before they came, thou turnedst againe at their comming, and yet thou stayest when they are gone. Alas, that thy Lord is not in the Tombe, thine owne eyes haue often seene, the Disciples hands haue felt, the empty Syndon doth auouch, and cannot all this winne thee to beleeue it? No, no; thou wouldest rather condemne thine owne eyes of errour, and both their eyes and hands of deceit, yea, rather suspect all testimonies for vntrue, than not looke whom thou hast lost, euen there, where by no diligence he could be found. When thou thinkest of other places, and canst not imagine any so likely as this, thou seekest

againe

againe in this, and though neuer so often sought, it must be an haunt for hope. For when things dearly affected are lost, loues nature is, neuer to be weary of searching euen the ofteneſt ſearched corners, being more willing to thinke that all the ſenſes are miſtaken, than to yeeld that hope ſhould quaile. Yet now ſith it is ſo euident, that he is taken away, what ſhould moue thee to remaine here where the perill is apparent, and no profit likely? Can the wit of one (and ſhe a woman) wholly poſſeſſed with paſſion, haue more light to diſcerne danger, than two wits of two men, and both principall fauorits of the parent of all wiſdome? Or if (notwithſtanding the danger) there had beene iuſt cauſe to encounter it, were not two together, being both to Chriſt ſworne champions, each to other affected friends, and

and to all his enemies professed foes, more likely to haue preuailed, than one feminine heart, timorous by kinde, and already amazed with this dreadfull accident?

But alas, why doe I vrge her with reason, whose reason is altered into loue, and that iudgeth it folly to follow such reason, as should any way impaire her loue? Her thoughts were arrested by euery thread of Christs Sindon, and she was captiue to so many prisons, as the tombe had memories of her lost master: Loue being her Iaylor in them all, and nothing able to ransome her, but the recouery of her Lord. What maruell then though the Apostles examples drew her not away, whom so violent a loue enforced to remaine, which prescribing lawes both to wit and will, is guided by no other law but it selfe? She could not thinke of any feare, nor

nor stand in feare of any force. Loue armed her against all hazards, and being already wounded with the greatest griefe, she had no leasure to remember any lesse euill. Yea, she had forgotten all things, and her selfe among all things, onely mindfull of him whom she loued aboue all things. And yet her loue, by reason of her losse, drowned both her mind and memory so deepe in sorrow, and so buried her wits in the conceit of his ablence, that all remembrance of his former promises, was diuerted with the throng of present discomforts, and she seemed to haue forgotten also him besides whom she remembred nothing. For doubtlesse had she remembred him as she should, she would not haue now thought the tombe a fit place to seeke him, neither would she mourne for him as dead, and remoued

by others force, but ioy in him as reuiued, and risen by his owne power. For he had often foretold both the manner of his death, and the day of his Resurrection. But alas, let her heauinesse excuse her, and the vnwontednesse of the miracle plead her pardon, sith dread & amazement haue dulled her senses, distempered her thoughts, discouraged her hopes, awaked her passions, and left her no other liberty but onely to weepe. She wept therefore, being onely able to weepe. *And as she was weeping, she stooped downe and looked into the Monument, and she saw two Angels in white, sitting one at the head, and another at the feet, where the body of Iesus had beene laid. They said unto her, Woman why weepest thou?* Iohn 20.

O *Mary*, thy good hap exceedeth thy hope, and where thy last sorrow was bred, thy first succour springeth. Thou diddest

ſeeke but one, and thou haſt found two. A dead body was thy errand, and thou haſt light vpon two liue. Thy weeping was for a man, and thy teares haue obtained Angels. Suppreſſe now thy ſadneſſe, and refreſh thy heart with this good fortune. Theſe Angels inuite thee to parley, they ſeeme to take pitty of thy caſe, and it may be, they haue ſome happy tidings to tell thee. Thou haſt hitherto ſought in vaine, as one either vnſeene or vnknowne, or at the leaſt vnregarded, ſith the party thou ſeekeſt, neither tendereth thy teares, nor anſwereth thy cries, nor relenteth with thy lamentings. Either he doth not heare, or he will not helpe: he hath peraduenture left to loue thee, and is loth to yeeld thee releeſe, and therefore take ſuch comfort as thou findeſt, ſith thou art not ſo lucky, as to finde that which thou couldeſt wiſh. Re-

member what they are, where they sit, from whence they come, and to whom they speake. They are Angels of peace, neither sent without cause, nor seene but of fauour. They sit in the tombe, to shew that they are no strangers to thy losse. They come from heauen, from whence all happy newes descendeth. They speake to thy selfe, as though they had some speciall embassage to deliuer vnto thee. Aske them therefore of thy master, for they are likeliest to returne thee a desired answer. Thou knewest him too well, to thinke that hell hath deuoured him: thou hast long sought, and hast not found him on earth, and what place so fit for him as to be in heauen? Aske therefore of those Angels that came newly from thence, and it may be, their report will highly please thee. Or if thou art resolued to continue thy seeking, who can better

ter helpe thee, than they that are as swift as thy thought, as faithfull as thine owne heart, and as loving to thy Lord as thou thy selfe? Take therefore thy good hap, lest it be taken away from thee, and content thee with Angels, sith thy master hath giuen thee ouer.

But alas, what meaneth this change, and how happeneth this strange alteration? The time hath beene that fewer teares would haue wrought greater effect, shorter seeking haue sooner found, and lesse paine haue procured more pitie. The time hath beene that thy annointing his feet, was accepted and praised, thy washing them with teares highly cõmended, & thy wiping thẽ with thy haire, most courteously construed. How then doth it now fall out, that hauing brought thy sweet oyles to annoint his whole body, hauing shed as many teares as would

haue washed more than his feet, and hauing not only thy haire, but thy heart ready to serue him, he is not moued with all these duties, so much as once to afoord thee his sight? Is it not he that reclaimed thee from thy wandring courses, that dispossessed thee of thy damned Inhabitants, and from the wilds of sinne, recouered thee into the fold and family of his flocke? Was not thy house his home, his loue thy life, thy selfe his disciple? Did not he defend thee against the Pharisie, plead for thee against *Iudas*, and excuse thee to thy sister? In summe, was not he thy Patron and protector in all thy necessities?

O good *Iesu*, what hath thus estranged thee from her? thou hast heretofore so pitied her greates, that seeing them, thou couldest not refraine thine. In one of her greatest agonies, for loue of her, that so much loued

thee,

thee, thou didst recall her dead brother to life, turning her complaint into vnexpected contentment. And we know, that thou doest not vse to alter course without cause, nor to chastise without desert. Thou art the first that inuitest, and the last that forsakest, neuer leauing but first left; and euer offering, till thou art refused. How then hath she forfeited thy fauour? or with what trespasse hath she earned thy ill will? That she neuer left to loue thee, her heart will depose, her hand will subscribe, her tongue will protest, her teares will testifie, and her seeking doth assure. And alas, is her particular case so farre from example, that thou shouldest rather alter thy nature, than she better her Fortune, and be to her as thou art to no other? For our parts, since thy last shew of liking towards her, we haue found no other fault in her, but that she

was the earlieſt vp to ſeeke thee, readieſt to annoint thee, and when ſhe ſaw that thou wert remoued, ſhe forthwith did weepe for thee, and preſently went for helpe to finde thee. And whereas thoſe two that ſhe brought, being leſſe carefull of thee than fearefull of themſelues, when they had ſeene what ſhe had ſaid, ſodainly ſhrunke away, behold ſhe ſtill ſtayeth, ſhe ſtill ſeeketh, ſhe ſtill weepeth. If this be a fault, we cannot deny but this ſhe doth, and to this ſhe perſwadeth; yea, this ſhe neither meaneth to amend, nor requeſteth thee to forgiue: if therfore thou reckoneſt this as puniſhable, puniſhed ſhe muſt be, ſith no excuſe hath effect where the fact pleadeth guiltie. But if this import not any offence but a true affection, and be rather a good deſire than euill deſert, why art thou ſo hard a Iudge to ſo ſoft a creature, requiting her

loue

loue with thy losse, and suspending her hopes in this vnhappinesse? Are not those thy words; *I loue those that loue me, and who watcheth early for me shall find me?* why then doth not this woman find thee, that was vp so early to watch for thee? Why dost thou not with like repay her, that bestoweth vpon thee her whole loue, sith thy word is her warrant, and thy promise her due debt? Art thou lesse moued with these teares that she sheddeth for thee her onely Master, than thou wert with those that she shed before thee for her deceased brother? Or doth her loue to thy seruant more please thee than her loue to thy selfe? Our loue to others must not be to them, but to thee in them. For he loueth thee so much the lesse that loueth any thing with thee. If therefore she then deserued well for louing thee in another, she deserued better now, for

louing thee in thy ſelfe : and if indeed thou loueſt thoſe that loue thee, make thy word good to her, that is ſo farre in loue with thee. Of thy ſelfe thou haſt ſaid, that thou art *The way, the truth, and the life.* If then thou art a way eaſie to find and neuer erring, how doth ſhe miſſe thee? If a life-giuing life and neuer ending, why is ſhe ready to dye for thee ? If a true promiſing truth, and neuer failing, how is ſhe bereaued of thee ? For if what thy tongue did ſpeake, thy truth will auerre, ſhe will neuer aske more to make her moſt happy. Remember that thou ſaidſt to her ſiſter, that *Mary had choſen the beſt part, which ſhould not be taken from her.* That ſhe choſe the beſt part is out of queſtion, ſith ſhe made choice of nothing but only of thee. But how can it be verified, that this part ſhall not be taken from her, ſith thou that art this part, art already taken away? If ſhe could haue kept thee, ſhe

would not haue loſt them: and had it beene in her power, as it was in her will, ſhe would neuer haue parted from them: and might ſhe now be reſtored to thy preſence, ſhe would trie all fortunes rather than forgoe thee. Sith therefore ſhe ſeeketh nothing but what ſhe choſe: and the loſſe of her choice is the only cauſe of her combat; either vouchſafe thou to keepe this beſt part that ſhe choſe in her, or I ſee not how it can be true, that it ſhall not be taken from her. But thy meaning haply was, that though it be taken from her eyes, yet it ſhould neuer be taken from her heart; & it may be, thy inward preſence ſupplyeth thine outward abſence: yet I can hardly thinke, but that if *Mary* had thee within her, ſhe could feele it, and if ſhe feelt it, ſhe would neuer ſeeke thee. Thou art too hot a fire to be in her boſome and not to burne her, and

thy

thy light is too great, to leaue her minde in this darkneſſe if it ſhined in her. In true louers euery part is an eye, and euery thought a looke; and therefore ſo ſweet an obiect among ſo many eyes, and in ſo great a light, could neuer lye ſo hidden but loue would eſpie it. No, no, if *Mary* had thee; her innocent heart (neuer taught to diſſemble) could not make complaint, the out-ſide of a concealed comfort, neither would ſhe turne her thoughts to paſture in a dead mans Tombe, if at home ſhe might bid them to ſo heauenly a banquet. Her loue would not haue a thought to ſpare, nora minute to ſpend in any other action, than in enioying of thee, whom ſhe knew too well, to abridge the leaſt part of her from ſo high an happineſſe. For her thirſt of thy preſence was ſo exceeding, and the ſea of thy ioyes ſo well able to afford her a full

draught,

draught, that though euery parcell in her should take in a whole tide of thy delights, she would thinke them too few to quiet her desires. Yea doubtlesse, if she had thee within her, she would not enuie the fortune of the richest Empresse, yea, she would more reioyce to be thy Tombe in earth, than a throne in heauen, and disdaine to be a Saint if she were worthy to be but thy shrine.

But peraduenture it is now with her mind, as it was with the Apostles eyes; and as they seeing thee walke vpon the Sea took thee for a Ghost, so she seeing thee in her hart, deemeth thee but a fancy, being yet better acquainted with thy bodily shape than with thy spirituall power.

But ô *Mary*, it seemeth too strange, that he whom thou seekest, and for whom thou weepest, should thus giue thee ouer to these painefull fits, if in thee he

he did not see a cause for which he will not be seene of thee. Still thy plaint, and stint thy weeping, for I doubt there is some trespasse in thy teares, & some sinne in thy sorrow. Doest thou not remember his words to thee and to other women, when he said, *Daughters of Ierusalem weepe not for me, but weepe for your selues and for your children?* What meanest thou then to continue this course? Doth he forbid thy teares, and wilt thou not forbeare them? Is it no fault to infringe his will, or is not that his will that his words do import? The fault must be mended, ere the penance be released, and therefore either cease to weepe, or neuer hope to finde. But I know this Logicke little pleaseth thee, and I might as soone win thee to forbeare liuing, as to leaue weeping.

Thou wilt say, that though he forbad thee to weepe for him,

yet

yet he left thee free, to weep for thy ſelfe, and ſith thy loue hath made thee one with him, thou weepeſt but for thy ſelfe, when thou weepeſt for him. But I anſwer thee againe, that becauſe he is one with thee, and thy weeping for him hath beene forbidden thee, thou canſt not weepe for thy ſelfe, but his words will condemne thee. For if thou & he are one, for which ſoeuer thou weepeſt it is all one, & therefore ſith for him thou maiſt not weepe, forbeare all weeping, leſt it ſhould offend. Yea but (ſaiſt thou) to barre me from weeping, is to abridge me of liberty, and reſtraint of liberty is a penalty, and euery penalty ſuppoſeth ſome offence: but an offence it is not to weepe for my ſelfe, for he would neuer command it, if it were not lawfull to doe it. The fault therefore muſt be, in being one with him, that maketh the weeping for my

ſelfe

selfe, a weeping also for him. And if this be a fault, I will neuer amend it; and let them that thinke it so, do penance for it: for my part, sith I haue lost my mirth, I will make much of my sorrow, and sith I haue no ioy but in teares, I may lawfully shed them. Neither thinke I his former word, a warrant against his latter deed. And what need had he to weepe vpon the Crosse, but for our example, which if it were good for him to giue, it cannot be euill for me to follow? No, no, it is not my weeping that causeth my losse, sith a world of eies, and a sea of teares, could not worthily bewaile the misse of such a master.

Yet, since neither thy seeking findeth, nor thy weeping preuaileth, satisfie thy selfe with the sight of Angels. Demand the cause of their comming, and the reason of thy Lords remoue, and

and ſith they firſt offer thee occaſion of parley, be not thou too dainty of thy diſcourſe. It may be they can calme thy ſtormes, and quiet thy vnreſt, and therefore conceale not from them thy ſore, leſt thou loſe the benefit of their emplaiſter. But nothing can moue *Mary* to admit comfort or entertaine any company: for to one alone, and for euer ſhe hath vowed her ſelfe, and except it be to him, ſhe will neither lend her eare long to others, nor borrow others helpe, leſt by the ſeeking to allay her ſmart, ſhe ſhould leſſen her loue. But drawing into her mind all penſiue conceits, ſhe muſeth and pineth in a conſuming languor, taking comfort in nothing but in being comfortleſſe.

Alas, (ſaith ſhe) ſmall is the light that a ſtarre can yeeld when the Sunne is downe, and a ſory exchange to goe gather the crums after the loſſe of an heauenly

heauenly repaſt. My eyes are not
vſed to ſee by the glimpſe of a
ſparke: and in ſeeking the Sunne,
it is either needleſſe or bootleſſe
to borrow the light of a candle,
ſith either it muſt bewray it ſelfe
with the ſelfe light, or no other
light can euer diſcouer it. If
they come to disburden me of
my heauineſſe, their comming
will be burdenſome vnto me,
and they will load me more
while they labour my reliefe.
They cannot perſwade me, that
my maſter is not loſt, for my
owne eyes will diſproue them.
They can leſſe tell me where he
may be found, for they would
not be ſo ſimple to be ſo long
from him: or if they can for-
beare him, ſurely they doe not
know him, whom none can
truly know, and liue long with-
out him. All their demures
would be tedious, and diſcourſes
irkſome. Impaire my loue they
might, but appay it they could
not,

not, to which he that first accepted the debt is the onely payment. They either want power, will, or leaue to tell me my desire, or at the first word they would haue done it, sith Angels are not vsed to idle speeches, and to me all talke is idle, that doth not tell me of my master. They know not where he is, and therefore they are come to the place where he last was, making the Tombe their heauen, and the remembrance of his presence the food of their felicity. Whatsoeuer they could tell me, if they told me not of him, and whatsoeuer they could tell me of him, if they told me not where he were, both their telling and my hearing were but a wasting of time. I neither came to see them, nor desire to heare them. I came not to see Angels, but him that made both me and Angels, and to whom I owe more than both to men and

Angels.

Angels?

And to thee I appeale, O most louing Lord, whether my afflicted heart doth not truely defray the tribute of an vndiuided loue. To thee I appeale, whether I haue ioyned any partner with thee, in the small possession of my poore selfe. And I would to God I were as priuie where thy body is, as thou art, who is onely Lord and owner of my soule.

But alas sweet *Iesu*, where thou wert thou art not, & where thou art I know not; wretched is the case that I am in, and yet how to better it I cannot imagine. Alas, O my onely desire, why hast thou left me wauering in these vncertainties, and in how wild a maze wander my doubtfull & perplexed thoughts? If I stay here where he is not, I shall neuer finde him. If I goe further to seeke, I know not whither. To leaue the Tombe is death, and to stand helplesse by

it an vncureable diſeaſe, ſo that all my comfort is now concluded in this, that I am free to chuſe whether I will ſtay without helpe, or goe without hope, that is in effect, with what torment I will end my life. And yet euen this were too happy a choice for ſo vnhappy a creature. If I might be chuſer of mine owne death, O how quickly ſhould that choice be made, and how willingly would I runne to that execution? I would be nailed to the ſame croſſe, with the ſame nailes, & in the ſame place: my heart ſhould be wounded with his ſpeare, my head with his thornes, my body with his whips: Finally, I would taſte all his torments, and tread all his embrued and bloudy ſteps.

But O ambitious thoughts, why gaze you vpon ſo high a felicitie? why thinke you of ſo glorious a death, that are priuie to ſo infamous a life? Death alas

I deserue, yea, not one but infinite deaths. But so sweet a death, seasoned with so many comforts, the very instruments whereof were able to raise the deadest corps, and depure the most defiled soule, were too small a scourge for my great offences. And therefore I am left to feele so many deaths, as I liue houres, and to passe as many pangs as I haue thoughts of my losse, which are as many as there are minutes, and as violent as if they were all in euery one. But sith I can neither die as he died, nor liue where he lieth dead, I will liue out my liuing death by his graue, and dye on my dying life by his sweet Tombe. Better is it after losse of his body to looke to his Sepulcher, than after the losse of the one, to leaue the other to be destroyed. No, no; though I haue been robbed of the Saint, I will at the least haue care of the shrine,

which

which though it be spoiled of the most soueraigne houst, yet shall it be the Altar where I will daily sacrifice my heart, and offer vp my teares.

Here will I euer leade, yea, here do I meane to end my wretched life, that I may at the least be buried by the Tombe of my Lord, and take my iron sleepe neere this couch of stone, which his presence hath made the place of sweetest repose.

It may be also that this empty Syndon lyeth here to no vse, and this Tombe being open without any in it, may giue occasion to some mercifull heart, that shall first light vpon my vnburied body, to wrap me in his shroud, and to interre me in this Tombe.

O too fortunate lot, for so vnfortunate a woman to craue: no, no: I do not craue it. For alas, I dare not, yet if such an ouersight should be committed, I do now before hand, forgiue that

sinner,

ſinner, and were it no more preſumption to wiſh it aliue, than to ſuffer it dead, if I knew the party that ſhould firſt paſſe by me, I would wooe him with my teares, and hire him with my prayers, to bleſſe me with this felicity. And though I dare not wiſh any to do it, yet this (without offence) I may ſay to all, that I loue this *Syndon* aboue all clothes in the world, and this Tombe I eſteeme more than any Princes monument: yea, and I thinke that coarſe highly fauoured, that ſhall ſucceed my Lord in it: and for my part, as I meane that the ground where I ſtand ſhall be my death-bed; ſo am I not of *Iacobs* mind, to haue my body buried farre from the place where it dyeth, but euen in the next and readieſt graue, and that as ſoone as my breath faileth, ſith delayes are bootleſſe where death hath won poſſeſſion.

But

But alas, I dare not say any more, let my body take such fortune as befalleth it: my soule at the least shall dwell in this sweet Paradise, and from this brittle case of flesh and bloud, passe presently into the glorious Tombe of God and man. It is now enwrapped in a masse of corruption, it shall then enioy a place of high perfection: where it is now, it is more by force than by choice, and like a repining prisoner in a loathed gaile: but there in a little roome it should find perfect rest, and in the prison of death, the liberty of a ioyfull life.

O sweet Tombe of my sweetest Lord, while I liue I will stay by thee; when I die, I will cleaue vnto thee: neither aliue nor dead, will I euer be drawne from thee. Thou art the Altar of mercie, the temple of truth, the sanctuary of safetie, the graue of death, and the cradle of eternall

life. O heauen of my eclipſed Sunne, receiue vnto thee this ſilly ſtarre that hath now alſo loſt all wiſhed light. O Whale that haſt ſwallowed my onely *Ionas*, ſwallow alſo me, more worthy to be thy prey, ſith I, and not he, was the cauſe of this bloudie tempeſt. O Ceſterne of my innocent *Ioſeph*, take me into thy drie bottome, ſith I, and not he, gaue iuſt cauſe of offence to my enraged brethren. But alas, in what cloud haſt *thou* hidden the light of our way? Vpon what ſhore haſt thou caſt vp the Preacher of all truth? or to what Iſmaelite haſt thou yeelded the purueiour of our life?

Oh vnhappy me, why did I not before thinke of that which I now aske? Why did I leaue him when I had him, thus to lament him now that I haue loſt him? If I had watched with perſeuerance, either none would haue taken him,

him, or they ſhould haue taken me with him.

But through too much preciſeneſſe in keeping the Law, I haue loſt the Law-maker; and by being too ſcrupulous in obſeruing his ceremonies, I am proued irreligious in loſing himſelfe, ſith I ſhould rather haue remained with the truth, than forſaken it to ſolemnize the figure. The Sabboth could not haue beene prophaned in ſtanding by his coarſe, by which the prophaned things are ſanctified, and whoſe touch doth not defile the cleane, but cleanſeth the moſt defiled.

But when it was time to ſtay, I departed: when it was too late to helpe, I returned: and now I repent my folly, when it cannot be amended. But let my heart diſſolue into ſighes, mine eyes melt in teares, and my deſolate ſoule languiſh in diſlikes: yea, let all that I am and haue, endure

the deſerued puniſhment, that if he were incenſed with my fault, he may be appeaſed with my penance, and returne vpon the amendment that fled from the offence.

Thus when her timorous conſcience had indited her of ſo great an omiſſion, and her tongue enforced the euidence with theſe bitter accuſations, Loue, that was now the onely vmpire in all her cauſes, condemned her eies to a freſh ſhowre of teares, her breſt to a new ſtorme of ſighs, and her ſoule to be perpetuall priſoner to reſtleſſe ſorrowes.

But O *Mary*, thou deceiueſt thy ſelfe in thy owne deſires, and it well appeareth, that exceſſe of griefe hath bred in thee a defect of due prouidence. And wouldeſt thou indeed haue thy wiſhes come to paſſe, and thy words fulfilled? Tell me then, I pray thee, if thy heart were diſ-

ſolued,

ſolued, where wouldeſt thou harbour thy Lord? what wouldeſt thou offer him? how wouldeſt thou loue him?

Thine eyes haue loſt him, thy hands cannot feele him, thy feet cannot follow him: and if it be at all in thee, it is thy heart that hath him, and wouldeſt thou now haue that diſſolued, from thence alſo to exile him? And if thine eyes were melted, thy ſoule in languor, and thy ſenſes decayed, how wouldeſt thou ſee him, if he did appeare? how ſhouldeſt thou heare him, if he did ſpeake? how couldeſt thou know him, though he were there preſent?

Thou thinkeſt haply that he loued thee ſo well, that if thy heart were ſpent for his loue, he would either lend his owne heart vnto thee, or create a new heart in thee, better than that which thy ſorrow tooke from thee. It may be thou imagineſt that if thy ſoule would giue place, his

ſoule wanting now a body, would enter into thine, with ſupply of all thy ſenſes, and releaſe of thy ſorrowes.

O *Mary*, thou diddeſt not marke what thy maſter was wont to ſay, when he told thee, that the third day he ſhould riſe againe. For if thou hadſt heard him, or at the leaſt vnderſtood him, thou wouldeſt not thinke but that he now vſed both his heart and ſoule in the life of his owne body. And therefore repaire to the Angels, and enquire more of them, leſt the Lord be diſpleaſed, that comming from him, thou wilt not entertaine them.

But *Mary*, whoſe deuotions were all fixed vpon a nobler Saint, and that had ſo ſtraightly bound her thoughts to his only affection, that ſhe rather deſired to vnknow whom ſhe knew already, than to burthen her mind with the knowledge of new acquaintance,

quaintance, could not make her will, long since possessed with the highest loue, stoope to the acceptance of meaner friendships. And for this, though she did not scornefully reiect, yet did she with humilitie refuse the Angels company, thinking it no discourtesie to take her selfe from them, for to giue her selfe more wholly to her Lord, to whom both she and they were wholly deuoted, & ought most loue and greatest duty. Sorrow also being now the onely interpreter of all that sense deliuered to her vnderstanding, made her conster their demand in a more doubtfull than true meaning.

If (*saith she*) they came to ease my affliction, they could not be ignorant of the cause: and if they were not ignorant of it, they would neuer aske it, why then did they say, *Woman why weepest thou?*

If their question did import

a prohibition, the neceſſitie of the occaſion doth countermand their counſell, and fitter it were they ſhould weepe with me, than I in not weeping obey them. If the Sunne were aſhamed to ſhew his brightneſſe, when the father of lights was darkned with ſuch diſgrace: if the heauens diſcolouring their beauties, ſuted themſelues to their Makers fortune: if the whole frame of nature were almoſt diſſolued, to ſee the author of nature ſo vnnaturally abuſed: why may not Angels, that beſt knew the indignitie of the caſe, make vp a part in this lamentable conſort? And eſpecially now, that by the loſſe of his body, the cauſe of weeping is increaſed, and yet the number of mourners leſſened: ſith the Apoſtles are fled, all his friends afraid, and poore I left alone to ſupply the teares of all creatures? *O who will giue water to my head, and a foun-*

*fountaine of teares vnto mine eyes, that I may weepe day and night, and neuer ceaſe weeping?* O my onely Lord, thy griefe was the greateſt that euer was in man, and my griefe as great as euer happened to woman: for my loue hath carued me no ſmall portion of thine, thy loſſe hath redoubled the torment of my owne, and all creatures ſeeme to haue made ouer to me theirs, leauing me as the vicegerent of all their ſorrow. Sorrow with me at the leaſt, O thou Tombe, and thaw into teares you hardeſt ſtones. The time is now come, that you are licenſed to cry, and bound to recompence the ſilence of your Lords Diſciples, of whom he himſelfe ſayd to the Phariſes, that if they held their peace, the very ſtones ſhould cry for them. Now therefore ſith feare hath locked vp their lips, and ſadneſſe made them mute, let the ſtones cry out

againſt the murderers of my Lord, and bewray the robbers of his ſacred body. And I feare that were it well known who hath taken him away, there is no ſtone ſo ſtony, but ſhould haue cauſe to lament.

It was doubtleſſe the ſpite of ſome malicious Phariſee or bloudy Scribe, that not contented with thoſe torments, that he ſuffered in life, (of which euery one to any other would haue beene a tyrannicall death) hath now ſtolen away his dead body, to practiſe vpon it ſome ſauage cruelty, and to glut their pitileſſe eyes and brutiſh hearts with the vnnaturall vſage of his helpleſſe corps. O yee rocks and ſtones, if euer you muſt cry out, now it is high time, ſith the light, the life, and the Lord of the world is thus darkened, maſſacred, and outragiouſly miſvſed.

Doth not his tongue, whoſe truth

truth is infallible, and whose word omnipotent, commanding both winds and seas, and neuer disobeyed of the most sensible creatures, promise to arme the world, and make the whole earth to fight against the sensleſſe persons, in defence of the iust? And who more iust than the Lord of iustice? who more sensleſſe than his barbarous murtherers, whose insatiable thirst of his innocent bloud, could not be staunched with their cruell butchering him at his death, vnleſſe they proceeded further in this helliſh impiety to his dead body? Why then doe not all creatures addreſſe themselues to reuenge so iust a quarrell, vpon so sensleſſe wretches, left of all reason, forsaken of humanitie, and bereaued of all feeling both of God and man?

O *Mary*, why doest thou thus torment thy selfe with these tragicall

tragicall ſurmiſes? Doeſt thou thinke that the Angels would ſit ſtill, if their maſter were not well? Did they ſerue him after his faſting, and would they deſpiſe him after his deceaſe? Did they comfort him before he was apprehended, and would not defend him when he was dead? If in the garden he might haue had twelue Legions of them, is his power ſo quite dead with his body, that he could not now command them? Was there an Angell found to helpe *Daniel* to his dinner, to ſaue *Toby* from the fiſh, yea, and to defend *Balaams* poore beaſt from his maſters rage: and is the Lord of Angels of ſo little reckoning, that if his body ſtood in need, neuer an Angell would defend it? Thou ſeeſt two here preſent to honour his Tombe, and how much more carefull would they be to doe homage to his perſon? Beleeue not *Mary* that they

they would ſmile, if thou haddeſt ſuch occaſion to weepe. They would not ſo glorioufly ſhine in white, if a blacke and mourning weed did better become them, or were a fitter liuery for thy maſter to giue, or them to weare. Yeeld not more to thy vncertaine feare and deceiued loue, than to their aſſured knowledge, and neuer-erring charitie. Can a materiall eye ſee more than an heauenly ſpirit, or the glimmering of the twi-light giue better aime than the beams of their eternall Sunne? Would they (thinkeſt thou) wait vpon the winding ſheet, while the coarſe were abuſed, or be here for thy comfort, if their Lord did need their ſeruice? No, no, he was neither any theeues booty, nor Phariſes prey; neither are the Angels ſo careleſſe of him, as thy ſuſpition preſumeth. And if their preſence and demeanour cannot alter thy conceit,

conceit, looke vpon the clothes and they will teach thee thine errour, and cleare thee of thy doubt.

Would any theefe, thinkeſt thou, haue beene ſo religious, as to haue ſtolen the body, and left the clothes? yea, would he haue beene ſo venturous, as to haue ſtayed the vnſhrowding of the coarſe, the well ordering of the ſheets, and folding vp the napkins? Thou knoweſt that the Myrrh maketh linnen cleaue as faſt as pitch or glue: and was a theefe at ſo much leaſure, as to diſſolue the Myrrh and vncloath the dead? what did the watch while the ſeales were broken, the Tombe opened, the body vnfolded, all other things ordered as now thou ſeeſt? And if all this cannot yet perſwade thee, beleeue at the leaſt thy owne experience. When thy maſter was ſtripped at the croſſe, thou knoweſt that his

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onely garment, being congealed to his goarie backe, came not off without many parts of his skin, & doubtleſſe would haue torne off many more, if he had beene annointed with Myrrh. Looke then into the ſheete, whether there remaine any parcell of skin, or any one haire of his head: and ſith there is none to be found, beleeue ſome better iſſue of thy maſters abſence than thy feare ſuggeſteth. A guilty conſcience doubteth want of time, and therefore diſpatcheth haſtily. It is in hazard to be diſcouered, and therefore practiſeth in darkneſſe and ſecrecie. It euer worketh in extreme feare: and therefore hath no leaſure to place things orderly. But to vnwrap ſo mangled a body, out of Myrrhed cloathes without tearing off any skinne, or leauing on any Myrrh, is a thing either to man impoſſible, or not poſſible to be done with

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ſuch ſpeed, without light or helpe, and with ſo good order. Aſſure thy ſelfe therefore, that if either of malice, or by fraud the coarſe had beene remoued, the linnen and myrrh ſhould neuer haue beene left; and neither could the Angels looke ſo chearefully, nor the clothes lye ſo orderly, but to import ſome happier accident than thou conceiueſt. *But* to free thee more from feare, conſider theſe words of the Angels, *Woman why weepeſt thou?* For what do they ſignifie, but as much in effect as if they had ſaid: Where Angels reioyce, it agreeth not that a woman ſhould weepe, and where heauenly eyes are witneſſes of ioy, no mortall eye ſhould controll them with teſtimonies of ſorrow? With more than a manly courage thou diddeſt before my comming, arme thy feet to runne among ſwords, thy armes to remoue huge loades, thy body to endure

dure all Tyrants rage, and thy ſoule to be ſundred with violent tortures : and art thou now ſo much a *Woman*, that thou canſt not command thine eyes to forbeare teares? if thou wert a true Diſciple, ſo many proofes would perſwade thee, but now thy incredulous humour maketh thee vnworthy of that ſtile, and we can affoord thee no better title, than a *Woman*, and therefore ô *Woman*, and too much a *Woman*, why weepeſt thou?

If there were here any coarſe, we might thinke that ſorrow for the dead enforced thy teares: but now that thou findeſt it a place of the liuing, why doeſt thou here ſtand weeping for the dead?

Is our preſence ſo diſcomfortable, that thou ſhouldeſt weepe to behold vs? or is it the courſe of thy kindneſſe with teares to entertaine vs? If they be teares of loue to teſtifie thy good will,

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as thy loue is acknowledged, ſo let theſe ſignes be ſuppreſſed. If they be teares of anger to denounce thy diſpleaſure, they ſhould not here haue beene ſhed, where all anger was buried but none deſerued. If they be teares of ſorrow and duties to the dead, they are beſtowed in vaine, where the dead is reuiued. If they be teares of ioy, ſtilled from the flowers of thy good fortune, fewer of theſe would ſuffice, and fitter were other tokens to expreſſe thy contentment. And therefore *O woman, why doeſt thou weepe?* would our eyes be ſo drie, if ſuch eye-ſtreames were behouefull? Yea, would not the heauens raine teares, if thy ſuppoſals were truths? Did not Angels alwaies in their viſible ſemblances repreſent their Lords inuiſible pleaſures, ſhadowing their ſhapes in the drift of his intentions? When God was incenſed, they brandiſhed

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ſwords: when he was appeaſed, they ſheathed them in ſcabbards: when he would defend, they reſembled ſouldiers; when he would terrifie, they tooke terrible formes; and when he would comfort, they carried mirth in their eyes, ſweetneſſe in their countenance, mildneſſe in their words, fauour, grace and comlineſſe in their whole preſence. Why then doeſt thou weepe, ſeeing vs to reioyce? Doeſt thou imagine vs to degenerate from our nature, or to forget any duty, whoſe ſtate is neither ſubiect to change, nor capable of the leaſt offence? Art thou more priuie to the counſell of our eternall God, than we that are daily attendants at his throne of glory? O woman, deeme not amiſſe againſt ſo apparent euidence, and at our requeſt exchange thy ſorrow for our ioy.

But O glorious Angels, why doe

doe ye moue her to ioy, if you know why ſhe weepeth ? Alas, ſhe weepeth for the loſſe of him, without whom all ioy is to her but matter of new griefe. While he liued, euery place where ſhe found him, was to her a Paradiſe; euery ſeaſon wherein he was enioyed, a perpetuall ſpring; euery exerciſe wherein he was ſerued, a ſpeciall felicity : the ground whereon he went, ſeemed to yeeld her ſweeter footing; the aire wherein he breathed, became to her ſpirit of life, being once ſanctified in his ſacred breſt. In ſumme, his preſence brought with it an heauen of delights, and his departure ſeemed to leaue an eclipſe in all things. And yet euen the places that he had once honoured with the acceſſe of his perſon, were to her ſo many ſweet Pilgrimages, which in his abſence ſhe vſed as chappels and altars, to offer vp her prayers, feeling in them

them long after, the vertue of his former preſence. And therefore to feed her with coniectures of his well being, is but to ſtrengthen her feare of his euill, and the alleaging of likelihoods, by thoſe that know the certaintie, importeth the cauſe to be ſo lamentable, that they are vnwilling it ſhould be knowne. Your obſcure glancing at the truth, is no ſufficient acquittance of her griefe, neither can ſhe out of theſe disioyned gheſts ſpell the words that muſt be the concluſion of her complaint. Tell her then directly, what is become of her Lord, if you meane to deliuer her out of theſe dumps, ſith what elſe ſoeuer you ſay of him, doth but draw more humours to her ſore, and rather anger it than any way aſſwage it. Yet hearken O *Mary*, and conſider their ſpeeches. Thinke what anſwer thou wilt giue them, ſith they preſſe thee with

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ſo ſtrong perſwaſion. But I doubt that thy wits are ſmothered with too thicke a miſt, to admit theſe vnknowne beames of their pale light. Thou art ſo wholly inherited by the bloudy tragedie of thy ſlaughtered Lord, and his death and dead body hath gotten ſo abſolute a conqueſt ouer all thy powers, that neither thy ſenſe can diſcerne, nor thy minde conceiue any other obiect than his murdered coarſe.

Thy eyes ſeeme to tell thee that euery thing inuiteth thee to weepe, carrying ſuch outward ſhew, as though all that thou ſeeſt were attired in ſorrow, to ſolemnize with generall conſent the funerall of thy maſter. Thy teares perſwade thee, that all ſounds and voices are tuned with mournfull notes, and that the Eccho of thine owne wailings, is the cry of the very ſtones and trees, as though (the

cauſe

cauſe of thy teares being ſo vnuſuall) God to the rocks and woods had inſpired a feeling of thine and their common loſſe. And therefore it ſoundeth to thee as a ſtrange queſtion, to aske thee why thou weepeſt, ſith all that thou ſeeſt and heareſt, ſeemeth to induce thee, yea, to enforce thee to weepe.

If thou ſeeſt any thing that beareth colour of mirth, it is vnto thee like the rich ſpoiles of a vanquiſhed kingdome, in the eye of a captiue Prince, which puts him in mind what he had, not what he hath, and are but vpbraidings of his loſſe, and whetſtones of ſharper ſorrow. Whatſoeuer thou heareſt that moueth delight, it preſenteth the miſſe of thy maſters ſpeeches, which as they were the onely Harmony that thy eares affected, ſo they being now ſtopped with a deathfull ſilence, all other words and tunes of comfort are

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to thee but an *Israelites* musicke vpon *Babylons* bankes, memories of a lost felicitie, and proofes of a present vnhappinesse. And though loue increaseth the conceit of thy losse, which endeareth the meanest things, and doubleth the estimate of things that are precious: yet thy faith teaching thee the infinite dignitie of thy Master, and thy vnderstanding being no dull scholer to learne so well liked a lesson, it fell out to be the bittrest part of thy miserie, that thou diddest so well know, how infinite the losse was that made thee miserable.

This is the cause that those very Angels, in whom all things make remonstrance of triumph and solace, are vnto thee occasions of new griefe. For their gracious and louely countenances remember thee, that thou hast lost the beauty of the world, and the highest marke of true loues

loues ambition. Their ſweet lookes and amiable features tell thee, that the heauen of thy eyes, which was the reuerend Maieſty of thy Maſters face, once ſhined with farre more pleaſing graces, but is now disfigured with the dreadfull formes of death. In ſumme, they were to thee, like the gliſtring ſparkes of a broken Diamond, and like pictures of dead and decayed beauties, ſignes, not ſalues of thy calamity; memorials, not medicines of thy misfortune. Thy eyes were too well acquainted with the truth, to accept a ſupply of ſhadowe: and as comelineſſe, comfort and glory, were neuer in any other ſo truly at home, and ſo perfectly in their prime, as in the perſon and ſpeeches of thy Lord: ſo cannot thy thoughts but be like ſtrangers in any forren delight. For in them all, thou ſeeſt no more but ſome ſcattered crums, and hungrie

morſels of thy late plentifull banquets, and findeſt a dim reflexion of thy former light, which like a flaſh of lightning in a cloſe and ſtormie night, ſerueth thee but to ſee thy preſent infelicitie, and the better to know the horrour of the enſuing darkneſſe.

Thou thinkeſt therefore thy ſelfe blameleſſe, both in weeping for thy loſſe, and in refuſing other comfort: Yet in common courteſie affoord theſe Angels an anſwer, ſith their charitie viſiting thee, deſerueth much more, and thou (if not too vngratefull) canſt allow them no leſſe.

Alas (ſaith ſhe) what needeth my anſwer, where the miſerie it ſelfe ſpeaketh, and the loſſe is manifeſt? My eyes haue anſwered them with teares, my breſt with ſighs, and my heart with throbs, what need I alſo puniſh my tongue, or wound my ſoule, with

with a new rehearſall of ſo dole-full a miſchance? *They haue taken away*, O vnfortunate word! *they haue taken away my Lord.*

*O afflicted woman*; why thinkeſt thou this word ſo vnfortunate? It may be the Angels haue taken him, more ſolemnely to intombe him: and ſith earth hath done her laſt homage, haply the Quires of heauen are alſo deſcended to defray vnto him their funerall duties.

It may be that the *Centurion* and the reſt, that did acknowledge him on the croſſe to be the Sonne of God, haue beene touched with remorſe, and goared with pricke of conſcience, and being deſirous to ſatisfie for their hainous offence, haue now taken him, more honourably to interre him, and by their ſeruice to his body ſought forgiueneſſe, and ſued the pardon of their guiltie ſoules.

Peraduenture ſome ſecret diſ-

ciples, haue wrought this exploit, and maugre the watch taken him from hence, with due honour to preſerue him in ſome better place, and therefore being yet vncertaine who hath him, there is no ſuch cauſe to lament, ſith the greater probabilities march on the better ſide, Why doeſt thou call ſorrow before it commeth, which without calling commeth on thee too faſt? yea, why doeſt thou create ſorrow where it is not, ſith thou haſt true ſorrow enough, though imagined ſorrowes helpe not? It is folly to ſuppoſe the worſt where the beſt may be hoped for: and euery miſhap bringeth griefe enough with it, though we with our feares doe not goe firſt to meet it. Quiet then thy ſelfe till time try out the truth, and it may be thy feare will proue greater than thy misfortune.

But I know thy loue is little helped

helped with this leſſon : for the more it loueth, the more it feareth ; and the more deſirous to enioy, the more doubtfull it is to loſe. It neither hath meaſure in hopes, nor meane in feares : hoping the beſt vpon the leaſt ſurmiſes, and fearing the worſt vpon the weakeſt grounds. And yet both fearing and hoping at one time, neither feare with-holdeth hope from the higheſt attempts, nor hope can ſtrengthen feare againſt the ſmalleſt ſuſpitions : but maugre all feares, loues hopes will mount to the higheſt pitch, and maugre all hopes, louesfeares will ſtoope to the loweſt downe-come. To bid thee therefore hope, is not to forbid thee to feare, and though it may be for the beſt, that thy Lord is taken from thee, yet ſith it may alſo be for the worſt, that will neuer content thee.

Thou thinkeſt, hope doth

enough to keepe thy heart from breaking, and feare little enough to force thee to no more than weeping, ſith it is as likely that he hath beene taken away vpon hatred by his enemies, as vpon loue by his friends.

For hitherto (ſayeſt thou) his friends haue all failed him, and his foes preuailed againſt him; and as they that would not defend him aliue, are leſſe likely to regard him dead, ſo they that thought one life too little to take from him, are not vnlikely after death to wrecke new rage vpon him.

And though this doubt were not, yet whoſoeuer hath taken him, hath wronged me, in not acquainting me with it: for to take away mine without my cõſent, can neither be offered without iniury, nor ſuffered without ſorrow. And as for *Ieſus*, he was my *Ieſus*, my Lord, and my Maſter. He was mine becauſe he was

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giuen vnto me, & borne for me: he was the author of my being, and so my Father; he was the worker of my well doing, and therefore my Sauiour; he was the price of my ransome, and thereby my Redeemer; he was my Lord to command me, my Master to instruct me, my Pastor to feed me. He was mine, because his loue was mine, and when he gaue me his loue, he gaue me himselfe, sith loue is no gift except the giuer be giuen with it; yea, it is no loue, vnlesse it be as liberall of that it is, as of that it hath. Finally, if the meat be mine that I eat, the life mine wherewith I liue, or he mine, all whose life, labours, and death were mine, then dare I boldly say that *Iesus* is mine, sith on his body I feed, by his loue I liue, and to my good without any need of his owne, hath he liued, laboured, and dyed. And therefore though his Disciples,

though the *Centurion*, yea, though the Angels haue taken him, they haue done me wrong, in defeating me of my right, ſith I neuer meane to reſigne my intereſt.

But what if he hath taken away himſelfe, wilt thou alſo lay iniuſtice to his charge? Though he be thine, yet thine to command, not to obey; thy Lord to diſpoſe of thee, and not to be by thee diſpoſed: and therefore, as it is no reaſon that the ſeruant ſhould be maſter of his maſters ſecrets, ſo might he, and peraduenture ſo hath he, remoued without acquainting thee whither, reuiuing himſelfe with the ſame power with which he raiſed thy dead brother, and fulfilling the words that he often vttered of his reſurrection. It may be thou wilt ſay, that a gift once giuen, cannot be reuoked, and therefore though it were before in his choice, not to giue him-

himſelfe vnto thee: yet the deed of gift being once made, he cannot be taken from thee, neither can the donor diſpoſe of his gift without the poſſeſſors priuity. And ſith this is a rule in the law of nature, thou maiſt imagine it a breach of equitie, and an impeachment of thy right, to conuey himſelfe away without thy conſent.

But to this I will anſwer thee with thine owne ground. For if he be thine by being giuen thee once, thou art his by as many gifts, as dayes, and therefore he being abſolute owner of thee, is likewiſe full owner of whatſoeuer is thine: and conſequently becauſe he is thine, he is alſo his owne, and ſo nothing lyable vnto thee, for taking himſelfe from thee.

Yea, but he is my Lord (ſayeſt thou) and in this reſpect, bound to keepe me, at the leaſt bound not to kill me: and ſith killing

is nothing but a ſeuering of life from the body, he being the chiefe life both of my ſoule and body, cannot poſſibly goe from me, but he muſt with a double death kill me. And therefore he being my Lord, and bound to protect his ſeruant, it is againſt all Lawes that I ſhould be thus forſaken.

But O cruell tongue, *why* pleadeſt thou thus againſt him, whoſe caſe I feare me is ſo pitifull, that it might rather moue all tongues to plead for him, being peraduenture in their hands, whoſe vnmercifull hearts make themſelues merry with his miſerie, and build the triumphs of their impious victory vpon the dolefull ruines of his diſgraced glory? And now (O griefe) becauſe I know not where he is, I cannot imagine how to helpe, for they haue taken him away, and I know not where they haue put him.

Alas

Alas *Mary*, why doeſt thou conſume thy ſelfe with theſe cares? His Father knoweth, and he will helpe him. The Angels know, and they will guard him. His owne ſoule knoweth, and that will aſſiſt him. And what need then is there, that thou ſilly woman ſhouldeſt know it, that canſt no way profit him? But I feele in what veine thy pulſe beateth, and by thy deſire I diſcouer thy diſeaſe. Though both heauen and earth did know it, and the whole world had notice of it, yet except thou alſo wert made priuie vnto it, thy woes would be as great, and thy teares as many. That others ſee the Sunne, doth not lighten thy darkneſſe, neither can others eating ſatisfie thy hunger. The more there be that know of him, the greater is thy ſorrow, that among ſo many thou art not thought worthy to be one. And the more there be that may helpe

helpe him, the more it grieueth thee that thy poore helpe is not accepted among them. Though thy knowledge needeth not, thy loue doth desire it, and though it auaile not, thy desire wil seeke it. If all know it, thou wouldest know it with all: if no other, thou wouldest know it alone; and from whomsoeuer it be concealed, it must be no secret to thee. Though the knowledge would discomfort thee, yet know it thou wilt, yea, though it would kill thee, thou couldest not forbeare it.

Thy Lord to thy loue is like drinke to the thirstie, which if they cannot haue, they die for drought, being long without it they pine away with longing. And as men in extremitie of thirst are still dreaming of fountaines, brookes, and springs, being neuer able to haue other thought, or to vtter other word but of drinke and moisture: so louers

louers in the vehemencie of their paſſion, can neither thinke nor ſpeake but of that they loue, and if that be once miſſing, euery part is both an eye to watch, and an eare to liſten, what hope or newes may be had. If it be good, they die till they heare it, though bad, yet they cannot liue without it. Of the good, they hope that it is the very beſt; and of the euill, they feare it to be the worſt: and yet though neuer ſo good, they pine till it be told, and be it neuer ſo euill, they are importunate to know it. And when they once know it, they can neither beare the ioy nor brooke the ſorrow, but as well the one as the other is enough to kill them.

And this, O *Mary*, I gheſſe to be the cauſe, why the Angels would not tell thee thy Lords eſtate. For if it had beene to thy liking, thou wouldeſt haue died for ioy, if otherwiſe, thou wouldeſt

deſt haue ſunke downe for ſorrow. And therefore they leaue this newes for him to deliuer, whoſe word if it giue thee a wound, is alſo a ſalue to cure it, though neuer ſo deadly.

But alas afflicted ſoule, why doth it ſo deeply grieue thee, that thou knoweſt not where he is? Thou canſt not better him if he be well, thou canſt as little ſuccour him if he be ill: and ſith thou feareſt that he is rather ill than well, why ſhouldeſt thou know it, ſo to end thy hopes in miſhap, and thy great feares in farre greater ſorrowes? Alas, to aske thee why, is in a manner to aske one halfe ſtarued why he is hungrie. For as thy Lord is the food of thy thoughts, the releefe of thy wiſhes, the onely repaſt of all thy deſires: ſo is thy loue a continuall hunger, and his abſence vnto thee an extreme famine. And therefore no maruell though thou art ſo greedy

dy to heare, yea to deuoure any, be it neuer ſo bitter notice of him, ſith thy hunger is moſt violent, and nothing but he able to content it. And albeit the hearing of his harmes ſhould worke the ſame in thy minde, that vnwholeſome meat worketh in a ſicke ſtomacke: yet if it once concerne him that thou loueſt, thy hungry loue could not temper it ſelfe from it, though after with many wringing gripes, it did a long and vnpleaſant penance.

But why doth thy ſorrow queſt ſo much vpon the place where he is? were it not enough for thee to know who had him, but that thou muſt alſo know in what place he is beſtowed? A woiſe place than a graue no man will offer, and many a farre better manſion will allow: and therefore thou maiſt boldly thinke, that whereſoeuer he be, he is in a place fitter for him than

than where he was. Thy ſiſter *Martha* confeſſed him to be the ſonne of God, and with her confeſſion agreed thy beleefe. And what place more conuenient for the Sonne, than to be with his Father, the buſineſſe for which he hath beene ſo long from him, being now fully finiſhed? If he be the *Meſſias*, as thou diddeſt once beleeue, it was ſaid of him, *That he ſhould aſcend on high, and leade our captiuitie captiue.* And what is this height, but heauen? what our captiuitie but death? Death therefore is become his captiue, and it is like that with the ſpoyles thereof, he is aſcended in triumph to eternall life.

But if thou canſt not lift thy minde to ſo fauourable a beleefe, yet maieſt thou very well ſuppoſe that he is in Paradiſe. For if he came to repaire *Adams* ruines, and to be the common parent of our redemption, as *Adam*

was

was of our originall infection: reaſon ſeemeth to require, that hauing endured all his life the penaltie of *Adams* exile, he ſhould after death re-enter poſſeſſion of that inheritance which *Adam* loſt: that the ſame place, that was the neſt where ſinne was firſt hatched, may be now the child-bed of grace and mercy. And if ſorrow at the croſſe did not make thee as deafe, as at the Tombe it maketh thee forgetfull, thou diddeſt in confirmation hereof heare himſelfe ſay to one of the theeues, that the ſame day he ſhould be with him in Paradiſe. And if it be reaſon that no ſhadow ſhould be more priuileged than the body, no figure in more account than the figured truth, why ſhouldeſt thou beleeue that *Elias* and *Enoch* haue beene in Paradiſe theſe many ages, & that he whō they but as types reſembled, ſhould be excluded from thence?

He

He excelled them in life, ſurpaſſed them in miracles, he was farre beyond them in dignitie: why then ſhould not his place be farre aboue, or at the leaſt equall with theirs, ſith their prerogatiues were ſo farre inferiour vnto his?

And yet if the baſeneſſe and miſery of his paſſion, haue layd him ſo low in thy conceit, that thou thinkeſt Paradiſe too high a place to be likely to haue him: the very loweſt roome that any reaſon can aſſigne him, cannot be meaner than the boſome of *Abraham*. And ſith God in his life did ſo often acknowledge him for his Sonne, it ſeemeth the ſlendereſt preheminence, that he can giue him aboue other men, that being his holy *one, he ſhould not in his body ſee corruption*, but be free among the dead, repoſing both in body and ſoule, where other Saints are in ſoule onely. Let not therefore the

place

place where he is, trouble thee, ſith it cannot be worſe than his graue, and infinite coniectures make probability that it cannot but be better.

But ſuppoſe that he were yet remaining on earth, and taken by others out of his Tombe, what would it auaile thee to know where he were? If he be with ſuch as loue and honour him, they will be as wary to keepe him, as they are loth he ſhould be loſt: and therefore will either often change, or neuer confeſſe the place, knowing ſecrecie to be the ſureſt locke to defend ſo great a treaſure. If thoſe haue taken him, that malice and maligne him, thou maiſt well iudge him paſt thy recouerie, when he is once in poſſeſſion of ſo cruell owners.

Thou wouldeſt haply make ſale of thy liuing, and ſeeke him by ranſome. But it is not likely they would ſell him to be honoured,

honoured, that bought him to be murthered.

If price would not serue, thou wouldest fall to prayer. But how can prayer soften such flinty hearts? And if they scorned so many teares offered for his life, as little will they regard thy intreatie for his coarse.

If neither price nor prayer would preuaile, thou wouldest attempt it by force. But alas silly souldier, thy armes are too weake to manage weapons, and the issue of thy assault, would be the losse of thy selfe.

If no other way would helpe, thou wouldest purloine him by stealth, and thinke thy selfe happie in contriuing such a theft. O *Mary*, thou art deceiued, for malice will haue many locks: and to steale him from a theefe, that could steale him from the watch, requireth more cunning in the Art, than thy want of practice can affoord thee.

Yet

Yet if theſe be the cauſes that thou inquireſt of the place, thou ſheweſt the force of thy rare affection, and deſerueſt the Laurell of a perfect louer.

But to feele more of their ſweetneſſe, I will poune theſe ſpices, and dwell a while in the peruſe of thy reſolute feruour.

And firſt, can thy loue enrich thee when thy goods are gone, or a dead coarſe repay the value of thy ranſome? Becauſe he had neither bed to be borne in, nor graue to be buried in, wilt thou therefore rather be poore with him, than rich without him?

Againe, if thou hadſt to ſue to ſome cruell Scribe or Phariſie, that is, to an heart boyling in rancor, with an heart burning in loue, for a thing of him aboue all things deteſted, of thee aboue all things deſired: as his enemie to whom thou ſueſt, and his friend for whom thou intreateſt, canſt thou thinke it poſſible for this

this ſute to ſpeed ? Could thy loue repaire thee from his rage, or ſuch a tyrant ſtoope to a womans teares ?

Thirdly, if thy Lord might be recouered by violence, art thou ſo armed in compleat loue, that thou thinkeſt it ſufficient harneſſe ? or doth thy loue indue thee with ſuch a *Iudiths* ſpirit, or lend thee ſuch *Sampſons* locks, that thou canſtbreake open huge gates, or foyle whole armies? Is thy loue ſo ſure a ſhield, that no blow can breake it, or ſo ſharpe a dint, that no force can withſtand it ? Can it thus alter ſex, change nature, and exceed all Art ?

But of all other courſes wouldeſt thou aduenture a theft to obtaine thy deſire? A good deed muſt be well done, and a worke of mercy without breach of iuſtice. It were a ſinne to ſteale prophane treaſure, but to ſteale an annointed Prophet, can be no

leſſe

leſſe than ſacrilege. And what greater ſtaine to thy Lord, to his doctrine, and to thy ſelfe, than to ſee thee his Diſciple publikely executed for an open theft?

O *Mary*, vnleſſe thy loue haue better warrant than common ſenſe, I can hardly ſee how ſuch deſignements can be approued.

Approued (ſaith ſhe,) I would to God the execution were as eaſie as the proofe, and I ſhould not long bewaile my vnfortunate loſſe.

To others it ſeemeth ill to preferre loue before riches, but to loue it ſeemeth worſe to preferre any thing before it ſelfe. Cloath him with plates of ſiluer that ſhiuereth for cold, or fill his purſe with treaſure that pineth with hunger, & ſee whether the plates will warme him, or the treaſure feed him. No, no, he will giue vs all his plates for a woollen garment, and all his money

money for a meales meat. Euery ſupply fitteth not with euery need, and the loue of ſo ſweet a Lord hath no correſpondence in worldly wealth. Without him I were poore, though Empreſſe of the world. With him I were rich though I had nothing elſe. They that haue moſt are accounted richeſt, and they thought to haue moſt, that haue all they deſire: and therefore as in him aloue is the vttermoſt of my deſires, ſo he alone is the ſumme of all my ſubſtance. It were too happy an exchange to haue God for goods, and too rich a pouertie to enioy the onely treaſure of the world. If I were ſo fortunate a begger, I would diſdaine *Salomons* wealth, and my loue being ſo highly enriched, my life ſhould neuer complaine of want.

And if all I am worth would not reach to his ranſome, what ſhould hinder to ſeeke him by intrea-

intreaty? Though I were to ſue to the greateſt Tyrant, yet the equitie of my ſute is more than halfe a grant. If many drops ſoften the hardeſt ſtones, why ſhould not many teares ſupple the moſt ſtony hearts? What anger ſo fiery that may not be quenched with eye-water, ſith a weeping ſuppliant rebateth the edge of more than a Lyons furie? My ſiute it ſelfe would ſue for me, and ſo dolefull a coarſe would quicken pity in the moſt iron hearts. But ſuppoſe that by touching a ranckled ſore, my touch ſhould anger it, and my petition at the firſt incenſe him that heard it: he would percaſe reuile me in words, and then his owne iniurie would recoyle with remorſe, and be vnto me a patron to proceed in my requeſt. And if he ſhould accompanie his words with blowes, and his blowes with wounds, it may be my ſtripes would

ſmart in his guiltie minde, and his conſcience bleed in my bleeding wounds, and my innocent bloud ſo entender his Adamant heart, that his owne inward feelings would pleade my cauſe, and peraduenture obtaine my ſute.

But if through extremity of ſpite he ſhould happen to kil me, his offence might eaſily redound to my felicitie. For he would be as carefull to hide whom he had vniuſtly murthered, as him whom hee had felonioufly ſtolen: and ſo it is like that he would hide me in the ſame place where he had laid my Lord. And as he hated vs both for one cauſe, him for challenging, and me for acknowledging that he was the Meſſias: ſo would he vſe vs both after one manner. And thus what comfort my body wanted, my ſoule ſhould enioy, in ſeeing a part of my ſelfe partner of my Maſters miſerie: with whom

whom to be miſerable, I reckon an higher fortune, than without him to be moſt happy.

And if no other meane would ſerue to recouer him but force, I ſee no reaſon why it might not very well become me. None will barre me from defending my life, which the leaſt worme in the right nature hath leaue to preſerue. And ſith he is to me ſo deare a life, that without him all life is death, nature authoriſeth my ſeeble forces to imploy their vttermoſt in ſo neceſſary an attempt. Neceſſity addeth ability, and loue doubleth neceſſity, and it often happeneth that nature armed with loue, and preſſed with need, exceedeth it ſelfe in might, and ſurmounteth all hope in ſucceſſe. And as the equitie of the cauſe doth breath courage into the defenders, making them the more willing to fight, and the leſſe vnwilling to die: ſo guiltie

consciences are euer timorous, ſtill ſtarting with ſudden frights, and afraid of their owne ſuſpitions, ready to yeeld before the aſſault, vpon diſtreſſe of their cauſe, and deſpaire of their defence. Sith therefore to reſcue an innocent, to recouer a right, and to redreſſe ſo deepe a wrong, is ſo iuſt a quarrell: nature will enable me, loue encourage me, grace confirme me, and the iudge of all iuſtice fight in my behalfe.

And if it ſeeme vnfitting to my ſex in talke, much more in practice to deale with materiall affaires: yet when ſuch a cauſe happeneth as neuer had patterne, ſuch effects muſt follow as are without example. There was neuer any body of a God but one, neither ſuch a body ſtolne but now, neuer ſuch a ſtealth vnreuenged but this. Sith therefore the Angels neglect it, and men forget, O *Iudith* lend me thy

thy proweſſe, for I am bound to regard it.

But ſuppoſe that my force were vnable to winne him by an open enterpriſe, what ſcruple ſhould keepe me from ſeeking him by ſecret meanes? yea, and by plaine ſtealth, it will be thought a ſinne, and condemned for a theft. O ſweet ſinne, why was not I the firſt that did commit thee? Why did I ſuffer any other ſinner to preuent me? For ſtealing from God his honour, I was called a ſinner, and vnder that title was ſpread my infamie: But for ſtealing God from a falſe owner, I was not worthy to be called a ſinner, becauſe it had beene too high a glory. If this be ſo great a ſinne, and ſo heynous a theft, let others make choice of what titles they will, but for my part I would refuſe to be an Angell, I would not wiſh to be a Saint, I would neuer be eſteemed either iuſt or

true, and I ſhould be beſt contented, if I might but liue and die ſuch a ſinner, and be condemned for ſuch a theft. When I heard my Lord make ſo comfortable a promiſe to the theefe vpon the Croſſe, that he ſhould that day be with him in Paradiſe, I had halfe an enuie at that theefes good fortune, and wiſhed my ſelfe in the theefes place, ſo I might haue enioyed the fruit of his promiſe. But if I could be ſo happy a theefe, as to commit this theft, if that wiſh had taken effect, I would now vnwiſh it againe, and ſcorne to be any other theefe than my ſelfe, ſith my booty could make me happier than any other theefes felicity. And what though my felonie ſhould be called in queſtion, in what reſpect ſhould I need to feare? They would ſay, that I loued him too well; but that were ſoone diſproued, ſith where the worthineſſe is infi-

nite,

nite, no loue can be enough. They would obiect that I ſtole anothers goods: and as for that, many faire titles of my intereſt would auerre him to be mine, and his dead coarſe would rather ſpeake, than witneſſes ſhould faile to depoſe ſo certaine a truth. And if I had not a ſpeciall right vnto him, what ſhould moue me to venture my life for him? No, no, if I were ſo happy a felon, I ſhould feare no temporall arraignment: I ſhould rather feare that the Angels would cite me to my anſwer, for preuenting them in the theft, ſith not the higheſt Seraphin in heauen, but would deeme it a higher ſtile than his owne, to be the theefe that had committed ſo glorious a robberie.

But alas, thus ſtand I now deuiſing what I would doe, if I knew any thing of him, and in the meane time I neither know who hath him, nor where they

haue beſtowed him, and ſtill I am forced to dwell in this anſwer, that *they haue taken away my Lord, and I know not where they haue put him.*

While *Mary* thus loſt her ſelfe in a Labyrinth of doubts, watering her words with teares, and warming them with ſighs, ſeeing the Angels with a kinde of reuerence riſe, as though they had done honour to one behind her: *She turned backe, and ſhe ſaw Ieſus ſtanding, but that it was Ieſus ſhe knew not.*

O *Mary*, is it poſſible that thou haſt forgotten Ieſus? Faith hath written him in thy vnderſtanding, loue in thy will, both feare and hope in thy memory: and how can all theſe Regiſters be ſo cancelled, that ſo plainely ſeeing, thou ſhouldeſt not know the contents? For him onely thou tireſt thy feet, thou bendeſt thy knees, thou wringeſt thy hands. For him thy heart throb-

throbbeth, thy breſt ſigheth, thy tongue complaineth. For him thine eye weepeth, thy thought ſorroweth, thy whole body fainteth, and thy ſoule languiſheth. In ſumme, there is no part in thee, but is buſie about him, and notwithſtanding all this, haſt thou now forgotten him? His countenance auoucheth it, his voice aſſureth it, his wounds witneſſe it, thine owne eyes behold it, and doeſt thou not yet beleeue that this is Ieſus? Are thy ſharpe ſeeing eyes become ſo weake ſighted, that they are dazled with the Sunne, and blinded with the light?

But there is ſuch a ſhower of teares betweene thee and him, and thine eyes are ſo dimmed with weeping for him, that though thou ſeeſt the ſhape of a man, yet thou canſt not diſcerne him. Thy eares alſo are ſtill ſo poſſeſſed with the dolefull Eccho of his laſt ſpeeches,

which want of breath made him vtter in a dying voyce, that the force and loudneſſe of his liuing words, maketh thee imagine it the voyce of a ſtranger: and therefore as he ſeemeth vnto thee ſo like a ſtranger, he aſketh this queſtion of thee, *O woman why weepeſt thou, whom ſeekeſt thou?*

O deſire of the heart, and onely ioy of her ſoule, why demandeſt thou why ſhe weepeth, or for whom ſhe ſeeketh? But a while ſince ſhe ſaw thee her onely hope hanging on a tree, with thy head full of thornes, thy eyes full of teares, thy eares full of blaſphemies, thy mouth full of gall, thy whole perſon mangled and disfigured, and doeſt thou aske her why ſhe weepeth? Scarce three dayes paſſed, ſhe beheld thy armes and legges racked with violent puls, thy hands and feet boared with nayles, thy ſide wounded with a

a ſpeare, thy whole body torne with ſtripes, and goared in blood, and doeſt thou, her onely griefe, aske her why ſhe weepeth? She beheld thee vpon the Croſſe with many teares, and moſt lamentable cries, yeelding vp her ghoſt, that is, thy owne ghoſt, and alas, askeſt thou why ſhe weepeth? And now to make vp her miſerie, hauing but one hope aliue, which was, that for a ſmall releefe of her other afflictions, ſhe might haue anointed thy body, that hope is alſo dead, ſince thy body is remoued, and ſhe now ſtandeth hopeleſſe of all helpe, and demandeſt thou why ſhe weepeth, and for whom ſhe ſeeketh? Full well thou knoweſt, that thee onely ſhee deſireth, thee onely ſhe loueth, all things beſide thee ſhe contemneth, and canſt thou finde in thy heart to aske her whom ſhe ſeeketh? To what end, O ſweet Lord, doſt thou thus ſuſpend her

her longings, prolong her desires, and martyr her with these tedious delayes? Thou onely art the fortresse of her faint faith, the ankor of her wauering hope, the very center of her vehement loue: to thee she trusteth, vpon thee she relieth, and of her selfe she wholly despaireth. She is so earnest in seeking thee, that she can neither seeke nor thinke any other thing: and all her wits are so busied in musing vpon thee, that they draw all attention from her senses, where with they should discerne thee. Being therefore so attentiue to that she thinketh, what maruell though she marke not whom shee seeth? and sith thou hast so perfect notice of her thought, and she so little power to discouer thee by sense, why demandest thou for whom she seeketh, or why she weepeth? Dost thou looke that she should answer, For thee I seeke, or for thee I weepe?

weepe? vnleſſe thou wilt vnbend her thoughts, that her eyes may fully ſee thee: or while thou wilt be concealed, doſt thou expect that ſhe ſhould be able to know thee?

But, O *Mary*, not without cauſe doth he aske thee this queſtion. Thou wouldeſt haue him aliue, and yet thou weepeſt becauſe thon doſt not find him dead. Thou art ſorry that he is not here, and for this very cauſe thou ſhouldeſt rather be glad. For if he were dead, it is moſt likely he ſhould be here; but not being here, it is a ſigne that he is aliue. He reioyceth to be out of his graue, and thou weepeſt becauſe he is not in it. He will not lie any where, and thou ſorroweſt for not knowing where he lyeth. Alas, why bewaileſt thou his glory, and iniureſt the reuiuing of his body, as the robbery of his coarſe? He being aliue, for what dead man mourneſt

neſt thou, and he being preſent, whoſe abſence doeſt thou lament? *But ſhe taking him to be a Gardener ſaid vnto him, O Lord, if thou haſt carried him from hence, tell me where thou haſt laid him, and I will take him away.*

O wonderfull effects of *Maries* loue! if loue be a languor, how lueth ſhe by it? If loue be her life, how dieth ſhe in it? If it bereaued her of ſenſe, how did ſhee ſee the Angels? If it quickened her of ſenſe, why knew ſhe not Ieſus? Doeſt thou ſeeke for one, whom when thou haſt found thou knoweſt not? or if thou doſt know him when thou findeſt him, why doeſt thou ſeeke when thou haſt him?

Behold, *Ieſus* is come, and the party whom thou ſeekeſt is he that talketh with thee, O *Mary* call vp thy wits, and open thine eyes. Hath thy Lord liued ſo long, laboured ſo much, died with ſuch paine, and ſhed ſuch

ſhowers

ſhowers of bleud, to come to no higher preferment, than to be a Gardener? And haſt thou beſtowed ſuch coſt, ſo much ſorrow, and ſo many teares, for no better man than a ſilly Gardener? Alas, is the ſorry Garden the beſt inheritance, that thy loue can affoord him, or a Gardeners office the higheſt dignitie, that thou wilt allow him? It had beene better he had liued to haue beene Lord of thy Caſtle, than with his death ſo dearely to haue bought ſo ſmall a purchaſe. But thy miſtaking, hath in it a further myſterie. Thou thinkeſt not amiſſe, though thy ſight be deceiued. For as our firſt Father, in the ſtate of grace and innocency, was placed in the Garden of pleaſure, and the firſt office allotted him was to be a Gardener; ſo the firſt man that euer was in glory, appeareth firſt in a garden, and preſenteth himſelfe in a Gardeners likeneſſe,

neſſe, that the beginnings of glorie might reſemble the entrance of innocencie and grace. And as the Gardener was the fall of mankinde, the parent of ſinne, and author of death, ſo is this Gardener the raiſer of our ruines, the ranſome of our offences, and the reſtorer of life. In a Garden *Adam* was deceiued and taken captiue by the deuill. In a Garden Chriſt was betrayed and taken priſoner by the Iewes. In a Garden *Adam* was condemned to earne his bread with the ſweat of his browes. And after a free gift of the bread of Angels in the laſt Supper, in a Garden Chriſt did earne it vs with a bloudy ſweat of his whole body. By diſobedient eating the fruit of a tree, our right to that Garden was by *Adam* forfeited; and by the obedient death of Chriſt vpon a tree, a farre better right is now recouered. When *Adam* had

finned

ſinned in the Garden of pleaſure, he was there apparelled in dead beaſts skinnes, that his garment might betoken his graue, and his liuery of death agree with his condemnation to die. And now to defray the debt of that ſinne, in this Garden Chriſt lay clad in the dead mans ſhrowd, and buried in his Tombe, that as our harmes began, ſo they might end; and ſuch places and meanes as were the premiſes to our miſery, might be alſo the concluſions of our misfortune. For this did Chriſt in the Canticles, inuite vs to an heauenly banquet after he was come into this Garden, and had reaped his myrrh, and his ſpice, to forewarne vs of the ioy, that after this harueſt ſhould preſently enſue, namely when hauing ſowed in this Garden a body, the mortality whereof was ſignified by thoſe ſpices, he now reaped the ſame, neither capable of death,

nor

nor subiect to corruption. For this also was *Mary* permitted to mistake, that we might be informed of the mystery, and see how aptly the course of our redemption did answer the processe of our condemnation.

But though he be the Gardener, that hath planted the tree of grace, and restored vs to the vse and eating of the fruits of life: Though it be he that soweth his gifts in our soules, quickening in vs the seeds of vertue, and rooting out of vs the weeds of sinne: yet is he neuertheless the same *Iesus* he was, and the borrowed presence of a meane labourer neither altereth his person, nor diminisheth his right to his diuine titles.

Why then canst thou not as well see what in truth he is, as what in shew he seemeth? but because thou seest more than thou diddest beleeue, and findest more than thy faith serueth

thee

thee to ſeeke: and for this though thy loue was worthy to ſee him, yet thy faith was vnworthy to know him.

Thou diddeſt ſeeke for him as dead, and therefore doeſt not know him ſeeing him aliue; and becauſe thou beleeueſt not of him as he is, thou doſt only ſee him as *he* ſeemeth to be.

I cannot ſay thou art faultleſſe, ſith thou art ſo lame in thy beleefe: but thy fault deſerueth fauour, becauſe thy charitie is ſo great: and therefore O mercifull *Ieſu*, giue me leaue to excuſe whom thou art minded to forgiue.

She thought to haue found thee as ſhe left thee, and ſhe ſought thee, as ſhe did laſt ſee thee, being ſo ouercome with ſorrow for thy death, that ſhe had neither roome nor reſpite in her minde for any hope of thy life: and being ſo deeply interred in the griefe of thy buriall, that ſhe could

could not raiſe her thoughts to any conceit of thy reſurrection.

For in the graue where *Ioſeph* buried thy body, *Mary* together with it entombed her ſoule, and ſo ſtraightly combined it with thy coarſe, that ſhe could with more eaſe ſunder her ſoule from her owne body that liueth by it, than from thy dead body with which her loue did bury it: for it is more thine and in thee, than her owne or in her ſelfe: and therefore in ſeeking thy body, ſhe ſeeketh her owne ſoule, as with the loſſe of the one, ſhe alſo loſt the other. What marueil then though ſenſe faile, when the ſoule is loſt, ſith the lanterne muſt needs be darke when the light is out?

Reſtore vnto her therefore her ſoule that lieth impriſoned in thy body, and ſhe will ſoone both recouer her ſenſe, and diſcouer her errour. For alas it is no errour that

procee-

proceedeth of any will to erre, and it riſeth as much of vehemencie or affection, as of default in faith. Regard not the errour of a woman, but the loue of a Diſciple, which ſupplyeth in it ſelfe what in faith it wanteth. *O Lord* (ſaith ſhe) *if thou haſt carried him hence, tell me where thou haſt laid him, and I will take him away.*

O how learned is her ignorance, and how skilfull her errour? She charged not the Angels with thy remouing, nor ſeemed to miſtruſt them for carrying thee away, as though that her loue had taught her that their helpe was needleſſe, where the thing remoued was remouer of it ſelfe. She did not requeſt them to informe her where thou wert laid, as if ſhe had reſerued that queſtion for thy ſelfe to anſwer. But now ſhe iudgeth thee ſo likely to be the authour of her loſſe, that halfe ſuppoſing thee guilty,

guilty, ſhe ſueth a recouery, and deſireth thee to tell her where the body is, as almoſt fully perſwaded that thou art as priuie to the place, as well acquainted with the action. So that if ſhe be not altogether right, ſhe is not very much wrong, and ſhe erreth with ſuch ayme, that ſhe very little miſſeth the truth. Tell her therefore O Lord, what thou haſt done with thy ſelfe, ſith it is fitteſt for thine owne ſpeech to vtter that which was onely poſſible for thy owne power to performe.

But O *Mary*, ſithens thou art ſo deſirous to know where thy *Ieſus* is, why doeſt thou not name him when thou askeſt for him? Thou ſaideſt to the Angels that they had taken away thy Lord, and now the ſecond time thou askeſt for him. Are thy thoughts ſo viſible, as at thy onely preſence to be ſeene; or ſo generall, that they poſſeſſe all,

when

when they are once in thee? When thou ſpeakeſt of him, what him doeſt thou meane, or how can a ſtranger vnderſtand thee, when thou talkeſt of thy Lord? Hath the world no other Lords but thine? or is the demanding by no other name but (him,) a ſufficient notice for whom thou demandeſt?

But ſuch is the nature of thy loue, thou iudgeſt that no other ſhould be intitled a Lord, ſith the whole world is too little for thy Lords poſſeſſion, and that thoſe few creatures that are, cannot chuſe but know him, ſith all the creatures of the world are too few to ſerue him. And as his worthineſſe can appay all loues, and his onely loue content all hearts, ſo thou deemeſt him to be ſo well worthy to be owner of all thoughts, that no thought in thy conceit, can be well beſtowed vpon any other.

Yet thy ſpeeches ſeeme more ſudden

ſudden than ſound, and more peremptory, than well ponde-red. Why doeſt thou ſay ſo reſo-lutely without any further cir-cumſtance, that if this Gardener haue taken him, thou wilt take him from him? If he had him by right, in taking him away, thou ſhouldſt doe him wrong: If thou ſuppoſeſt he wrongfully tooke him, thou layeſt theft to his charge: and howſoeuer it be, thou either condemneſt thy ſelfe for an vſurper, or him for a theefe. And is this an effect of thy zealous loue, firſt to abaſe him from a God to a Gardener, and now to degrade him from a Gardener to a theefe?

Thou ſhouldeſt alſo haue conſidered whether he tooke him vpon loue or malice. If it were for loue, thou maieſt aſſure thy ſelfe that he will be as wary to keepe, as he was venturous to get him, and therefore thy po-licie was weake in ſaying, thou

wouldeſt

wouldeſt take him away before thou kneweſt where he was, ſith none is ſo ſimple to bewray their treaſure to a knowne theefe. If he tooke him of malice, thy offer to recouer him is an open defiance, ſith malice is as obſtinate in defending, as violent in offering wrong, and he that would be cruell againſt thy maſters dead body, is likely to be more furious againſt his liuing Diſciples.

But thy loue had no leaſure to caſt ſo many doubts. Thy teares were Interpreters of thy words, and thy innocent meaning was written in thy dolefull countenance. Thine eyes were rather pleaders for pity than Heraulds of wrath, and thy whole perſon preſented ſuch a patterne of thy extreme anguiſh, that no man from thy preſence could take in any other impreſſion. And therefore what thy words wanted, thy action ſupplied, and

what his eare might mistake, his eye did vnderstand.

It might be also that what he wrought in thy heart, was concealed from thy sight, and haply his voice and demeanour did import such compassion of thy case, that he seemed as willing to affoord as thou desirest to haue his helpe. And so presuming by his behauiour, that thy suite should not suffer repulse, the tenour of thy request doth but argue thy hope of a grant.

But what is the reason that in all thy speeches, which since the misse of thy master thou hast vttered, (*where they haue put him*) is alwayes a part? So thou saydest to the Apostles, the same to the Angels, and now thou doest repeate it to this supposed Gardener: very sweet must this word be in thy heart, that is so often in thy mouth, & it would neuer be so ready in thy tongue, if it were not very fresh in thy memory.

memory.

But what maruell though it taſte ſo ſweet, that was firſt ſeaſoned in thy maſters mouth? which as it was the treaſury of truth, the fountaine of life, and the onely quire of the moſt perfect Harmonie; ſo whatſoeuer it deliuered, thine eare deuoured, and thy heart locked vp. And now that thou wanteſt himſelfe, thou haſt no other comfort but his words, which thou deemeſt ſo much the more effectuall to perſwade, in that they tooke their force from ſo heauenly a ſpeaker. His ſweetneſſe therefore it is that maketh this word ſo ſweet, and for loue of him thou repeateſt it ſo often, becauſe he in the like caſe ſaid of thy brother, *Where haue you put him?* O how much doeſt thou affect his perſon, that findeſt ſo ſweet a feeling in his phraſe! How much deſireſt thou to ſee his countenance, that with ſo

great desire pronouncest his words? And how willingly wouldest thou licke his sacred feet, that so willingly vttrest his shortest speeches?

But what meanest thou to make so absolute a promise, and so boldly to say, *I will take him away? Ioseph* was afraid, and durst not take downe his body from the Crosse but by night, yea, and then also not without *Pilats* warrant, but thou neither staiest vntill night, nor regardest *Pilate*, but stoutly promisest that thou thy selfe wilt take him away.

What if he be in the palace of the High Priest, and some such maid as made Saint *Peter* denie his master, doe begin to question with thee, wilt thou then stand to these words, I will take him away? Is thy courage so high aboue kinde, thy strength so far beyond thy sex, & thy loue so much without measure, that thou neither doest remember

that

that all women are weake, nor that thy ſelfe art but a woman? Thou exempteſt no place, thou preferreſt no perſon, thou ſpeakeſt without feare, thou promiſeſt without condition, thou makeſt no exception: as though nothing were impoſſible that thy loue ſuggeſteth.

But as the darkeneſſe could not fright thee from ſetting forth before day, nor the watch feare thee from comming to the Tombe: as thou diddeſt reſolue to breake open the ſeales, though with danger of thy life, and to remoue the ſtone from the graues mouth, though thy force could not ſerue thee: ſo what maruell though thy loue being now more incenſed with the freſh wound of thy loſſe, it reſolue vpon any though neuer ſo hard aduentures?

Loue is not ruled with reaſon, but with loue. It neither regardeth what can be, nor what

shall be done, but only what it selfe desireth to do. No difficulty can stay it, no impossibility appall it. Loue is title iust enough, and Armour strong enough for all assaults, and it selfe a reward of all labours. It asketh no recompence, it respecteth no commoditie. Loues fruits are loues effects, and the gaines the paines. It considereth behoofe more than benefit, and what in duty it should, not what in deed it can.

But how can nature be so mastered with affection, that thou canst take such delight, and carry such loue to a dead coarse? The mother how tenderly soeuer she loued her child aliue, yet she cannot chuse but loath him dead. The most louing Spouse cannot endure the presence of her deceased husband, and whose embracements were delightsome in life, are euer most hatefull after death. Yea this

this is the nature of all, but principally of women, that the very conceit, much more the ſight of the departed ſtriketh into them ſo fearefull and vgly impreſſions, and ſtirreth in them ſo great honour, that notwithſtanding the moſt vehement loue, they thinke long vntill the houſe is ridde of their very deareſt friends, when they are once attired in deaths vnlouely liueries. How then canſt thou endure to take vp his coarſe in thy hands, and to carry it thou knoweſt not thy ſelfe how farre, being eſpecially torne and mangled, and conſequently the more likely in ſo long time to be tainted?

Thy ſiſter was vnwilling that the graue of her owne brother ſhould be opened, and yet he was ſhrowded in ſheets, embalmed with ſpices, and died an ordinarie death, without any wound, bruſe or other harme,

that might haſten his corruption. But this coarſe hath neither ſhrowd nor ſpice, ſith theſe are to be ſeene in the tombe, and there is not a part in his body but had ſome helpe to further it to decay; and art thou not afraid to ſee him, yea to touch him, yea to embrace and carry him naked in thine armes?

If thou haddeſt remembred Gods promiſe, that *His holy one ſhould not ſee corruption*: If thou haddeſt beleeued that his Godhead remaining with his bodie, could haue preſerued it from periſhing, thy faith had beene more worthy of praiſe, but thy loue leſſe worthy of admiration, ſith the more corruptible thou diddeſt conceiue him, the more combers thou diddeſt determine to ouercome, and the greater was thy loue in being able to conquer them. But thou wouldeſt haue thought thy oyntments rather harmes than helpes, if

if thou hadst beene settled in that beleefe, and for so heavenly a corse embalmed with God, all earthly spices would haue seemed a disgrace. If likewise thou haddest firmely trusted vpon his resurrection, I should maruell at thy constant designement, sith all hazards in taking him should haue beene with vsury repaid, if lying in thy lappe, thou mightest haue seene him reuiued, and his disfigured and dead body beautified in thine armes with a diuine maiestie. If thou haddest hoped so good fortune to thy waterie eyes, that they might haue beene first cleared with the beames of his desired light: or that his eyes might haue blessed thee with the first fruits of his glorious lookes: If thou haddest imagined any likelihood to haue made happie thy dying heart with taking in the first gaspes of his liuing breath, or to haue heard

the first words of his pleasing voice: Finally, if thou haddest thought to haue seene his iniuries turned to honours, the markes of his miserie to ornaments of glorie, and the depth of thy heauinesse to such an height of felicitie, whatsoeuer thou haddest done to obtaine him had beene but a mite for a million, and too slender a price for so soueraigne a peni worth.

But hauing no such hopes to vphold thee, and so many motiues to plunge the in despaire, how could thy loue be so mighty, as neither to feele a womans feare of so deformed a coarse, nor to thinke the weight of the burthen too heauy for thy feeble armes, nor to be amated with a world of dangers that this attempt did carry with it?

But affection cannot feare whom it affecteth, loue feeleth no load of him it loueth, neither can true friendship be frighted from

from reſcuing ſo affied a friend.

What meaneſt thou then, ô comfort of her life, to leaue ſo conſtant a wel-willer ſo long vncomforted, and to puniſh her ſo much, that ſo well deſerueth pardon? Dally no longer with ſo knowne a loue, which ſo many trials auouch moſt true. And ſith ſhe is nothing but what it pleaſeth thee, let her taſte the benefit of being onely thine. She did not follow the tide of thy better fortune to ſhift ſaile when the ſtreame did alter courſe. She began not to loue thee in thy life, to leaue thee after death: Neither was ſhe ſuch a gueſt at thy table that meant to be a ſtranger in thy neceſſitie. She left thee not in the loweſt ebbe, ſhe reuolted not from thy laſt extremitie: In thy life ſhe ſerued thee with her goods: in thy death ſhe departed not from the Croſſe: after death ſhe came to dwell with thee at thy

graue.

graue. Why then doeſt thou not ſay with *Naomi*, *Bleſſed be ſhe of our Lord, becauſe what curteſie ſhe afforded to the quicke, ſhe hath alſo continued towards the dead.* A thing ſo much the more to be eſteemed in that it is moſt rare.

Doe not ſweet Lord any longer delay her. Behold ſhe hath attended thee theſe three dayes, and ſhe hath not what to eat, nor wherewith to foſter her famiſhed ſoule, vnleſſe thou by diſcouering thy ſelfe doeſt miniſter vnto her the bread of thy body, and feed her with the food that hath in it all taſte of ſweetneſſe. If therfore thou wilt not haue her to faint in the way, refreſh her with that which her hunger requireth. For ſurely ſhe cannot long enioy the life of her ſoule.

But feare not *Mary*, for thy teares will obtaine. They are too mighty oratours to let any ſuit fall, and though they pleaded

ded at the moſt rigorous barre, yet haue they ſo perſwading a ſilence, & ſo conquering a complaint, that by yeelding they ouercome, and by intreating they command. They tie the tongues of all accuſers, and ſoften the rigour of the ſeuereſt Iudge. Yea, they winne the inuincible, and binde the omnipotent. When they ſeeme moſt pitifull, they haue great power, and being moſt forſaken they are more victorious. Repentant eyes are the Cellers of Angels, and penitent teares their ſweeteſt wines; which the ſauour of life perfumeth, the taſte of grace ſweetneth, and the pureſt colours of returning innocencie highly beautifieth. This deaw of deuotion neuer faileth, but the Sunne of iuſtice draweth it vp, and vpon what face ſoeuer it droppeth, it maketh it amiable in Gods eye. For this water hath thy heart beene long a limbecke,

ſome-

ſometimes diſtilling it out of the weeds of thy owne offences, with the fire of true contrition. Sometimes out of the flowers of ſpirituall comforts, with the flames of contemplation, and now out of the bitter hearbs of thy maſters miſeries, with the heart of a tender compaſſion. This water hath better graced thy looks, than thy former alluring glances. It hath ſetled worthier beauties in thy face, than all thy artificiall paintings. Yea, this onely water hath quenched Gods anger, qualified his iuſtice, recouered his mercy, merited his loue, purchaſed his pardon, and brought forth the ſpring of all thy fauours. Thy teares were the procters for thy brothers life, the inuiters of thoſe Angels for thy comfort, and the ſuters that ſhall be rewarded with the firſt ſight of thy reuiued Sauiour. Rewarded they ſhall be, but not

refrai-

refrained, altered in their cauſe, but their courſe continued. Heauen would weepe at the loſſe of ſo precious a water, and earth lament the abſence of ſo fruitfull ſhowers. No, no, the Angels muſt ſtill bath themſelues in the pure ſtreames of thine eyes, and thy face ſhall ſtill be ſet with this liquid pearle, that as out of thy teares were ſtroken the firſt ſparks of thy Lords loue, ſo thy teares may be the oyle to nouriſh and feed his fame. Till death dam vp the ſprings, they ſhall neuer ceaſe running; and then ſhall thy ſoule be ferried in them to the harbour of life, that as by them it was firſt paſſed from ſinne to grace, ſo in them it may be wafted from grace to glorie. In the meane time, reare vp thy fallen hopes, and gather confidence both of thy ſpeedy comfort, and thy Lords well being.

*Ieſus ſaith vnto her, Marie;*

*She*

*She turning, saith vnto him, Rabboni.*

O louing master, thou didst onely deferre her consolation, to increase it, that the delight of thy presence, might be so much the more welcome, in that through thy long absence it was with so little hope so much desired. Thou wert content she should lay out for thee so many sighs, teares and plaints, and didst purposely adiourne the date of her payment, to require the length of these delayes, with a larger loane of ioy. It may be she knew not her former happinesse, till she was weaned from it: nor had a right estimate in valuing the treasures, with which thy presence did inrich her, vntill her extreme pouerty taught her their vnestimable rate. But now thou shewest by a sweet experience, that though she payd thee with the dearest water of her

her eyes, with her beſt breath, and tendereſt loue, yet ſmall was the price that ſhe beſtowed in reſpect of the worth ſhe receiued. She ſought the dead, and impriſoned in a ſtonie gayle, and now ſhe findeth thee both aliue, and at full libertie. She ſought thee ſhrined in a ſhroud, more like a leper than thy ſelfe, left as the modell of the vttermoſt miſerie, and the onely patterne of the bittereſt vnhappineſſe; and now ſhe findeth thee inueſted in the robes of glorie, the preſident of the higheſt, and both the owner and giuer of all felicitie.

And as all this while ſhe hath ſought without finding, wept without comfort, and called without anſwers: ſo now thou diddeſt ſatisfie her ſeeking with thy comming, her teares with thy triumph, and all her cryes with this one word, *Mary*. For when ſhe heard thee call her in thy

thy wonted manner, and with thy vſuall voice, her onely name iſſuing from thy mouth, wrought ſo ſtrange an alteration in her, as if ſhe had beene wholly new made, when ſhe was onely named. For whereas before the violence of her griefe had ſo benummed her, that her body ſeemed but the hearſe of her dead heart, and the coffin of an vnliuing ſoule, and her whole preſence but a repreſentation of a double funerall, of thine and of her owne: now with this one word her ſenſes, are reſtored, her minde lightned, her heart quickned, and her ſoule reuiued.

But what maruell though with one word he raiſe the dead ſpirits of his poore Diſciple, that with a word made the world, and euen in this verie word ſheweth an omnipotent power?

*Mary* ſhe was called as well in

in her bad as in her reformed eſtate, and both her good and euill was all of *Maries* working. And as *Marie* ſignifieth no leſſe what ſhe was, than what ſhe is: ſo is this one word, by his vertue that ſpeaketh it, a repetition of all her miſeries, an Epitome of his mercies, and a memoriall of all her better fortunes. And therefore it laid ſo generall a diſcouerie of her ſelfe before her eyes, that it awaked her moſt forgotten ſorrowes, and muſtered together the whole multitude of her ioyes, and would haue left the iſſue of their mutinie very doubtfull, but that the preſence and notice of her higheſt happineſſe decided the quarrell, and gaue her ioyes the victory.

For as he was her onely Sunne, whoſe going downe left nothing but a dumpiſh night of fearefull fancies, wherein no ſtarre of hope ſhined, and the

brightest planets were changed into dismall signes: so the serenity of his countenance, and authority of his word, brought a calme and well tempered day, that chasing away all darkenesse, and dispersing the clouds of melancholy, cured the lethargy and brake the dead sleepe of her astonied senses.

She therefore rauished with his voyce, and impatient of delayes, taketh his talke out of his mouth, and to his first and yet onely word answered but one other, calling him *Rabboni*, that is, Master. And then suddenly rowsing all other passions, she could no more proceed in her owne, than giue him leaue to go forward with his speech.

Loue would haue spoken, but feare inforced silence. Hope frameth the words, but doubt melteth them in the passage: and when her inward concepts serued to come out, her voice trem-

trembled, her tongue faltered, her breath failed. In fine, teares issued in lieu of words, and deepe sighs in stead of long sentences, the eyes supplying the tongues default, and the heart pressing out the vnsyllabled breath at once, which the conflict of her disagreeing passions would not suffer to be sorted into the seuerall sounds of intelligible speeches.

For such is their estate that are sicke with a surfet of sudden ioy, for the attaining of a thing vehemently desired. For as desire is euer vshered by hope, and waited on by feare, so is it credulous in entertaining coniectures, but hard in grounding a firme beleefe. And though it be apt to admit the least shadow of wished comfort, yet the hotter the desire is to haue it, the more perfect assurance it requireth for it: which so long as it wanteth the first newes or apparence

parence of that which is in request, is rather an alarum to summon vp all passions, than retreit to quiet the desire. For as hope presumeth the best, and inuiteth ioy to gratulate the good successe; so feare suspecteth it too good to be true, and calleth vp sorrow to bewaile the vncertaintie. And while these enterchange obiections and answers, sometimes feare falleth into despaire, and hope riseth into repining anger; and thus the skirmish still continueth, till euidence of proofe conclude the controuersie.

*Marie* therefore though she suddenly answered vpon notice of his voice, yet because the nouelty was so strange, his person so changed, his presence so vnexpected, and so many miracles laid at once before her amazed eyes, she found a sedition in her thoughts, till more earnest viewing him exempted them from

from all doubt.

And then, though words would haue broken out, and her heart ſent into his duties that ſhe ought him, yea, euery thought ſtriuing to be firſt vttered, and to haue the firſt roome in his gracious hearing, ſhe was forced as an indifferent arbiter among them, to ſeale them vp all vnder ſilence by ſuppreſſing ſpeech, and to ſupply the want of words, with more ſignificant actions. And therefore running to the haunt of her chiefeſt delights, and falling at his ſacred feet, ſhe offered to bath them with teares of ioy, and to ſanctifie her lips with kiſſing his once grieuous, but now moſt glorious wounds.

She ſtayed not for any more words, being now made bleſſed with the Word himſelfe, thinking it a greater benefit at once to feed all her wiſhes, in the homage, honour, and embracing

of

of his feet, then in the often hearing of his lesse comfortable talke.

For as the nature of loue coueteth not onely to be vnited, but if it were possible wholly transformed out of it selfe into the thing it loueth: so doth it most affect that which most vniteth, and preferreth the least coniunction before any distant contentment. And therfore to see him did not suffice her; to heare him did not quiet her; to speake with him was not enough for her; and except she might touch him, nothing could please her. But though she humbly fell downe at his feet to kisse them, yet Christ did forbid her, saying: *Do not touch me, for I am not yet ascended to my Father.*

O *Iesu*, what mysterie is in this? Being dead in sinne, she touched thy mortall feet that were to dye for her sake, and being now aliue in grace, may she not

not touch thy glorious feet, that are no leſſe for her benefit reuiued? She was once admitted to annoint thy head, and is ſhe now vnworthy of acceſſe to thy feet? Doeſt thou now command her from that for which thou wert wont to commend her, and by prayſing the deed didſt moue her often to do it? Sith other women ſhall touch thee, why hath ſhe a repulſe? yea, ſith ſhe her ſelfe ſhall touch thee hereafter, why is ſhe now reiected? What meaneſt thou, O Lord, by thus debarring her of ſo deſired a duty? and ſith among all thy Diſciples thou haſt vouchſafed her ſuch a prerogatiue, as to honour her eyes with thy firſt ſight, and her eares with thy firſt words, why denieſt thou the priuilege of thy firſt embracing? if the multitude of her teares haue won that fauour for her eyes, and her longing to heare thee, ſo great a re-

compence to her cares, why doeſt thou not admit her hands to touch, and her mouth to kiſſe thy holy feet, ſith the one with many plaints, and the other with their readineſſe to all ſeruices, ſeemed to haue earned no leſſe reward. But notwithſtanding all this, thou preuenteſt the effect of her offer, with forbidding her to touch thee, as if thou haddeſt ſaid:

O *Mary*, know the difference betweene a glorious and a mortall body, betweene the condition of a momentary, and of an eternall life. For ſith the immortalitie of the body, and the glory both of body and ſoule, are the endowments of an heauenly inhabitant, and the rights of another world, thinke not this fauour to ſeeme here ordinarie, nor leaue to touch me a common thing.

It were not ſo great a wonder to ſee the ſtarres fall from their

Spheres

Spheres, and the Sunne forſake Heauen, and to come within the reach of a mortall arme, as for me, that am not onely a Citizen, but the Soueraigne of Saints, and the Sunne whoſe beames are the Angels bliſſe, to ſhew my ſelfe viſible to the Pilgrims of this world, and to diſplay eternall beauties to corruptible eyes. Though I be not yet aſcended to my Father, I ſhall ſhortly aſcend, and therefore meaſure not thy demeanour towards me by the place where I am, but by that which is due vnto me: and then thou wilt rather with reuerence fall downe afarre off, than with ſuch familiaritie preſume to touch me. Doeſt thou not beleeue my former promiſes? Haſt thou not a conſtant proofe by my preſent words? Are not thine eyes and eares ſufficient teſtimonies, but that thou muſt alſo haue thy hands and face witneſſes of my

preſence? Touch mee not, O *Marie*, for if I doe deceiue thy ſight, or delude thy hearing, I can as eaſily beguile thy hand, and fruſtrate thy feeling. Or if I be true in any one, beleeue me in all, and embrace me firſt in a firme faith, and then thou ſhalt touch me with more worthy hands. It is now neceſſary to weane thee from the comfort of my externall preſence, that thou maieſt learne to lodge me in the ſecrets of thy heart, and teach thy thoughts to ſupply the offices of outward ſenſes. For in this viſible ſhape I am not here long to be ſeene, being ſhortly to aſcend vnto my Father: but what thine eye then ſeeth not, thy heart ſhall feele, and my ſilent parley will find audience in thy inward eare. Yet if thou feareſt leſt my aſcending ſhould be ſo ſudden, that if thou doeſt not now take thy leaue of my feet with thy humble kiſſes & louing teares,

teares, thou ſhalt neuer finde the like opportunity againe, licence frō thee that needleſſe ſuſpition. I am not yet aſcended vnto my Father, & for all ſuch duties, there will be a more conuenient time. But now go about that which requireth more haſt, and run to my brethren & informe them what I ſay, *That I will go before them into Galilee, there ſhall they ſee me.*

*Mary* therefore preferring her Lords will before her owne wiſh, yet ſorry that her will was worthy of no better euent, departed from him like an hungrie infant pulled from a full teat, or a thirſtie Hart chaſed from a ſweet fountaine. She iudged her ſelfe but an vnluckie meſſenger of moſt ioyfull tidings, being baniſhed from her maſters preſence, to carry newes of his reſurrection. Alas (ſaith ſhe) and cannot others be happy without my vnhappineſſe? or cannot their gaines

come in, but through my losse? Must the dawning of their day, be the euening of mine, and my soule robbed of such a treasure to enrich their eares? O my heart returne thou to enioy him: why goest thou with me that am inforced to goe from him? In me, thou art but in prison, and in him is thy onely Paradise, I *haue* buried thee long enough in former sorrowes, and yet now when thou wert halfe reuiued, I am constrained to carry thee from the spring of life. Alas, goe seeke to better thy life in some more happy breast, sith I, euill-deseruing creature, am nothing different from that I was, but in hauing taken a taste of the highest delight, that the knowledge and want of it might drowne me in the deepest miserie.

Thus duty leading, and loue with-holding her, she goeth as fast backward in thought, as for-

forward in pace, ready eftſoons to faint for griefe, but that a ſtrong hope to ſee him againe did ſupport her weakneſſe. She often turned towards the Tombe to breathe, deeming the very ayre that came from the place where he ſtood to haue taken vertue of his preſence, and to haue in it a refreſhing force aboue the courſe of nature. Sometimes ſhe forgetteth her ſelfe, and loue carrieth her in a golden diſtraction, making her to imagine that her Lord is preſent, and then ſhe ſeemeth to demand him queſtions, and to heare his anſwers: ſhe dreameth that his feet are in her folded armes, and that he giueth her ſoule a full repaſt of his comforts. But alas, when ſhe cõmeth to her ſelfe, and findeth it but an illuſion, ſhe is ſo much the more ſorrie, in that the onely imagination being ſo delightfull, ſhe was not worthy to enioy the

thing it selfe. And when she passeth by those places where her master had beene: O stone (saith she) how much more happy are you than I most wretched caitiffe, sith to you was not denied the touch of those blessed feet, whereof my euill deserts haue now made me vnworthy? Alas what crime haue I of late committed, that hath thus cancelled mee out of his good conceit, and estranged mee from his accustomed courtesie? Had I but a leaue of his loue for terme of his life? nor did my interest in his feet expire with his decease, in them with my teares I writ my first supplication for mercie, which I pointed with sighs, folded vp in my haire, and humbly sealed with the impression of my lips. They were the doores of my first entrance into his fauour, by which I was graciously entertained in his heart, and admitted

to

to doe homage vnto his head, while it was yet a mortall mirrour of immortall maieſtie, an earthly ſeat of an heauenly wiſdome, containing in man a Gods felicity.

But alas, I muſt be contented to beare a lower ſaile, and to take downe my deſires to farre meaner hopes, ſith former fauours are now too high markes for me to ayme at.

O mine eyes, why are you ſo ambitious of heauenly honours? He is now too bright a Sunne for ſo weake a ſight: your lookes are limited to meaner light; you are the eyes of a Bat, and not of an Eagle; you muſt humble your ſelues to the twilight of inferiour things, and meaſure your ſights by your ſlender ſubſtance. Gaze not too much vpon the blaze of eternity, leſt you loſe your ſelues in too much ſelfe-delight, and being too curious in viewing his maieſtie, you be in.

the end oppreſſed with his glorie. No, no, ſith I am reiected from his feet, how can I otherwiſe preſume, but that my want of faith hath diſlodged me out of his heart, and throwne me out of all poſſeſſion of his minde and memorie. Yet why ſhould I ſtoope to ſo baſe a feare? when want of faith was aggrieued with want of all goodneſſe, he diſdained not to accept me for one of his number, and ſhall I nowthinke that he will for my faint beleefe ſo rigorouſly abandon me? And is the ſinceritie of my loue, wherein he hath no partner, of ſo ſlender account, that it may not hope for ſome little ſparke of his wonted mercie? I will not wrong him with ſo vniuſt a ſuſpition, ſith his appearing improueth it, his words ouerthrow it, his countenance doth diſſwade it, why then ſhould I ſucke ſo much ſorrow out of ſo vaine a ſurmiſe?

Thus

Thus *Maries* trauelling fancies making long voyages in this ſhort iourney, and wauering betweene the ioy of her viſion, and the griefe of her deniall, entertained her in the way, and held her parley with ſuch diſcourſes as are incident vnto minds, in which neither hope is full maſter of the field, nor feare hath receiued an vtter ouerthrow. But as ſhe was in this perplexed manner, now falling, now riſing in her owne vncertainties, ſhe findeth on the way the other holy woman that firſt came with her to the graue, whom the Angels had now aſſured of Chriſts reſurrection.

And as they paſſed all forwards towards the Diſciples, *Behold Ieſus met them ſaying, All haile. But they came neere, and tooke hold of his feet, and worſhipped him. Then Ieſus ſaid vnto them, Feare not. Go tel my brethren that they goe into Galilee, there they*

*they shall see me.*

O Lord, how profound are thy iudgements, and vnsearchable thy counsels? Doth her sorrow sit so neere thy heart, or thy repulse rebound with such regret by seeing her wounded loue bleed so fast at her eyes, that thy late refusall must so soone be requited with so free a grant? Is it thy pittie, or her change, which cannot allow that she should any longer fast from her earnest longing?

But O most milde Physitian, well knowest thou that thy sharpe corrosiue with bitter smart angred her tender wound, which being rather caused by vnwitting ignorance than wilfull errour, was as soone cured as knowne. And therefore thou quickly applyest a sweet lenitiue to asswage her paine, that she might acknowledge her forbidding, rather a fatherly checke to her vnsealed faith, than

than an austere rerecting her for her fault: and therefore thou admitteſt her to kiſſe thy feet, the two conduits of grace, and ſeales of our redemption, renewing her a Charter of thy vnchanged loue, and accepting of her the vowed ſacrifice of her ſanctified ſoule.

And thus gratious Lord haſt thou finiſhed her feares, aſſured her hopes, fulfilled her deſires, ſatisfied her loues, ſtinted her teares, perfected her ioyes, and made the period of her expiring griefes, the preamble to her now entring, and neuer-ending pleaſures.

O how mercifull a Father thou art to left Orphanes, how eaſie a Iudge to repentant ſinners, and how faithfull a friend to ſincere louers! It is vndoubtedly true, that thou neuer leaueſt thoſe that loue thee, and thou loueſt ſuch as reſt their affiance in thee. They ſhall finde thee

thee liberall aboue defert, and bountifull beyond hope: a meaſure of thy gifts, not by their merits, but thine owne mercie.

O Chriſtian ſoule, take *Mary* for thy mirrour, follow her affection, that like effects may follow thine. Learne ô ſinfull man of this once a ſinfull woman, that ſinners may finde Chriſt, if their ſinnes be amended. Learne that whom ſinne loſeth, loue recouereth, whom faintneſſe of faith chaſeth away, firmneſſe of hope recalleth; and that which no other mortall force, fauour or policie can compaſſe, the continued teares of a conſtant loue are able to attaine. Learne of *Mary*, for Chriſt to feare no encounters, out of Chriſt to deſire no comforts, and with the loue of Chriſt to ouer-rule the loue of all things. Riſe early in the morning of thy good motions, and let them not ſleepe in ſloth, when diligence may performe

forme them. Runne with repentance to thy ſinfull heart, which ſhould haue beene the Temple, but through thy fault was no better than a Tombe for Chriſt, ſith hauing in thee no life to feele him, he ſeemed vnto thee, as if he had beene dead. Roule away the ſtone of thy former hardneſſe, remoue all thy heauy loads that oppreſſe thee in ſinne, and looke into thy ſoule, whether thou canſt there finde the Lord. If he be not within thee, ſtand weeping without, and ſeeke him in other creatures, ſith being preſent in all, he may be found in any. Let faith be thine eye, hope thy guide, and loue thy light. Seeke him and not his: for himſelfe, and not for his gifts. If thy faith haue found him in a cloud, let thy hope ſeeke to him. If hope haue led thee to ſee him, let loue ſeek further into him. To moue in thee a deſire to find, his goods

are

are precious; and when he is found, to keepe thee in a desire to seeke, his treasures are infinite. Absent, he must be sought to be had; being had, he must be sought to be more enioyed. Seeke him truly, and no other for him. Seeke him purely, and no other thing with him. Seeke him onely, and nothing besides him. And if at the first search he appeare not, thinke it not much to persever in teares, and to continue thy seeking. Stand vpon the earth, treading vnder thee all earthly vanities, and touching them with no more than the soles of thy feet, that is, with the lowest and least part of thy affection. To looke the better in the Tombe, bow downe thy necke to the yoke of humilitie, and stoope from lofty and proud conceits, that with humbled and lowly lookes thou maiest finde whom swelling and haughty thoughts haue driuen away.

away. A ſubmitted ſoule ſooneſt winneth his returne, and the deepeſt it ſinketh in a ſelfe contempt, the higher it climeth in his higheſt fauours. And if thou perceiueſt in the Tombe of thy heart the preſence of his two firſt Meſſengers, that is, at the feet ſorrow for the bad that is paſt, and at the head deſire to a better that is to come, entertaine them with ſighs, and welcome them with penitent teares: yet reckoning them but as harbingers of thy Lord, ceaſe not thy ſeeking till thou findeſt himſelfe. And if he vouchſafe thee his glorious ſight, offering himſelfe to thy inward eyes, preſume not of thy ſelfe to be able to know him, but as his vnworthy ſuppliant proſtrate thy petitions vnto him, that thou maiſt truly diſcerne him, and fairhfully ſerue him. Thus preparing thee with diligence, comming with ſpeed, ſtanding with high

lifted

lifted hopes, and ſtooping with inclined heart, if with *Mary* thou craueſt no other ſolace of *Ieſus* but *Ieſus* himſelfe, he will anſwer thy teares with his preſence, and aſſure thee of his preſence with his owne words, that hauing ſeene him thy ſelfe, thou maieſt make him knowne to others, ſaying with *Mary*, *I haue ſeene our Lord, and theſe things he ſaid vnto me.*

LAVS DEO.

FINIS.

# THE TRIVMPHS OVER DEATH:

OR

A Conſolatory Epiſtle, for afflicted minds in the effects of dying friends.

*Firſt written for the conſolation of one: but now publiſhed for the generall good of all, by* R.S.

LONDON,
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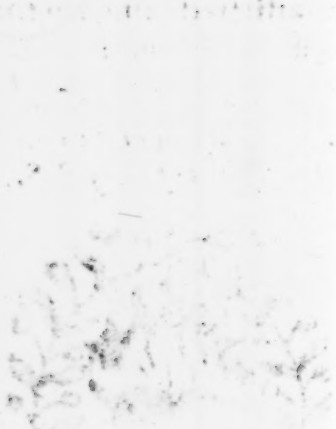


# To the Worſhipfull M. Richard Sackuile, Edward Sackuile, Cicily Sackuile, and Anne Sackuile, the hopefull iſſues of the honorable Gentleman maſter Robert Sackuile Eſquire.

*MOſt lines do not*
*the beſt conceit containe;*
*Few words, well coucht,*
*may comprehend much matter:*
*Then as to vſe the firſt*
*is counted vaine,*
*So is't praiſe-worthy*
*to conceit the latter.*
*The graueſt wits*
*that moſt graue works expect,*
*The qualitie,*
*not quantitie reſpect.*

*The ſmalleſt ſparke*

*will*

will cast a burning heat.
Base cottages
may harbour things of worth:
Then thought this volume be
nor gay, nor great,
Which vnder your protection
I set forth:
Do not with coy
disdainefull ouersight
Deny to read
this well meant orphans mite.

And since his father
in his infancy
Prouided patrons
to protect his heire:
But now by Deaths
none-sparing crueltie,
Is turn'd an orphan
to the open ayre:
I, his vnworthy
foster-sire haue dar'd,
To make you
Patronizer of this ward.

You glorying issues
of that glorious dime,

Whose

*Whose life is made*
*the subiect of death a will:*
*To you, succeeding hopes*
*of mothers fame,*
*I dedicate this fruit*
*of Southwels quill:*
*He for your vnkles comfort*
*first it writ,*
*I for your consolation*
*print and send you it.*

*Then daine in kindnesse*
*to accept the worke,*
*Which he in kindnesse writ,*
*I send to you:*
*The which till now clouded,*
*obscure did lurke:*
*But now opposed*
*to each Readers view,*
*May yeeld commodious fruit*
*to euery wight,*
*That feeles his conscience prickt*
*by Parcaes spight.*

*But if in ought*
*I haue presumptuous beene,*
*My pardon-craning pen*
*implores*

*implores your fauour:*
*If any fault in print*
*be past vnseene,*
*To let it passe,*
*the Printer is the crauer,*
*So shall he thanke you,*
*and I by duty bound,*
*Pray, that in you*
*may all good gifts abound.*

S. W.

# The Author to the Reader.

IF the Athenians erected an altar to an vnknowne god, supposing he would be pleased with their deuotion, though they were ignorant of his name: better may I presume that my labour may be gratefull, being deuoted to such men, whose names I know, and whose fame I haue heard, though vnacquainted with their persons. I intended this comfort to him, whom a lamenting sort hath left most comfortlesse; by him to his friends, who haue equall portions in this sorrow. But I thinke the Philosophers rule will be here verified, that it shall be last in execution, which was first designed, and

*he ſhall laſt enioy the effect, which was firſt owner of the cauſe. Thus let Chance be our rule ſince Choice may not, and into which of your hands it ſhall fortune, much honour and happineſſe may it carry with it; and leaue in their hearts as much ioy, as it found ſorrow. Where I borrow the perſon of an Hiſtorie, as well touching the dead, as the yet ſurviuing; I build vpon report of ſuch Authours, whoſe hoarie heads challenge credit, and whoſe eyes and eares were witneſſes of their words. To craue pardon for my paine, were to ſlander a friendly office, and to wrong their courteſies, whom Nobilitie neuer taught to anſwer affection with anger, or to wage dutie with diſlike: & therfore I humbly preſent vnto them with as many good wiſhes, as good will can meaſure from the beſt meaning mind, that hath a willingneſſe rather to afford, than to offer due ſeruice, were not the meane as worthleſſe, as the mind is willing.*

R. S.

# The Triumphs ouer death:

*OR,*

*A Conſolatory Epiſtle for troubled minds, in the Effects of dying friends.*

IF it be a bleſſing of the vertuous to mourn, it is the reward of this, to be comforted; and he that pronounced the one, promiſed the other. I doubt not, but that Spirit, whoſe nature is Loue, and whoſe name Comforter, as he knowes the cauſe of our griefs, ſo hath he ſalued it with ſupplies of grace, powring into your wound no leſſe oyle of mercy than wine of iuſtice;

yet ſith courteſie oweth compaſſion as a duty to the afflicted, and nature hath ingrafted a deſire to finde it, I thought good to ſhew you by proofe, that you carry not your cares alone, though the load that lieth on others can little lighten your burthen: her deceaſe cannot but ſit neerer your heart, whom you had taken ſo deepe into a moſt tender affection. That which dieth to our loue, being alwaies aliue to our ſorrow, you would haue beene kinde to a leſſe louing ſiſter: yet finding in her ſo many worths to be loued, your loue wrought more earneſtly vpon ſo ſweet a ſubiect, which now being taken from you, I preſume your griefe is no leſſe than your loue was; the one of theſe being euer the meaſure of the other: the Scripture moueth vs to bring forth our teares on the dead, a thing not offending grace and a right to reaſon.

For

For to be without remorſe in the death of friends, is neither incident nor conuenient to the nature of man, hauing too much affinitie to a ſauage temper, and ouerthrowing the ground of all piety, which is a mutuall ſympathie in each of others miſeries: but as not to feele ſorrow *in* ſorrowfull chances, is to want ſenſe, ſo not to beare it with moderation, is to want vnderſtanding; the one brutiſh, the other effeminate: and he hath caſt his account beſt, that hath brought his ſumme to the meane. It is no leſſe fault to exceed in ſorrow, than to paſſe the limits of competent mirth, ſith exceſſe in either is a diſorder in paſſion, though that ſorrow of courteſie be leſſe blamed of men, becauſe, if it be a fault, it is alſo a puniſhment, at once cauſing and taſting torments. It is no good ſigne in the ſicke to be ſenſleſſe in his paines, as bad

it is to be vnusually sensitiue, being both either harbingers or attendants of death. Let sadnes, sith it is a due to the dead, testifie a feeling of pitty, not any pang of passion, and bewray rather a tender than a deiected minde. Mourne, as that your friends may finde you a liuing brother, all men a discreet mourner, making sorrow a signall, not a superiour of reason: some are so obstinate in their owne will, that euen time, the naturall remedie of the most violent agonies, cannot by any delayes assuage their griefe: they entertaine their sorrow with solitary muses, and feed their sighs and teares: they pine their bodies, and draw all pensiue consideration to their minds, nursing their heauinesse with a melancholy humour, as though they had vowed themselues to sadnesse, vnwilling it should end till it had ended them, wherein their

folly ſometimes findeth a ready effect; that being true, which *Salomon* obſerued, that as a moth the garment, and a worme the wood, ſo doth ſadneſſe perſwade the heart. But this impotent ſoftnes fitteth not ſober mindes. We muſt not make a liues profeſſion of a ſeuen nights duty, nor vnder colour of kindneſſe to others be vnnaturall to our ſelues: if ſome in their paſſion ioyned their thoughts into ſuch labyrinths, that neither wit knoweth, nor will careth how long, or how farre they wander in them, it diſcouereth their weakneſſe, but diſcerneth our meditation. It is (for the moſt) the fault, not of all, but of the fillieſt women, who next to the funerall of their friends, deeme it a ſecond widowhood, to force their teares, and make it their happineſſe, to ſeeme moſt vnhappy, as though they had onely beene left aliue, to be a perpetuall Pro. 1. 25.

map of dead folkes misfortunes: but this is, to arme an enemie against our selues, and to yeeld Reason prisoner to Passion, putting the sword in the rebells hand, when we are least able to withstand his treason. Sorrow once settled, is not lightly remoued, easily winning, but not so easily surrendring possession; and where it is not excluded in time, it challengeth a place by prescription. The Scripture warneth vs, not to giue our hearts to sadnesse, yea rather, to reiect it as a thing not beneficiall to the dead, yea preiudiciall to our selues; *Ecclesiasticus* alloweth but seuen dayes to mourning, iudging moderation in plaint to be a sufficient testimony in good will, and a needfull office of wisdome. Much sorrow for the dead, is either the child of selfeloue, or of rash iudgement. If we should shed our teares for others death, as a meane to our

Eccluſ. 38.

content-

contentment, we ſhew but our owne wound, perfit louers of our ſelues: if we lament their deceaſe as their hard deſtinie, we attache them of euill deſerning, with too peremptory a cenſure, as though their life had beene an ariſe, and their death a leape into finall perdition; for otherwiſe a good departure craueth ſmall condoling, being but a harbour from ſtormes, and an entrance vnto felicity. But you know your ſiſter too well to incurre any blame in theſe reſpects: And experience of her life hath ſtored your thoughts with notice of ſo rare vertues, as might ſooner make her memorie an inforcement to ioy, than any inducement to ſorrow, and moue you to eſteeme her laſt duties, rather the triumph of her victory, than the farewels of her deceaſe. She was by birth ſecond to none, but vnto the firſt in the realme, yet ſhe meaſured

onely greatneſſe by goodneſſe, making Nobilitie but the mirrour of vertue; as able to ſhew things worthy to be ſeene, as apt to draw many eyes to behold it, ſhe ſuted her behauiour to her birth, and ennobled her birth with her pietie, leauing her houſe more beholding to her, for hauing honoured it with the glorie of her vertues, than ſhe was to it for the titles of her degree. She was high minded in nothing, but in aſpiring to perfection, and in the diſdaine of vice; in other things coueiring her greatneſſe with humility among her inferiors, and ſhewing it with courteſie among her peeres. Of the carriage of her ſelfe, and her ſober gouernment may be a ſufficient teſtimony that enuy her ſelfe was dumbe in her diſpraiſe, finding in her much to repine at, but nought to reproue. The cleareneſſe of her honour I need not to mention,

tion, ſhe hauing alwaies armed it with ſuch modeſtie, as taught the moſt vntemperate tongues to be ſilent in her preſence, and anſwered their eyes with ſcorne and contempt, that did but ſeeme to make her an ayme to paſſion; yea, and in this behalfe, as almoſt in all others, ſhe hath the moſt honourable & knowen Ladies of the land, ſo common and knowen witneſſes, that thoſe that leaſt loued her religion, were in loue with her demeanour, deliuering their opinions in open prayſes. How mildly ſhe accepted the checke of fortune fallen vpon her without deſert, experience hath beene a moſt manifeſt proofe, the temper of her mind being ſo eaſie, that ſhe found little difficultie in taking downe her thoughts to a meane degree, which true honour, not pride hath raiſed to the former height. Her faithfulneſſe & loue where

ſhe

ſhe foūd true friendſhip, is written with teares in many eyes, and will be longer regiſtred in gratefull memories of diuers that haue tried her in that kind, auowing her for ſecrecie, wiſdome, and conſtancie, to be a miracle in that ſex: yea, when ſhe found leaſt kindneſſe in others, ſhe neuer loſt it in her ſelfe, more willingly ſuffering than offering wrong, and often weeping for their miſhaps, whom though leſſe louing her, ſhe could not but affect. Of the innocencie of her life, this generall each one can auerre, that as ſhe was gratefull many wayes, and memorable for vertues, ſo was ſhe free from all blemiſh of any vice, vſing, to her power, the beſt meanes to keepe continually an vndefiled conſcience: her attire was euer ſuch as might both ſatisfie a curious eye, and yet beare witneſſe of a ſober minde, neither ſingular, nor

vaine,

vaine, but ſuch as her peeres of beſt report vſed: her tongue was very little acquainted with oathes, vnleſſe either duty or diſtruſt did enforce them: and ſurely they were needleſſe to thoſe that knew her, to whom the truth of her words could not iuſtly be ſuſpected; much leſſe was ſhe noted of any vnfitting talke, which as it was euer hatefull to her eares, ſo did it neuer defile her breath. Of feeding ſhe was very meaſurable, rather too ſparing, than too liberall a diet: ſo religious for obſeruing of faſts, that neuer in her ſickeneſſe ſhe could hardly be wonne to breake them: and if our ſoules be poſſeſſed in our patience, ſurely her ſoule was truely her owne, whoſe rocke though often ſtricken with the rod of aduerſity, neuer yeelded any more than to giue iſſue of eye ſtreames: and though theſe through the tenderneſſe of

of her nature, and aptneſſe of her ſex, were the cuſtomarie tributes that her loue payed, more to her friends than her owne misfortunes, yet were they not accompanied with diſtempered words, or il'-ſeeming actions, reaſon neuer forgetting decencie, though remembring pity. Her deuotions ſhee daily obſerued, offering the daily ſacrifice of an innocent heart, and ſtinting her ſelfe to her times of prayer, which ſhe performed with ſo religious a care, as well ſhewed that ſhe knew how high a Maieſtie ſhe ſerued. I need not write how dutifully ſhe diſcharged all the behoofes of a moſt louing wife, ſince that was the commoneſt theme of her praiſe yet this may be ſaid without improoſe to any, that whoſoeuer in this behalfe may be counted her equall, none can iuſtly be thought her ſuperiour. Where ſhe owed, ſhe paied du-

tie,

tie, where she found, she returned courtesie; whereſoeuer she was knowen, she deſerued amitie; deſirous of the beſt, yet diſdaining none but euill company: she was readier to requite benefits than reuenge wrongs, more grieued than angry with vnkindneſſe of friends, when either miſtaking or miſreport occaſioned any breaches: for if their words carry credit, it entred deepeſt into her thoughts, they haue acquitted her from all ſpice of malice, not onely againſt her friends, whoſe diſlikes were but a retire to ſlip further into friendſhip, but euen her greateſt enemies, to whom if she had beene a Iudge as she was a ſuppliant, I aſſuredly thinke she would haue redreſſed, but not reuenged her wrongs. In ſumme, she was an honour to her predeceſſors, a light to her age, and a patterne to her poſteritie; neither was her concluſion differ-

ent

rent from her premiſes, or her death from her life, ſhe ſhewed no diſmay being warned of her danger, carrying in her conſcience, the ſafe conduct of innocencie. But hauing ſent her deſires to heauen before with a milde countenance, and a moſt calme minde, in more hope than feare, ſhe expected her owne paſſage, ſhe commended both her duty and good will to all her friends, and cleared her heart from all grudge towards her enemies, wiſhing true happineſſe to them both, as beſt became ſo ſoft and gentle a mind, in which anger neuer ſtayed, but as an vnwelcome ſtranger: She made open profeſſion that ſhe did die true to her religion, true to her husband, true to God and the world: ſhe enioyed her iudgement as long as ſhe breathed, her body earneſtly offering her laſt deuotions, ſupplying in thought what faintneſſe ſuffered not

not her tongue to vtter: in the end, when her glaſſe was runne out, and death began to challenge his intereſt, ſome labouring with too late remedies to hinder the deliuery of her ſweet ſoule, ſhe deſired them eftſoones to let her goe to God; and her hopes calling her to eternall kingdomes, as one rather fallen aſleepe, than dying, ſhe moſt happily tooke her leaue of all mortall miſeries. Such was the life, ſuch was the death of your deareſt ſiſter, both ſo full of true comfort, that this ſurely of her vertues may be a ſufficient lenitiue to your bittereſt griefes. For you are not (I hope) in the number of thoſe that reckon it a part of their paine to heare of their beſt remedies, thinking the rehearſall of your dead friends praiſes an vpbraiding of their loſſe: but ſith the obliuion of her vertues were iniurious to her, let not the mention of her

her person be offensiue vnto you, and be not you grieued with her death, with which she is best pleased. So blessed a death is rather to be wished of vs, than pitied in her, whose soule triumpheth with God, whose vertue still breatheth in the mouths of infinite praises, and liueth in the memories of all, to whom either experience made her knowne, or fame was not enuious to conceale her deserts. She was a iewell, that both God and you desired to enioy; he to her assured benefit without selfe-interest; you for allowable respects, yet imploying her restraint among certaine hazards and most vncertaine hopes. Be then vmpire in your owne cause, whether your wishes or Gods will importeth more loue; the one, the adornement of her exile, the other, her returne into a most blessed countrey. And sith it pleased God in this loue to be your

your riuall, let your diſcretion decide the doubt, whom in due ſhould carry the ſuit, the prerogatiue being but a right to the one: for nature and grace being the motiues of both your loues, ſhe had the beſt title in them, that was author of them: and ſhe, if worthy to be beloued of either, as ſhe was of both, could *not* but preferre him to the deareſt portion of her deepeſt affection: let him with good leaue gather the grape of his owne vine, and plucke the fruit of his owne planting, and thinke ſo curious workes euer ſafeſt in the Artificers hand, who is likelieſt to loue them, and beſt able to preſerue them. She did therefore her duty in dying willingly: and if you will doe yours, you muſt be willing with her death, ſith to repine at her liking, is diſcourteſie; at Gods, an impiety; both vnfitting for your approued vertue; ſhe being in place,

where

where no griefe can annoy her, ſhe hath little need, or leſſe ioy of your ſorrow; neither can ſhe allow in her friends, that ſhe would loath in her ſelfe, loue neuer affecting likeneſſe: if ſhe had beene euill, ſhe had not deſerued our teares: being good, ſhe cannot deſire them, nothing being leſſe to the likeneſſe of goodneſſe, than to ſee it ſelfe any cauſe of vniuſt diſquiet or trouble to the innocent. Would *Saul* haue thought it friendſhip, to haue wept for his fortune, in
1 Sam. 17. hauing found a kingdome, by ſeeking of cattell? or *Dauid* account it a courteſie, to haue ſorrowed at his ſucceſſe, that from following ſheepe, came to foyle a giant, and to receiue in fine, a royall crowne for his victory? why then ſhould her lot be lamented, whom higher fauour
Pſal. 112. hath raiſed from the duſt to ſit with Princes of Gods people, if ſecurity had beene giuen, that

a longer life ſhould ſtill haue beene guided by vertue, and followed with good fortune, you might pretend ſome cauſe to complaine of her deceaſe. But if different effects ſhould haue croſſed your hopes, (proceſſe of time being the parent of ſtrange alterations) then had death beene friendlier than your ſelfe: and *ſith* it hung in ſuſpence, which of the two would haue happened, let vs allow God ſo much diſcretion, as to thinke him the fitteſt arbitrator in deciſion of the doubt: her foundations of happineſſe were in the holy hils, and God ſaw it fitteſt for her building to be but low in the vale of teares: & better it was it ſhould be ſoone taken downe, than by riſing too high, to haue oppreſſed her ſoule with the ruines. Thinke it no iniurie that ſhe is now taken from you, but a fauour that ſhe was lent you ſo long, and ſhew no vnwillingneſſe Pſal. 87.

neſſe to reſtore God his owne, ſith hitherto you haue payed no vſurie for it. Conſider not how much longer you might haue enioyed her, but how much ſooner you might haue loſt her: and ſith ſhe was held vpon courteſie, not by any couenant, take our ſoueraigne right for a ſufficient reaſon of her death; our life is but lent; a good, tomake thereof during the lone, our beſt commodity. It is due debt to a more certaine owner than our ſelues, and therefore ſo long as we haue it, we receiue a benefit; when we are depriued of it, we haue no wrong: we are tenants at will of this clayie farme, not for terme of yeares; when we are warned out, we muſt be ready to remoue, hauing no other title but the owners pleaſure: it is but an Inne, not an home: we came but to bait, not to dwell, and the condition of our entrance was in fine to de-

part.

part. If this departure be grieuous, it is alſo common, this to day to me, to morrow to thee; and the caſe equally afflicting all, leaues none any cauſe to complaine of iniurious vſage.

Natures debt is ſooner exacted of ſome than of other, yet is there no fault in the creditor that tracteth but his owne, but in the greedineſſe of our eager hopes, either repining that their wiſhes faile, or willingly forgetting their mortalitie, whom they are vnwilling by experience to ſee mortall: yet the generall tide wafteth all paſſengers to the ſame ſhore, ſome ſooner, ſome later, but all at the laſt: and we muſt ſettle our mindes, to take our courſe as it commeth, neuer fearing a thing ſo neceſſary, yet euer expecting a thing ſo vncertaine. It ſeemeth that God purpoſely concealed the time of our death, leauing vnreſolued betweene feare and

hope

hope of longer continuance. Cut off vnripe cares, leſt with the notice and penſiueneſſe of our diuorce from the world, we ſhould loſe the comfort of needfull contentments, and before our dying day, languiſh away with expectation of death. Some are taken in their firſt ſteppe into this life, receiuing in one, their welcome and farewell, as though they had beene borne, onely to be buried, and to take their paſport in this hourely middle of their courſe; the good, to preuent change; the bad, to ſhorten their impietie. Some liue till they be weary of life, to giue proofe of their good hap, that had a kindlier paſſage, yet though the date be diuers, the debt is all one, equally to be anſwered of all as their time expireth: for who is the man ſhall liue and not ſee death? ſith we all dye, and like water ſlide vpon the earth. In Paradiſe we receiued

Pſal. 88.

ued the ſentence of Death, and here, as priſoners, we are kept in ward, tarying but our times till the Gaoler call vs to our execution. Whom hath any vertue eternized, or deſert commended to poſterity, that hath not mourned in life, and beene mourned after death, no aſſurance of ioy being ſealed without ſome teares? Euen the bleſſed virgin, the mother of God, was thrown downe as deepe in temporall miſeries, as ſhe was aduanced high in ſpirituall honours, none amongſt all mortall creatures finding in life more proofe than ſhe of her mortalitie. For, hauing the nobleſt ſonne that euer woman was mother of, not onely aboue the condition of men, but aboue the glorie of Angels, being her ſonne onely, without temporall Father, and thereby the loue of both parents doubled in her breſt, being her onely ſonne without other

Gen. 5.

issue, and so her loue of all children finished in him: yea, he being God, and she the neerest creature to Gods perfections, yet no prerogatiue either quitted her from mourning, or him from dying: and though they surmounted the highest Angels in all other preheminences, yet were they equall with the meanest men in the sentence of death. And howbeit the blessed Virgin, being the patterne of Christian mourners, so tempered her anguish, that there was neither any thing vndone that might be exacted of a mother, nor any thing done that might be misliked in so perfect a matron; yet by this we may ghesse with what courtesies death is likely to friend vs, that durst cause so bloudy funerals in so heauenly a stocke, not exempting him from the law of dying, that was the author of life, and soone after to honour his triumphs

umphs with ruines and ſpoile of death. Seeing therefore that Death ſpareth none, let vs ſpare our teares for better vſes, being but an Idoll-ſacrifice to this deafe and implacable executioner. And for this, not long to be continued, where they can neuer profit, Nature did promiſe vs a weeping life, exacting teares for cuſtome at our firſt entrance, and for ſuting our whole courſe in this dolefull beginning. Therefore they muſt be vſed with meaſure, that muſt be vſed ſo often: and ſo many cauſes of weeping lying yet in the debt, ſith we cannot end our teares, let vs at the leaſt reſerue them: if ſorrow cannot be ſhunned, let it be taken in time of need, ſith otherwiſe being both troubleſome and fruitleſſe, it is a double miſerie, or an open folly. We moiſten not the ground with precious waters, they were ſtilled to nobler ends,

either by their fruits to delight our ſenſes, or by their operation to preſerue our healths. Our teares are water of too high a price to be prodigally powred in the duſt of any graues. If they be teares of loue, they perfume our prayers, making them odour of ſweetneſſe, fit to be offered on the Altar before the throne of God: if teares of contrition, they are water of life to the dying and corrupting ſoules, they may purchaſe fauour, and repeale the ſentence till it be executed, as the example of *Ezechias* doth teſtifie, but when the puniſhment is paſt, and the verdict performed in effect, their pleading is in vaine, as *Dauid* taught vs when his child was dead, ſaying, that he was likelier to goe to it, than it, by his weeping, to returne to him. Learne therefore to giue ſorrow no long dominion ouer you. Wherfore the wiſe ſhould rather marke

Apoc. 8.

3 King. 20

2 King. 12

marke than expect an end. Meet it not when it commeth, doe not inuite it when it is absent: when you feele it, doe not force it, sith the bruit creatures (which Nature, seldome erring in her course, guideth in the meane) haue but a short, though vehement sense of their losses. You should bury the sharpnesse of your griefe with the course, and rest contented with a kinde, yet a milde compassion, neither lesse than decent for you, nor more than agreeable to your nature and iudgement. Your much heauinesse would renew a multitude of griefes, and your eyes would be springs to many streames, adding to the memory of the dead, a new occasion of plaint by your owne discomfort. The motion of your heart measureth the beating of many pulses, which in any distemper of your quiet with the like stroke will soone bewray themselues

ſicke of your diſeaſe: your fortune though hard, yet is it notorious, and though moued in miſhap, and ſet in an vnworthy lanterne, yet your owne light ſhineth farre, and maketh you markable: euery one will bend an attentiue eye vpon you, obſeruing how you ward this blow of temptation, and whether your patience be a ſhield of proofe, or eaſily entred with theſe violent ſtrokes. It is commonly expected, that ſo high thoughts which haue already climbed ouer the hardeſt dangers, ſhould not now ſtoope to any vulgar or female complaints. Great perſonages, whoſe eſtate draweth vpon them many eyes, as they cannot but be themſelues, ſo may not they vſe the liberty of meaner eſtates; the lawes of Nobility not allowing them to direct their deeds by their deſires, but to limit their deſires to that which

is

is decent.

Nobility is an ayme for lower degrees to leuell at markes of higher perfection, and like ſtately windowes in the Northeaſt roomes of politicke and ciuill buildings, to let in ſuch light, and lie open to ſuch proſpects, as may affoord their inferiours both to finde meanes and motions to Heroicall vertues. If you ſhould determine to dwell euer in ſorrow, it were a wrong to your wiſdome, and countermanded by your qualitie. If euer you minde to ſurceaſe it, no time fitter than the preſent, ſith the ſame reaſons that hereafter might moue you, are now as much in force. Yeeld to Wiſdome that which you muſt yeeld to Time: be beholding to your ſelfe, not to Time, for the victory; make it a voluntary worke of diſcretion, that will otherwiſe be a neceſſary worke of delay. We thinke it not e-

nough to haue our owne measure brim full with euill, vnleſſe we make it runne ouer with others miſeries, taking their misfortunes as our puniſhments, and executing forren penalties vpon our ſelues. Yea diſquiet mindes, being euer bellowes to their owne flames, miſtake oft times others good for ill, their follie making it a true ſcourge to them, howſoeuer it ſeemed twas to others a benefit. *Iacob* out of *Ioſephs* abſence ſucked ſuch ſurmiſes, as he made his heart a prey to his agonies, whereas that that buried him in his owne melancholies, raiſed *Ioſeph* to his higheſt happineſſe. If *Mary Magdalen* ſaid, & ſuppoſed ſhe could haue ſuncke no deeper in griefe, than ſhe had already plunged her ſelfe, and yet, that which ſhe imagined the vttermoſt of euils proued in concluſion, the very bliſſe of her wiſhes; the like

may

may be your errour, if you cumber your minde with thinking vpon her death, which could neuer be discharged from cares till death set his hand to her acquittance, nor receiue the charter of an eternall being, till her soule were presented at the sealing. I loath to rubbe the scarre of a deeper wound, for feare of renewing a dead discomfort; yet if you will fauour your owne remedies, the masterie ouer that griefe that springs from the root, may learne you to qualifie this that buddeth from the branch. Let not her losses moue you, that are acquainted with greater of your owne, and taught by experience, to know how vncertaine their change is for whō vnconstant fortune throweth the dice. If she want the wonted titles, her part is now ended, and they were due but vpon the stage: her losse therein is but a wracke of wounds, in

which ſhe is but euen with the height of Princes, ſurpaſſing both her ſelfe in them, and the new honours of heauenly ſtile. If ſhe haue left her children, it was her wiſh, they ſhould repay her abſence with vſury; yet had ſhe ſent her firſt fruits before her, as pledges of her owne comming. And now may we ſay that the Sparrow hath found an home, and the Turtle doue a neſt where ſhe may lay her younglings, enioying ſome, and expecting the reſt. If ſhe betaken from her friends, ſhe is alſo deliuered from her enemies, in hope hereafter to enioy the firſt, out of feare of euer being troubled with the latter. If ſhe be cut off in her youth, no age is vnripe for a good death; and hauing ended her taske, though neuer ſo ſhort, yet ſhe hath liued out her full time. Old age is venerable, not long; to be meaſured by increaſe of vertues, not by

number of yeares: for grauity cõsisteth in wisdome, & an vnspotted life is the ripenesse of the perfectest age. If she were in possibility of preferment, she could hardly haue mounted higher, than from whence she was throwne: hauing beene bruised with the first, she had little will to climbe for a second fall. We might hitherto truly haue said, this is that *Naomi*, she being to her end enriched with many outward and more inward graces. But, whether hereafter shee would haue bid vs not to call her *Naomi*, that is, faire, but *Mara*, that signifieth bitter, it is vncertaine, sith she might haue fallen into the widdowes felicitie, that so changed her name to the likenesse of her lot. Insomuch that she is freed from more miseries than she suffered losses, and more fortunate by not desiring, than she would be by enioying fortunes fauour; which if it be not

Sap. 4.

Ruth. 1.

not counted a follie to loue, yet it is a true happineſſe, not to need: we may rather thinke that Death was prouided againſt her imminent harmes, than enuious of any future proſperities: the times being great with ſo many broyles, that when they once fal in labour, we ſhall thinke their condition ſecureſt whom abſence hath exempted, both from feeling the bitter throwes, and beholding the monſtrous iſſue that they are likely to bring forth. The more you tender her, the more temperate ſhould be your griefe, ſith ſeeing you vpon going, ſhe did but ſtep before you into the next world, to which ſhe thought you to belong more than to this, which hath already giuen you the moſt vngratefull congee. They that are vpon remouing, ſend their furniture before them; and you ſtill ſtanding vpon your departure, what ornament could you

rather

rather wish in your future abode, than this that did euer please you? God thither sendeth your Adamants, whither he would draw your heart, and casteth your anchors where your thoughts should lie at roade, that seeing your loue taken out of the world, and your hopes disanchored from the stormie shore, you might settle your desires where God seemeth to require them. If you would haue wished her life for an example to your house, assure your selfe she hath left her friends so inherited with her vertues, and so perfect patternes of her best part, that who knoweth the suruiuours, may see the deceased, and shall finde little difference but in the number, which before was greater but not better, vnlesse it were in one repetition of the same goodnesse: wherefore set your selfe at rest in the ordinance of God, whose works are perfect,

perfect, and whose wisdome is infinite. The termes of our life are like the seasons of the yeare, some for sowing, some for growing, and some for reaping; in this onely different, that as the heauens keepe their prescribed periods, so the succession of times haue their appointed changes. But in the seasons of our life, which are not the law of necessarie causes, some are reaped in the seed, some in the blade, some in the vnripe eares, all in the end; this harueſt depending vpon the Reapers will. Death is too ordinary a thing to seeme any nouelty, being a familiar guest in euery house; and sith his comming is expected, and his errand vnknowne, neither his presence should be feared, nor his effects lamented. What wonder is it to see fuell burned, spice pouned, or snow melted? And as little feare it is to see those dead, that were borne vpon condition once

to

to dye. She was such a compound as was once to be resolued vnto her simples, which is now performed, her soule being giuen to God, and her body resorted into her first elements. It could not dislike you, to see your friend remoued out of a ruinous house, and the house it selfe destroyed and pulled downe, if you knew it were to build it in a statelier forme, and to turne the inhabitant with more ioy into a fairer lodging. Let then your sisters soule depart without griefe, let her body also be altered into dust: with-draw your eyes from the ruine of this cottage, and cast them vpon the maiesty of the second building, which Saint *Paul* saith, shall be incorruptible, glorious, strange, spirituall and immortall. Night and sleepe are perpetuall mirrours, figuring in their darknesse, silence, shutting vp of senses, the finall end of our mortall bodies: and for this

some

ſome haue intituled ſleepe the eldeſt brother of Death: but with no leſſe conuenience it might be called one of Deaths tenants, neere vnto him in affinity of condition, yet farre inferiour in right, being but tenant for a time, of that Death is the inheritance: for, by vertue of the conueyance made vnto him in Paradiſe, that duſt we were, and to duſt we muſt returne; he hath hitherto ſhewed his ſeigniory ouer all, exacting of vs not onely the yearely, but hourely reuerence of time, which euer by minutes we defray vnto him: ſo that our very life is not onely a memory, but a part of our death, ſith the longer we haue liued, the leſſe we haue to liue. What is the daily leſſening of our life, but a continuall dying? and therefore none is more grieued with the running out of the laſt ſand in an houre glaſſe, than with all the reſt: ſo ſhould not the end of the

the laſt houre trouble vs any more, than of ſo many that went before, ſich that did but finiſh the courſe, that all the reſt were ſtill ending: not the quantity but the quality commendeth our life; the ordinary gaine of long liuers, being onely a great burthen of ſinne. For as in teares, ſo in life, the value is not eſteemed by the length but by the fruit & goodneſſe, which often is more in the leaſt than in the longeſt. What your ſiſter wanted in continuance, ſhe ſupplyed in ſpeed; and as with her needle ſhe wrought more in a day than many Ladies in a yeare, hauing both excellent skill, and no leſſe delight in working: ſo with her diligence doubling her endeuours, ſhe wonne more vertue in halfe than others in a whole life. Her death to time was her birth to eternitie, the loſſe of this world an exchange of a better, one endowment that ſhe had

had being impaired, but many farre greater added to the ſtore. *Mardocheus* houſe was too obſcure a dwelling for ſo gracious an *Heſter*, ſhrowding royall parts in the mantle of a meane eſtate, and ſhadowing immortall benefits vnder earthly veiles. It was fitter, that ſhe being a ſumme of ſo rare perfections, & ſo well worthy a ſpouſe of our heauenly *Ahaſhuerus*, ſhould be carried to his court from her former abode, there to be inueſted in glorie, and to enioy both place and preheminence anſwerable to her worthineſſe: her loue would haue beene leſſe able to haue borne your death, than your conſtancy to brooke hers, and therfore God mercifully cloſed her eyes before they were puniſhed with ſo grieuous a ſight, taking out to you but a new leſſon of patience out of your old booke, in which, long ſtudy hath made you perfect.

Though

Though your hearts were equally ballanced with a mutuall and most entire affection, and the doubt insoluble, which of you loued most; yet Death finding her weaker, though not the weaker vessell, layd his weight in her ballance, to bring her sooneſt to her rest. Let your minde therefore consent to that which your tongue daily craueth, that Gods will may be done, as well here in earth of her mortall body, as in that little heauen of her pureſt soule, sith his will is the beſt measure of all euents. There is in this world continuall enterchange of pleasing and greeting accidents, still keeping their succession of times, and ouertaking each other in their seuerall courses. No picture can be all drawne of the brighteſt colours, nor an harmonie consorted onely of trebbles: shadowes are needfull in expressing of proportions, and the base is a principall part

in

in perfect muſicke: the condition of our exile here alloweth no vnmingled ioy, our whole life is temperate betweene ſweet and ſowre, and we muſt all looke for a mixture of both. The wiſe ſo wiſh: better that they ſtill thinke of worſe, accepting the one, if it come with liking, and bearing the other without impatience, being ſo much maſters of each others fortunes, that neither ſhall worke them to exceſſe. The dwarfe groweth not on the higheſt hill, nor the tall man loſeth not his height in the loweſt valley. And as a baſe minde, though moſt at eaſe, will be deiected, ſo a reſolute vertue in the deepeſt diſtreſſe is moſt impregnable. They euermore moſt perfectly enioy their comforts, that leaſt feare their contraries, for a deſire to enioy carrieth with it a feare to loſe: and both deſire and feare are enemies to quiet poſſeſſion, making men rather owners

owners of Gods benefits, than tenants at his will. The cause of our troubles are, that our misfortunes hap, either to vnwitting or vnwilling minds. Foresight preuenteth the one, necessity the other: for he taketh away the smart of present euils that attendeth their comming, and is not amated with any crosse, that is armed against all. Where necessity worketh without our consent, the effect should neuer greatly afflict vs, griefe being bootlesse, where it cannot helpe, needlesse where there was no fault. God casteth the dice, and giueth vs our chance; the most we can doe, is to take the poynt that the cast will affoord vs, not grudging so much that it is no better, as comforting our selues it is no worse. If men should lay all their euils together, to be afterwards by equall portions diuided among them, most men would rather take that they brought,

brought, than ſtand to the diui-
ſion; yet ſuch is the partial iudge-
ment of ſelfe-loue, that euery
man iudgeth his ſelfe-miſery too
great, fearing if he can find ſome
circumſtance to increaſe it, and
making it intolerable, by
thought to induce it. When *Mo-
ſes* threw his rod from him, it
became a ſerpent, ready to ſting,
and affrighted him, inſomuch as
it made him to flie; but being
quietly taken vp, it was a rod a-
gaine, ſeruiceable for his vſe,
no way hurtfull. The croſſe of
Chriſt and rod of euery tribula-
tion, ſeeming to threaten ſtin-
ging and terror to thoſe that
ſhunne and eſchue it, but they
that mildly take it vp and em-
brace it with patience, may ſay
with *Dauid*, thy rod and thy
ſtaffe haue beene my comfort. In
this affliction reſembleth the
Crocodile; flie, it purſueth and
frighteth; followed, it flieth and
feareth; a ſhame to the conſtant,

Pſal. 23.

a

a tyrant to the timorous. Soft mindes that thinke onely vpon delights, admit no other consideration: but in soothing things become so effeminate, as that they are apt to bleed with euery sharpe impression. But he that vseth his thoughts with expectation of troubles, making their trauell through all hazards, and opposing his resolution against the sharpest encounters, findeth in the proofe facilitie of patience, and easeth the load of most heauy combers. We must haue temporall things in vse, but eternall in wish, that in the one neither delight exceed (in that we haue no desire in that we want:) and in the other our most delight is here in desire, and our whole desire is hereafter to enioy. They straighten too much their ioyes, that draw them into the reach and compasse of their senses, as if it were no facilitie where no sense is witnesse, whereas

whereas if we exclude our paſſed and future contentments, pleaſant pleaſures haue ſo fickle aſſurance, that either as foreſtalled before their arriuall, or interrupted before their end, or ended before they are well begun, the repetition of former comforts, and the expectation of after hopes, is euer a releefe vnto a vertuous minde, whereas others, not ſuffering their life to continue in the conueniences of that which was and ſhall be diuided, this day from yeſterday and to morrow, and by forgetting all, and forecaſting nothing, abridge their whole life into the moment of preſent time. Enioy your ſiſter in her former vertues, enioy her alſo in her future meeting, being both titles of more certaine delights, than her caſuall life could euer haue warranted. If we will thinke of her death, let it be as a warning to prouide vs, ſith that what happeneth

neth to one, may happen to another: yea, none can escape, that is common to all. It may be, that blow that hit her, was meant to some of vs; and this missing was but a proofe, to take better aime in the next stroke. If we were diligent in thinking of our owne, we should haue little leasure to bewaile others death. When the souldier in skirmish seeth his next fellow slaine, he thinketh more time to looke to himselfe, then to stand mourning an happlesse mischance, knowing the hand which sped so neere a neighbour, cannot be farre from his owne head. But we in this behalfe are much like the silly birds, that seeing one sticke in the lime-bush, striuing to get away, with a kinde of natiue pitty are drawen to goe to it, and to rush themselues into the same misfortune; euen so many for their friends decease by musing on their lot, wittingly surfet of

too much ſorrow, that ſometimes they make mourning their laſt deceaſe. But ſlippe not you into this toyle, that hath taken none but weake affections; hold not your eyes alwayes vpon your hardeſt happes, neither be you ſtill occupied in counting your loſſes. There are fairer parts in your body than ſcarres, better eye-markes in your fortune than a liſters loſſe. You might haply find more comfort left, than you would willingly loſe; but that you haue already reſigned the ſolaces of life, and ſhunned all comforts into the hopes of heauen; yet ſith there is ſome difference betweene a purpoſe and proofe, intending and performing, a ſubdued enemy being euer ready to rebell, when he findeth mighty helpes to make a party, it is good to ſtrengthen reaſon againſt the violence of Nature, that in this and like caſes will renew her aſſaults. It was

a forcible remedie that he vſed to withſtand the conceit of a moſt lamentable occurrent, who hauing in one ſhip loſt his children and ſubſtance, and hardly eſcaped himſelfe from drowning, went preſently into an hoſpitall of lazars, where finding in a little roome many examples of great miſeries, he made the ſmart of others ſores a lenitiue to his owne wound. For beſides that, as lowneſſe and pouerty was common to them, they had alſo many combers priuate to themſelues, ſome wanting their ſenſes, ſome their wits, other their limbes, but all their health, in which conſideration he eaſed his minde, that Fortune had not giuen him the greateſt fall. If God had put you to *Abrahams* triall, commanding you to ſacrifice the hope of your poſteritie, and to be to your onely ſonne an author of death, as you were to him of life: If you

had beene tied in the ſtraights of *Iepthe's* bitter deuotions, embruing his ſword in his owne daughters bloud, and ending the triumphs ouer his enemies, with the voluntary funerals of his only offspring: yet, ſith both their liues & their labours had beene Gods vndeniable debt, your vertues ought to haue obeyed, maugre all encounters of carnall affection. And how much more in this caſe ſhould you incline your loue to Gods liking, in which he hath receiued a leſſe part of his owne, and that by the vnkill eaſieſt courſe of Natures lawes? Let God ſtrippe you to the skinne, yea to the ſoule, ſo he may with you himſelfe: let his reproach be your honour, his pouerty your riches, and he, in lieu of all other friends. Thinke him enough for this world, that muſt be all your poſſeſſion for a whole eternitie. Let others caſe their carefulneſſe with borrowed

pleaſures,

pleasures, not bred out of the true root, but begged of exterall helpes. They shall still carry vnquiet minds, easily altered with euery accident, sith they labour not for any change in their inward distempers, but by forgetting them for a time by outward pastimes. Innocency is the onely mother of true mirth, and a soule that is owner of God, will quietly beare with all other wants, nothing being able to impouerish it, but voluntary losses. Beare not therefore with her losses, for she is won for euer, but with the momentary absence of your most happy sister; yea, it cannot iustly be called an absence, many thoughts being daily in parley with her, onely mens eyes and eares vnworthy to enioy so sweet an obiect, haue resigned their interest, and interested this treasure in their hearts, being the fittest shrines for so pure a Saint, whom, as none did

know but did loue, ſo none can now remember but with deuotion. Men may behold her with ſhame of their former life, ſeeing one of the weaker ſex honour her weakneſſe with ſuch a traine of perfections. Ladies may admire her, as a glory to their degree, in whom honour was pourtraied in her full likeneſſe, grace hauing perfected Natures firſt draught with all the due colours of an abſolute vertue. All women accept her as a patterne to imitate, her gifts and her good parts hauing beene ſo manifeſted, that euen they that can teach the fineſt ſtitches, may themſelues take new workes out of this Sampler. Who then could drinke any ſorrow out of ſo cleare a Fountaine, or bewaile the eſtate of ſo happy a creature, to whom, as to be her ſelfe, was her praiſe; ſo, to be as ſhe is, was her higheſt bliſſe? You ſtill float in a troubleſome ſea, and you find it by

expe-

experience a sea of dangers: how then can it pitty you to see your sister on shore, and so safely landed in so blisfull an harbour? Sith your *Iudith* hath wrought the glorious exploit against her ghostly enemies, for the accomplishing whereof she came into the dangerous campe & warfare of this life; you may well giue her leaue to looke home to her *Bethulia*, to solemnize her triumph with the spoiles of her victorie. Yea, you should rather haue wished to haue beene Porter to let her in, than mourne to see her safe returned. For so apparent hazards, she carried an heauenly treasure in an earthly vessell, which was too weake a treasurie for so high riches: sinne creeping in at the window of our senses, and often picking the locks of the strongest hearts. And for this it was layd vp in a surer, to the which the heauens are walles, and the Angels kee-

Iud. 15.

2 Cor. 4.

pers. She was a pure fish, but yet swimming in muddy streames: it was now time to draw her to shore, and to imploy the inwards of her vertues to medicinable vses, that layd on the coles of due consideration, they may draw from our thoughts the Tob.6. Deuils suggestions; and applied to their eyes, which are blinded with the dung of flying vanities, the slime of their former vanities may fall off, and leaue them able to behold the cleare light. The base shell of a mortall body was vnfit for so precious a Mat.13. Margarite, and the Iewellerthat came into this world to seeke good pearles, and gaue, not only all he had, but himselfe also, to buy them, thought now high time to bring her vnto his bargaine, finding her growne to a Margarites full perfection. She stood vpon too low a ground to take view of her Sauiours most desired countenance, and forsaking

king the earth with *Zacheus*, she climbed vp into the tree of life, there to giue her soule a full repast of her beauties. She departed with *Ieptha's* daughter from her fathers house, but to passe some moneths in wandring about the mountaines of this troublesome world, which being now expired, she was after her pilgrimage, by couenant to returne to be offered vnto God in a gratefull sacrifice, and to ascend out of this desart, like a stemme of perfume out of burned spi[illegible]. Let not therefore the crowne of her vertue be the foile of her constancie, nor the end of her combers a renewing of yours. But sith God was well pleased to call her, she not displeased to goe, tuid you the third twist to make a triple cord, saying, Our Lord gaue, and our Lord tooke away, as it hath pleased our Lord, so hath it fallen out: the name of our Lord be blessed. Lu 9.

*Clara ducum ſoboles, ſuperis noua ſedibus hoſpes,*
*Clauſit inoffenſo tramite pura diem:*
*Dotibus ornauit, ſuperauit moribus ortum,*
*Omnibus vna prior, par fuit vna ſibi:*
*Lux genus ingenio, generi lux inclita virtus,*
*Virtutiſque fuit mens generoſa decus.*
*Mors muta at properata dies orbem que relinquit,*
*Prolem matre verum coniuge flore genus,*
*Occidit à ſe alium tulit hic occaſus in ortum,*
*Viuat, ad occiduas non reditura vices.*

OF *Howards* ſtemme
a glorious branch is dead,
Sweet lights eclipſed
were at her deceaſe:
In *Buckhurſt* line
ſhe gracious iſſue ſpread,
She heau'n with two,
with foure did earth increaſe:
Fame, honour, grace,
gaue aire vnto her breath,
Reſt, glory, ioyes,
were ſequels of her death.

Death aymde too high,

he

he hit too choice a wight,
Renown'd for birth,
for life, for liuely parts:
He kild her cares,
he brought her worths to light,
He robd our eyes,
but hath enricht our hearts:
*Lot* let out of her Arke
a *Noahs* Doue,
But many hearts
were Arkes vnto her loue.

Grace, Nature, Fortune,
did in her conſpire,
To ſhew a proofe
of their vnited skill:
Sly Fortune euer falſe
did ſoone retire,
But double Grace
ſuppli'd falſe Fortunes ill.
And though ſhe raught
not vnto Fortunes pitch,
In Grace and Vertue
few were found ſo rich.

Heauen of this heauenly Pearle
is now poſſeſt,

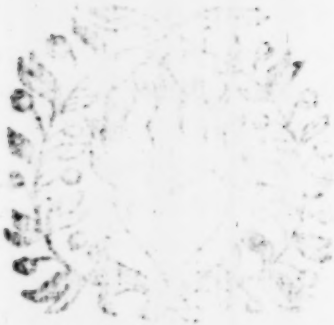
In whoſe luſtre was
the blaze of honours light;
Whoſe ſubſtance pure,
of euery good the beſt;
Whoſe price the crowne
of higheſt right;
Whoſe praiſe, to be herſelfe;
whoſe greateſt bliſſe,
To liue, to loue,
to be where now ſhe is.

FINIS.

# SHORT
# RVLES
# OF
# Good life.

By. *R.S.*

LONDON,
Printed by *I. Haviland.*
1630.



# TO MY DEARE AFFECTED FRIEND M.D.S. Gentleman.

AS there is a method and order to be obserued in all Arts, for the practitioners more facile attayning the effects of his endeuours: so is there no lesse vniformitie to be propounded in ayming at the true course of vertue: the rules whereof, albeit they are directory to the sum of all happinesse, yet doe worldly courser studies entertaine farre more followers, whose erring iudgements (entangled with dull ignorance) cannot rightly preferre vertue, nor effectually censure vice. For what cleare-

sighted

*ſighted iudgement will rely eternall affaires vpon the gliding ſlipperneſſe and running ſtreame of this vncertaine life? or who (but one of diſtempered wits) would offer to diſſemble with the Almightie decypherer of all thoughts, in pretending vertue, and purſuing vice? It is a moſt ſeruile diſpoſition that will yeeld the prerogatiue of the ſoule vnto the body, and giue fleſh and blood libertie to determine the courſe of this life, which are in manner but the barke and rinde of a man, being that the ſoule is the ſouereigne part, ordained to an high end of ſo peereleſſe dignitie, and ſuch eſtimate, that not all the gold and treaſure of the world, nor any thing in heauen of leſſe worth than the blood and life of Almightie God, was*

able

able to buy it.

*Let vs not then iniuriously deprive our soules of the due interest of grace and vertue, but account this vaine world with the wares thereof, sutable to the shop of idle Merchandise, vnto which we haue already beene too long customers, the trafficke being toile, the wealth trash, the gaine miserie, and the whole contents thereof detriments in grace, pietie, and vertue.*

Yours in firme affection,

R. S.

## *To the Christian Reader.*

IF vertue be thy guide,
True comfort is thy path,
And thou secure from erring steps,
That leade to vengeance wrath.

Not wideſt open doore,
Nor ſpacious wayes ſhe goes,
To ſtraight and narrow gate and way,
She cals, ſhe leads, ſhe ſhewes.

She cals, the feweſt come,
She leades the humble ſprited,
She ſhewes them reſt at races end,
Soules reſt to heauen inuited.

Tis ſhe that offers moſt,
Tis ſhe that moſt refuſe,
Tis ſhe preuẽts the broad way plagues,
Which moſt dog wilfull chuſe.

Doe

Doe chuſe the wide, the broad,
The left hand way and gate:
Theſe vice applauds, theſe vertue loaths
And teacheth hers to hate.

Her waies are pleaſant waies,
Vpon the right hand ſide,
And heauenly happy is that ſoule,
Takes vertue for her guide.

R. S.

## A Preparatiue to Prayer.

*WHen thou doeſt talke with God,*
*by prayer I meane,*
*Lift vp pure hands,*
*lay downe all luſts deſires:*
*Fix thoughts on heauen,*
*preſent a conſcience cleane:*
*Such holy blame*
*to mercies throne aſpires.*
*Confeſſe faults guilt,*
*craue pardon for thy ſinne:*
*Tread holy paths,*
*call grace to guide therein.*

*It is the ſpirit*
*with reuerence muſt obey,*
*Our Makers will*
*to practiſe what he taught,*
*Make not the fleſh*
*thy counſell when thou pray:*
*Tis enemie*
*to euery vertuous thought:*

*It*

It is the foe
we daily feed and cloath:
It is the prison
that the soule doth loath.

Euen as Elias
mounting to the skie,
Did cast his mantle
to the earth behind:
So when the heart
presents the prayer on high,
Exclude the world
from traffike with the mind,
Lips neere to God,
and ranging heart within,
Is but vaine babbling
and conuerts to sinne.

Like Abraham
ascending vp the hill
To sacrifice,
his seruants left below,
That he might act
the great commanders will;
Without impeach
to his obedient blow:
Euen so the soule

remote

*remote from earthly things,*
*Should mount ſaluations ſhelter,*
*mercies wings.*

## The effects of prayer.

*THe Sunne by prayer*
*did ceaſe his courſe and ſtaid:*
*The hungrie Lions*
*fawnd vpon their prey:*
*A walled paſſage*
*through the ſeait made:*
*From furious fire*
*it baniſht heat away:*
*It ſhut the heauens*
*three yeares from giuing raine,*
*It opened heauens,*
*and clouds powrd downe againe.*

## Enſamples of our Sauiour.

*OVr Sauiour*
*(patterne of true holineſſe)*
*Continuall praid,*
*vs by enſample teaching,*

When

*When he was baptized*
*in the wilderneſſe,*
*In working miracles*
*and in his preaching,*
*Vpon the mount,*
*in garden grones of death,*
*At his laſt Supper*
*at his parting breath.*

*O fortreſſe of the faithfull,*
*ſure defence,*
*In which doth Chriſtians*
*cognizance conſiſt:*
*Their victorie, their triumph*
*comes from thence,*
*So forcible, hell gates*
*cannot reſiſt:*
*A thing whereby*
*both Angels, clouds, and ſtarres,*
*At mans requeſt*
*fight Gods reuengefull warres.*

*Nothing more gratefull*
*in the Higheſt eyes,*
*Nothing more firme*
*in danger to protect vs,*
*Nothing more forcible*

*to pierce the skies;*
*And not depart*
*till mercy doe respect us:*
*And as the soule*
*life to the body gives,*
*So prayer revives*
*the soule, by prayer it lives.*

R. S.

# Of the Foundations of vertuous and godly *life.*

## *The first Foundation.*

THe first Foundation of a vertuous life is often and seriously to consider for what end and purpose I was created, and what Gods designement was, when he made me of nothing, and that not to haue a being onely, as a stone, nor with a bare kind of life or growing, as a plant or tree, nor a power of sense or feeling onely as a bruit beast, but a creature to his owne likenesse, endued with reason and vnderstanding: also why he now preserueth me in this health, state

and calling. Finally, why he redeemed me with his owne blood, bestowed so infinite benefits vpon me, and still continueth his mercy towards me.

*The end of mans creation.*

THe end of my being thus made, redeemed, preserued, and so much benefitted by God, is this and no other, that I should in this life serue him with my whole body, soule, and substance, and with what else soeuer is mine, and in the next life enioy him for euer in heauen.

*Rules that follow of this Foundation.*

I Was made of nothing by God, and receiued body and soule from him, and therefore am

lonely his, not mine owne: neither can I so binde or giue my selfe to any creature, but that I ought more to serue, loue and obey God than any creature in this world.

Secondly, I commit a kind of theft, and do God great wrong, so often as I imploy any part of my body or soule to any other end than to his seruice, for which onely I was created.

Thirdly, for this I do liue, and for no other end but for this doe all creatures serue me: and when I turne the least thing, whereof God hath giuen me the vse or possessing, to any other end than the seruice of God, I doe God wrong and abuse his creatures.

*The second Foundation.*

Seeing I was made to serue God in this life, and to enioy him in the next, the seruice of

God & the ſaluation of mine own ſoule, is the moſt weightie and important buſineſſe, and the moſt neceſſarie matter wherein I muſt imploy my body, mind, time and labour: and all other affaires are ſo farre forth to be eſteemed of me weightie or light, as they more or leſſe tend to the furtherance of this principall and moſt earneſt buſineſſe: for what auaileth it a man to gaine the whole world, and loſe his owne ſoule?

*Rules that follow of this Foundation.*

FIrſt what diligence, labour or coſt, I would imploy in any other temporall matter of credit, liuing or life, all that I am bound to imploy in the ſeruice of God, and the ſaluation of my ſoule, and ſo much more as the weight of my ſoule paſſeth allo-

ther

ther things.

Secondly, I ought to thinke the seruice of God and saluation of my soule, my principall busi-nesse in this world, and to make it my ordinary study and chiefe occupation, and day and night to keepe my mind so fixed vpon it, that in euery action I still haue it before mine eyes, as the onely marke I shoot at.

## *The third Foundation.*

I Cannot serue God in this world, nor goe about to enioy him in the next, but that Gods enemies and mine owne will repine and seeke to hinder me, which enemies are three: the world, the flesh, and the Deuill. Wherefore I must resolue my selfe, and set it downe as a thing vndoubted, that my whole life must be as a continuall combat with these aduersaries, whom I

must assure my selfe to lie houerly in waite for me to seeke their aduantage, and that their malice is so vnplacable, and their hatred against me so rooted in them, that I must neuer looke to haue one houre secure from their assaults, but that they will from time to time, so long as there is breath in my body, still labour to make me forsake and offend God, allure me to their seruice, and draw me to my damnation.

*Rules following of this Foundation.*

I Must prepare my body and minde to all patience, and thinke it no newes to be tempted, but a point annexed necessarily to my profession, and therefore neuer must I be wearied with the countenance, nor dismaied with the difficulty, considering the malice and wickednesse of

mine aduerſaries, and my profeſſed enmity with them.

Secondly, I muſt alwaies ſtand vpon my guard, and be very watchfull in euery action, ſeeing that whatſoeuer I doe, they will ſeeke to peruert it, and make it offenſiue to God, euen my very beſt endeuours.

Thirdly, I muſt neuer looke to be free from ſome trouble or other, but knowing my ſelfe to be a perpetuall warfare, I muſt rather comfort my ſelfe with hope of a glorious crowne for my victories, than of any long or aſſured peace with my enemies.

*The fourth Foundation.*

THe thing which theſe enemies endeuour to draw me to, is ſinne and offence to God, which is ſo odious, hatefull, and abominable, that God doth more deteſt and diſlike it, than he did

the cruell vſage, the wounds, the torments, and the death it ſelfe, that for vs he ſuffered of the Iewes, and it maketh our ſoules more vglie than the plague, leproſi, or any other filthie diſeaſe doth the body.

*Rules following this Foundation.*

SO carefull as I would be not to wound, torment, or murther Chriſt, ſo carefull muſt I bee not to commit any mortall ſinne againſt him, yea and ſo much more ſeeing that he hateth ſinne more than death, hauing voluntarily ſuffered the one, and yet neuer committed the other.

Secondly, when I am tempted with any ſinne, let me examine my ſelfe whether I would buy the fulfilling of mine owne appetite with being a Leper, or full of the plagne, or with death preſently

presently to ensue after it. If not, then much lesse ought I to buy it with the leprosie, losse, and death of my soule, which is of far more worth than my body.

*The fift Foundation.*

BEing Gods creature made to serue him in this life, my body, soule, and goods, and all things any way pertaining vnto me, are but lent, or onely let me for this end; and I am onely a Bailife, Tenant, or officer, to demand or gouerne these things to his best seruice, and therefore when the time of my stewardship is expired, I shall be summoned by death to appeare before my Land-lord, who with most rigorous iustice will demand account of euery thing and creature of his that hath beene to my vse, yea of all that I haue receiued, promised, omitted, commit-

ted, loſt, and robbed, and as I can then diſcharge this account, ſo ſhall I be either crowned in eternall ioy, or condemned to perpetuall damnation.

*Rules following of this Foundation.*

FIrſt I muſt vſe all things in this life as another bodies goods, for which I muſt be accountable to the vttermoſt farthing.

Secondly, the more I haue, the greater and harder wil be mine account of the good vſe thereof, and therefore the more ware ought I to be in diſpoſing of it.

Thirdly, let me often conſider what bodily, ghoſtly, and externall gifts of God I haue receiued, what in baptiſme and at other times I haue promiſed, how profitable and neceſſary good works I haue omitted, how many

ny grieuous and hainous sinnes. I haue committed, how often I haue lost the grace of God, and my right to heauen. Finally, how much honour, and how many soules I haue robbed from God. And these things being well perused, let me seeke to make that recompence & satisfaction for them, which I would wish to haue made when death shall summon me before my heauenly Iudge, to giue a most strict account of them.

The fruit of these Foundations consisteth in the often considering of them, as most necessarie points, and as it were, the very first principles of good life, vpon the vnderstanding and practising whereof dependeth my progresse in vertue: and therefore I must very often read them, and examine my selfe whether my mind and actions be answerable vnto them.

How

# How we ought to be affected towards *God.*

## *First of the consideration of Gods presence.*

THese foundations being laid, it behoueth me further to descend to the notice of my duty to God, my neighbour, and my selfe. And first concerning my duty vnto God, a very fit meane I can vse to please him is to beare alway in minde his presence: for sure it is that as God, he is euery where in substance, power, and presence: as in him I liue, moue and am, as the Scripture saith, because he worketh with me in all my deeds, thoughts and words, insomuch that as the beame of the Sunne, the heat of the fire

or

or the wetneſſe of the water, ſo depend I of God; and ſhould he but withdraw himſelfe from me one moment, I ſhould forthwith turne into nothing, and therefore it is a very forcible meanes for my good, to do all things as if I did ſee God viſibly working with me in euery action, as in truth he doth, and knowing that what words, thoughts, or deeds ſoeuer paſſe me, and what part of my body or minde ſoeuer I vſe, Gods concourſe and helpe therunto is more than mine owne, I muſt be afraid to vſe them in any ſuch thing, wherein I might offend him, but rather ſeeke to doe all things, ſo that they be worthy of his preſence, helpe, and aſſiſtance in them: and if I can get a cuſtome or habite to remember ſtill the preſence and aſſiſtance of God, (as by vſe eaſily I may) I ſhall with due regard, reuerence, & conſideration, abſtaine from ſuch behauiour as I thinke

thinke may be any way offensiue vnto him: I shall also get a great facility in turning my mind and heart to him, and in talking often with him by prayers which are the fuell of deuotion.

*Other Affections that we ought to haue vnto God.*

SEcondly, I must endeuour to kindle in my selfe these affections towards God.

*The first Affection.*

FIrst of a sincere and tender loue of him, as the fountaine of all beauty and felicity: of which loue I may gheſſe by theſe signes: By often thinking and an earneſt deſire of God: by ſorrow of his abſence, and contentment in conſideration of his preſence: By my diligence in performing

forming without delay or tediouſneſſe, that which pleaſeth beſt my Sauiour, and by finding ſuch comfort in doing it, that it grieueth me, when for things of leſſe value and goodneſſe, I am enforced to deferre it.

By withdrawing all diſordred loue from all creatures, and eſpecially my ſelfe, and by louing nothing but in God, and for God: By ſeeking to increaſe this loue by conſideration of Gods goodneſſe, and his daily benefit: By taking delight in Gods ſeruice, or things tending thereunto, not becauſe I finde contentment in it, but becauſe it is to Gods glory, to the which I would haue all things addreſſed.

By taking tribulations, or troubles of body or minde patiently, yea and with ioy, knowing that they come by Gods permiſſion, and thinking them as fauours, which he affoordeth to his deareſt friends.

*The second Affection.*

THe second affection, is a reuerent and dutifull feare of God, which I may gather by these signes: If when I remember the presence and maiestie of God, I frame both my body and minde to reuerence and honour him with all humility and decencie, fearing lest by any vnseemely and light behauiour I should seeme to be contemptuous and careless of my duty towards him. If I finde great feare to doe any thing that may displease God, not onely mortally, but euen venially, and be withall very watchfull to auoid the least offence, lest any frailty (which is great) should draw me to it, and so to farther inconuenience: If I feare to be banished from him, or forsaken for my sinnes, and endeuour what I may to preserue his loue and fauour towards me.

The

*The third Affection.*

THe third affection is zeale of Gods honour, and desire that he should be duely serued, and obeyed of all his creatures, of which I may iudge by these signes.

First, if I finde a griefe in my selfe and am heartily sorry when I see or heare of other folkes faults, or thinke on mine owne, considering how by them a base and wretched creature dishonoreth and displeaseth his Creator, in stead of him seruing his professed enemies, the flesh, the world and the deuill.

The second signe is an earnest desire to helpe my neighbour, or mine owne soule out of sinne by praying for this effect, and refusing no conuenient labour to accomplish the same, so that my Lord God be no more, or at least wise offended then before.

*The fourth Affection.*

THE fourth affection is to endeuour as neere as I can, to take occasion of euery thing that I heare, see, or thinke of, to praise God: as if the things were good, then to praise God that he gaue grace to doe them: and if the things were euill, to thanke God that either he preserued me or others from them, or at least hath not suffered me to continue still in them, or to be in his wrath condemned for them. Also I must consider, and with my inward eye see God in euery creature, how he worketh in all things to my benefit, and weigh how in all creatures both within and without me, he sheweth his presence by keeping them in their being, and course of nature, for without him they would presently turne to nothing; and I must assure my selfe, that in all this he hath as well regard to my

good

good as to others, and therefore all creatures must be (as it were) bookes to me, to reade therein the loue, prefence, prouidence, and fatherly care that God hath ouer me.

*The fift Affection.*

THe fift affection is, to conſider, that I being a Chriſtian, not onely my faith and all my actions proper thereunto, ought to be different from the erronious opinions, ſects and actions of infidels, but euen mine ordinary actions of eating, drinking, playing, working, and ſuch like, ought to haue a marke and badge of Chriſtianity; and ſome difference from the like things done by heathens: and this marke which maketh Chriſtian and good works, is a right and ſincere intention, which in euery principall action I ought to

to procure, ſo that it be done to the honour, glory, and ſeruice of God, and agreeable to the rule of Chriſtianity, with that meaſure, temperance, and circumſtance that faith requires, perſwading my ſelfe, that as well in theſe actions done in this ſort, as in others that carry more ſhew of piety, God may be ſerued and honoured, and therefore ſhould it be a great negligence and careleſneſſe in me for want of directing my intention (which by vſe is eaſily gotten) to loſe ſo many great vertues, as by theſe ordinary actions I might daily and hourely gaine.

*The ſixt Affection.*

THe ſixt affection is a perfect reſignation of my ſelfe into Gods hands, with a full deſire that he ſhould vſe me as were moſt to his glorie, whether it were

were to my temporall comfort or no, and to be as ready to ſerue him in miſerie, need, and affliction as in proſperitie and pleaſure, thinking it my chiefeſt delight, to be vſed as God will, and to haue his pleaſure and prouidence fully accompliſhed in me, which is the end for which I was created, and for which I doe liue. To attaine this reſignation, it is a very fit way to debate and diſcourſe with my ſelfe, what thing there is could happen vnto me, though neuer ſo much againſt my liking, which if it ſhould fall out would trouble me, or make me loſe that indifferencie which I ought to haue, in moſt willingly yeelding my ſelfe to whatſoeuer God ſhall lay vpon me: and if I find any thing which I thinke I ſhould not well digeſt, nor accept with due patience, let me endeuour to ouercome my ſelfe in it, and by prayer and meditation ſeeke to winne the difficulty there-

thereof, that there may be nothing which I could not willingly accept at Gods hands, how contrary ſoeuer it were to my inclination, to which theſe conſiderations may helpe me.

Firſt the end I ayme at, is Gods glory in this world, and his reward in the next: and therefore knowing that nothing but my voluntary ſinne can barre me from this end, what need I much care by what meanes God will haue me to attaine it? for the meanes can laſt but a little, and the end endureth for euer, and is ſo much the more comfortable, in that it hath beene atchieued with diſcomfortable toyles.

Secondly, God loueth me more than I loue my ſelfe, & is ſo wiſe that he ſeeth what is fitteſt for me, all preſent and future circumſtances conſidered: he is ſo mightie that what his wiſedome and loue ſhall conclude for my good, his power can put it in execution,

cution, and therfore let me yeeld my ſelfe rather to his prouidence than to mine owne deſires.

Thirdly, whatſoeuer moueth me to feare or diſlike any thing, which I could not frame my minde to beare( God ſeeth it far better than I, yea, and all other ſecret and vnknowne hazards annexed to that thing. If therefore he knowing all theſe things, will neuertheleſſe let it happen vnto me ; I muſt aſſure my ſelfe that it proceedeth from loue and is for my greater good, and that he hauing laid a heauy burthen vpon weake forces, will by his grace ſupply all my wants, feares and frailties.

*The ſeuenth Affection.*

THe ſeuenth affection is gratitude and thankfulneſſe, which I ought to finde in my ſelfe towards God, and the feeling

ling an earneſt deſire to do any thing that might counteruaile, or in part anſwer the exceſſiue loue that God hath, and doth hourely beſtow vpon me, and to let no little good that I receiue, though neuer ſo ordinary, paſſe without thankes to him, whoe-uen in the leaſt things is con-tent to ſerue me: and finally to make God my repoſe, and his re-membrance my comfort, and to loath all earthly things, as baſe and vnpleaſant in compariſon of him.

## *Of my duty towards my neighbour.*

AFter knowledge of my du-tie towards God, I muſt conſider my duty towards my neighbour, and the manner how to demeane and behaue my ſelfe in company and conuerſation. Firſt I muſt procure to remem-

ber,

ber, that my externall behauiour, my gate, my gesture, my countenance, and my outward actions, be done with grauitie, modestie, and all decencie, that I be not light, vaine, or too lauish in mirth, nor too austere, nor too much inclined to sadnesse, but with temperate modestie rather composed to mirth than to melancholie. Which externall composition is necessary both for edifying our neighbour, who being vnable to iudge or enter into our thoughts, iudgeth of euery one according to that, whereof his sense is witnesse. And next in respect of God, who being euery where present, requireth in vs behauiour worthy of his sight and company: and lastly, in respect of our owne soule, this care of externall decencie being an approued meanes to auoid inward sinnes.

Of externall composition there be three chiefe points:

First the care of our countenance, gate, and gesture: Secondly, of our voyce and speech: Thirdly, of our apparell and other adherents.

In countenance I must auoid an vnstayed kinde of varietie and often change, keeping as neere as I may, one setled tenour thereof, rather bent to smiling than heauinesse, and free from frowning, and such like vnseemely distemper: neither ought I to alter countenance, but when reasonable and iust cause moueth me, to shew either mirth, sorrow, dislike, or compassion, or some other modest or temperate affection.

My gate ought to be graue, neither too swift, nor too slow, but with a meane and sober pace: my gesture must be decent, free from affection or singularitie, and from all shew of inward disquietnesse or vnordered passion, which though I cannot chuse

chuſe but ſometimes feele, yet it is good ( as much as I may ) to conceale it, becauſe outward ſignes doe feede the inward diſtemper, and bewray to others my imperfections, to my diſcredit, and their euill enſample.

My voyce neither ought to be very loud, nor my laughter ſo vehement, as to be heard afarre off, both ſeemely and modeſt; for exceſſe in the voice, and immoderate loudneſſe, are alwayes certaine ſignes of paſſion, and therefore ought not to be vſed but vpon ſome extraordinary neceſſity. My ſpeech ought not to be ſo much, as to make me be noted for talkatiue ; yea, it is good to be rather ſparing in words, and readier to heare than to ſpeake : but when occaſion forceth vnto much talke, I muſt ſpeake deliberatly without raſhneſſe or leuity, auoyding ouermany ieſts, eſpecially bitter taunts, and ſharpe words: I muſt

alſo take heed of affected ſpeech, and impertinent ceremonies, vſing ſuch affability, and conuenient complements as common ciuility and vſuall courteſie requireth. Mine apparell muſt be free from lightneſſe, or more gaudineſſe than fitteth mine age, company, or calling: it muſt be decent and comely, not too open, nor with any vnuſuall or new faſhioned dreſſes, that other graue perſons of my qualitie and calling (that are well thought of) doe not vſe: it muſt be handſome and cleane, and as much as may be without ſingularity, that therein the ſtayedneſſe and ſeemely eſtate of my ſoule may be perceiued. Alwayes when I am to go to any company, either of my dwelling place or ſtrangers, I ought to forecaſt their diſpoſition, and what talke or action is likely to be tendred vnto me by their preſence. If I feare any detracting ſpeeches, let me

arme my selfe, not to seeme to approue them, yea, rather to dislike them, and endeuour to turne their talke into some other matter, and so in all vnlawfull kind of speech whatsoeuer.

Finally, let this for conuersation be my chiefe rule, alwayes to foresee and prouide my selfe against the occasions that by euery company are likely to be offered me, and in the beginning to direct mine intention, to talke either for dispatch of necessary busines, (if there be any) or for maintaining mutuall loue and charity, if it be merry or ordinary talke.

This foresight of occasions, and faults likely to be committed, is the principall remedy against all sinne, and therefore especially to be noted and vsed. To conclude, the vertues necessary in conuersation are, modesty, decency, courtesie, affability, meekenesse, and ciuility; shew of compassion to others

miſeries, and of ioy at their welfare, and of readineſſe to pleaſure all, and vnwillingneſſe to diſpleaſe any: the want of any of theſe, where occaſion requireth, maketh it more faultie.

The vices chiefly to be auoyded, are pride, diſdainfulneſſe, rudeneſſe, frowardneſſe, lightneſſe, too much familiaritie, churliſhneſſe, and offenſiue ſpeeches.

## Of my duty towards my ſelfe.

THe laſt point is to conſider my duty towards my ſelfe, and the care I ought to haue of mine owne particular: firſt I muſt procure that which before is mentioned, in all my actions to haue a badge of Chriſtianity, that is, a pure and ſincere affection and intention, not ſeeking in any thing mine owne delights,

delights, pleasure, and contentment, more than may stand with the honour and glory of God, remembring that I am to serue him and not my selfe, more than is necessary to inable me for his better seruice, I being his more than mine owne.

Secondly, I must procure to foresee in euery action (at least in all the principall) to fore-arme my selfe against those occasions of sinne that shall be offered in them: and where it lyeth not in my power to auoid the occasion of any great sinne, the more danger there is: and the greater the sinne is that I am in danger of, so much the more preparation must I vse to resist it, & the more earnestly aske for Gods grace.

Thirdly, I must haue care of my senses, as the meanes and entrance of temptations, to which it is a principall helpe, not to be easily drawne with euery noise or fancy, to moue my head or

eyes, without there be good cause, nor to be sodaine in motion; and going hither and thither without deliberation. I must also remember well that the eye is neuer satisfied with seeing, nor the eare with hearing nouelties; and therefore must I needs bridle the vnmeasurable appetite of both these senses, by breaking off mine owne desires in that behalfe.

Fourthly, because confusion, and an vnsetled kinde of life is the cause of many sinnes, and an enemie to all vertue, I must set down with my selfe some certaine order in spending my time, allotting in euery houre of the day some certaine thing to be done in the same, and to haue times in the morning, euening, and after-none, deuoted vnto some good and godly exercise, which I must (though not by vow) binde my selfe vnto, when things of worldly affaires call me from them:

them: also to keepe due times of rising, meales, and going to bed, and all other necessary times, the obseruation whereof is the most necessary, for a regular and vertuous kind of life.

Fifthly, it is a most necessary rule of good life, not onely to keepe order in any spirituall and temporall actions, but also to perseuer and continue in one order, hauing once set it downe with sound aduice: for the nature of man being apt to change, we are giuen still to noueltics, seeking new wayes to perfection, and confirming or habituating our selues in none. Wherefore (except necessity, charity, or greater spirituall good doe require) I must not flit from one exercise to another, but first plant a good platforme with mature aduice, and then resolue and fully determine to continue in the same.

Sixthly, I must not consider my

mind with many ſpirituall or externall exerciſes at once, nor labour my ſelfe too much at the firſt, for my force being diſtracted to many offices, is the leſſe able to performe any of them, and is eaſily ouerlaboured without profit: wherefore I muſt not thinke to get all vertues at once, or cut off all imperfections together, but hauing a generall reſolution to get vertue, and leaue all vice, beginne with ſome one, endeuouring to breake my ſelfe of ſome one fault, whereto I am moſt inclined, and procuring to get the contrary vertue; for the care of auoyding one offence, will make me take heed of all the reſt.

Seuenthly, mans nature being ſo corrupt, that without continuall violence and force, it cannot attaine to vertue, or leaue vice, whereunto it is much inclined, I muſt aſſure my ſelfe, that care and watchfulneſſe is euer neceſ-

neceſſary, and becauſe I [illegible] apt to fall, I muſt often re[illegible] my good purpoſes, knowing that I neuer can go on in vertue without falling, and therefore I muſt euery morning th nke with my ſelfe that hitherto I haue done nothing, and that by Gods grace that day I will beginne afreſh, as though it were the firſt day that euer I began to doe any good thing.

Eighthly, I muſt not make ſmall account of little ſinnes, nor be careleſſe in committing them, but alwayes carrie the mind that I would not offend God willingly, euen in the leaſt ſinne, for any thing: and I muſt neuer thinke any thing little, wherewith ſo high a Maieſtie is offended: for he that careth not to commit little ſinnes, giueth the deuill a great aduantage to draw him into greater.

*Rules in sickneſſe.*

IF my ſickneſſe be great, I ſhall not neede to force my ſelfe beyond my ſtrength vnto any vocall prayers, more than in the morning dutifully to commend my ſelfe vnto God, with the Lords prayer, and the confeſſion of Chriſtian faith, or if I cannot well ſay ſo much, now and then I muſt call vpon God with ſhort prayers: as, *Lord Jeſu ſaue me, Lord ſtrengthen me, Lord grant me patience*, and ſuch like. In ſickneſſe when I can beare it, it will be good, ſometimes to haue part of ſome good booke read vnto me, but not ouermuch for feare of hurting my health. As in health I ought to be obedient to my ſuperiours, and by diligent obſeruation ſhew my duty towards God: ſo in ſickneſſe I muſt be contented to be ruled by the Phyſitians, and ſuch as haue care of me in things belonging

longing to my bodily health: and I must perswade my selfe, that in that time I haue one chiefe rule to obserue, in being patient and tractable, which in such a case doth counteruaile the valour of all my vsuall exercises. I must also assure my selfe that I do God good seruice when I do any necessary thing, and take any conuenient recreation, that may further my health.

I must take heed of being testie or froward, which sicknesse for the most part doth cause, thinking that how much paine soeuer I suffer, Christ suffered farre more for my sake, and farre more had I suffered long since in hell, if God had dealt with me according to my deserts. It is good also to haue my will and testament in a readinesse, before I fall into any extremitie of sicknesse, that a certaine order be set downe for all temporall matters, that I be

not combred with them when it ſtandeth me moſt vpon to looke to my ſoule.

*Of the care of ſeruants.*

I Muſt ſee that they lie not out in the nights, but that I may know what becommeth of them: I muſt not keepe ſuch in my houſe as are ſwearers, liers, gameſters, or ſuch as are giuen to any notorious vice, vnleſſe there be great likelihood and certaine hope of their amendment. I muſt procure by what meanes conueniently I may, that they haue neceſſary inſtruction in matters appertaining to the ſaluation of their ſoules. I muſt take ſpeciall heed of any ſecret meetings, meſſages, or more than ordinary liking betweene the men and women of my familie: I muſt ſee that the men haue no haunt of women to their cham-

chambers, leſt lewdneſſe be cloaked vnder ſome other pretence: I muſt haue great regard that my chiefeſt officers and men of moſt account be truſtie perſons, of good life and example, becauſe the reſt will follow as they ſhall lead them. I muſt ſeeke as much as may be, that may ſeruants be not idle, nor ſuffered to vſe any great gaming, for by the one they ſhall fall into lewd life, and by the other into ſwearing, vnthriftineſſe, robbing, and ſuch vices: I muſt ſee that they haue their wages at due times, leſt for want they fall into bad courſes. When they doe not their duties, I muſt rebuke them agreeable to the quality of their fault, and not winke at great matters, leſt they wax careleſſe and bold to doe the like offences againe, yet muſt my rebukes be tempered with grauity and mildneſſe.

*Of*

*Of the care of Children.*

I Must thinke that my Children so long as they are vnder age, and in my power or custody, ought to be kept as my selfe, I hauing in this time to answer for them. I must take heed that they come not amongst such seruants, as are like to teach them to sweare, or any other vice, and I must giue speciall warning that none doe it. I must set honest and sound persons to gouerne them, that may also teach them vertue and goodnesse, yet not trusting too much to my seruants care, but that I my selfe haue a speciall eye ouer them, and take an account what they doe. I must vse them to deuotion by little and little, not cloying them with too much at once, but rather seeking to make them take a delight in it. I must instruct them in the points of faith, and true religion, and teach

teach them the Lords prayer, the Creed, and the ten Commandements. I must keepe them alwayes occupied in some profitable things, allotting them according to their age, more or lesse time of recreation. I must oftentimes remember vnto them the passions and sufferings of Christ for sinne, with the benefit of his death and glorious resurrection. I must breake them from their wils, and punish them as they deserue: yet remembring also that they are yong, and not keeping them in too much subiection, which may breed in them base and seruile minds, and make their loue lesse towards me; and I neuer ought to beat any child in mine anger. I must procure that they be taught such exercises and qualities, as are fit for those of their degree, and yet haue chiefe care that good and honest persons be about them. I must not vse them to vaine

dresses,

dreſſes, and coſtly apparell, but rather often ſhew them the vanitie thereof, yet muſt they not be too ſtrait kept in that, or any other thing, which they are afterward to haue, leſt the being too much barred from it make them more eager to haue it, when they come to enioy it at their owne will: I muſt vſe them to giue almes, to make much of the poore, and to vſe reuerence to aged perſons and ſpirituall men: I muſt vſe them to reade good bookes, ſuch as are fitteſt for their capacitie, and ſee them kept from vaine bookes of loue, and ſuch like idle diſcourſes, that doe peruert the minds of youth oftentimes for all their enſuing time after: I muſt hearten them as they grow in yeares, to ſuffer aduerſity, and to digeſt griefe, eſpecially in Gods cauſe, and a good quarrell, telling them the examples of others, and how good a thing patience

and

and conſtancie is.

When they are fit to goe to ſchoole, I muſt procure that they haue diſcreet and calme teachers, ſuch as are not cholericke, haſtie, or curſt, leſt they take diſlike and tediouſneſſe in learning; for they muſt be rather wonne vnto it by praiſe and emulation of others, than by bayting and ſtripes; I muſt ſee that they be taught ſuch ciuilitie, courteſie, and complements, as their degree and the time requireth, and frame them as much as may be, to be gentle, humble, and affable euen to the meaneſt, rebuking them for angry and ſharpe words, or diſdainefull behauiour, euen to their inferiours: I muſt not ſuffer the boyes and girles to be much together, eſpecially out of ſight, after eight or nine yeares of age, leſt they fall to vnhappineſſe: Likewiſe my daughters muſt not be amongſt the men, nor my ſonnes amongſt the women.

When

When they come to such age, that they must of force be in many companies, I must procure some sound and honest persons to be for the most part with them, to informe me of their courses. I must make them in any wise to beware of lewd conuersation, which is the ouerthrow of youth, and therefore cause this point to be beaten into them, by good and zealous men. I must neuer assure or marie them, vntill they be of sufficient age to make their owne choice, and frame their liking: neither force them to any match, lest they curse me all their liues after, as it often happeneth.

*An order how to spend euery day.*

IN time of health houres of going to bed and rising, may be either nine and fiue, or ten

and

and six, or according to the strength or weakenesse of euery mans body, so they be certaine. After I am vp, for a good pretty space it is good not to talke, but at the least for halfe a quarter of an houre to busie my minde in prayer and meditation, and then afterwards to talke if need require, because my businesse with God being greater than with any man, it is fit that he should be first talked with of matters concerning my soule, and then others of worldly things. I must procure to goe neately and handsome in my attire, agreeable to my calling, and to auoid all kinde of vndecencie, which breedeth dislike and contempt, and doth rather offend than please God.

When I am ready, I must goe to my prayers appointed, and before I set my selfe to pray, I must call to minde what I promised to doe for any at that time,

of

of what other necessary businesse I haue then to dispatch, and I must keepe touch in my words in the least things, cutting off occasions of being interrupted, as neere as I may. In prayer I must consider the presence of God, not speaking vnto him carelessly, or negligently, but thinke a few prayers well said better and more acceptable, than many hastily shuffled ouer: and I must not omit to remember the ioyes of heauen, the paines of Hell, mine owne death, and the death of Christ for me. After prayer I must goe about some exercise of worke agreeable to my faculty and vocation, such as may be of some profit, hauing an especiall respect aboue all things to sequester idlenesse, the parent of all vice. When I goe to dinner, I must thinke and consider for what end I am to eat, which is to helpe and strengthen nature, and to make my selfe able to

ſerue my Creator and feeder, not to content mine owne appetite: I muſt learne my little children (if I haue any) to ſay ſome godly grace, or at the leaſt performe that duty of thankſgiuing my ſelfe. When I am ſet, before I lay hand to my trencher, I may pauſe a while, and deſire God to giue me temperance and mindfulneſſe of his preſence.

At meals I muſt neither be too curious or doubtfull of what I eat, neither preciſe in the quantitie, fineneſſe or courſeneſſe of the meat, but of that which God hath ſent, take a competent meale, meaſurable to my need, and not hurtfull to my health. After dinner I muſt thanke God for his gifts, remembring the end why he hath fed me is, that I ſhould be the better able to ſerue him. I muſt alſo thinke that many haue wanted that ſufficiency which I haue had, and would be glad to accept

cept of my leaurings, and therefore I ought to haue care and regard to the poore, procuring something for them, and sometimes seeing them serued my selfe, considering Christ in their persons. If I haue strangers, I may keepe them company, and talke friendly and merily with them, as occasion shall serue, directing my behauiour agreeable to vertuous conuersation: and hauing this intention in my talke, that amitie and loue may be maintained, and all breach and vnkindnesse auoided. I must if time and place will permit me, be alwayes doing some profitable thing, to auoid sloth, directing mine intention in all mine exercises, to this end, that I may auoid idlenesse and temptations, bestowing my time in good sort to Gods glory. After dinner I must call to mind whether I haue any promise to performe, or any other businesse to

do that is not ordinary, that I neither forget the thing nor time appointed for it. It is good for me ſometimes to goe about the roomes of the houſe to ſee that they be kept cleane and handſome, thinking that God is delighted with cleanenesſe both bodily and Ghoſtly, & deteſteth ſluttiſhneſſe, as a thing which he permitteth for a puniſhment of ſinne, and one of the ſcourges of hell. A little before ſupper it will be good to reade part of ſome godly booke, procuring to take ſome benefit by it, and continuing in one booke till I haue read it ouer, and then beginne a new. I muſt by watchfulneſſe auoid all offence to God, leauing him in one exerciſe to ſerue him in another, as he appointeth me occaſions. When I ſit downe to ſupper, I muſt remember what my intention ought to be, and to take the ſame courſe which is preſcribed for dinner. After

ſupper I may talke as occaſion ſhall ſerue, or imploy my time in reading of a godly booke. Towards the houre of my going to bed, I muſt examine my ſelfe, firſt whether my promiſes and appointments concerning extraordinary buſineſſe be performed, or if I haue forgotten any neceſſary thing, I muſt take order to remember it, that I forget it not the ſecond time. This done I muſt examine my conſcience concerning the thoughts, words and deeds of that day; and eſpecially touching the purpoſes that I haue made in the morning, and how I haue obſerued my godly determination, and what faults I haue committed of any moment. After I haue examined my conſcience, and ſaid my prayers, it is good to abſtain from talke that night (vnleſſe ſome iuſt occaſion require the contrary) that my minde may be free from idle thoughts

when

when I goe to ſleepe.

## Of Temptations.

FIrſt I muſt learne to know when I am tempted, for if I can finde my temptation, I may reckon it halfe ouercome: for if I haue feare of God, or care of my ſoule, I cannot but arme my ſelfe earneſtly to reſiſt, knowing that temptation proceedeth from an enemie, to whom I haue reſolued by Gods grace, neuer to conſent, what miſery or trouble ſoeuer I endure.

## *How to know temptations and good motion.*

IT is alwaies a ſpirituall deſolation originall and proceeding from the deuill, when it darkeneth and diſquieteth the minde,

awaketh and ſtirreth vp our paſſions, when it draweth to externall and earthly ſolaces, leauing in the minde a tediouſneſſe and vnwillingneſſe to prayer and other workes of deuotion. Alſo when it diminiſheth our affiance and truſt in God, and driueth to a deſpaire in Gods mercy, or perſeuering in his ſeruice, making it ſeeme an irkeſome and impoſſible thing, and mouing vs to forſake it: and when I finde my ſelfe troubled in this ſort, I muſt aſſure my ſelfe without all doubt, that I am then tempted by the Deuill, and therefore arme my ſelfe to reſiſt him by doing that which thoſe temptations diſſwade me from. On the other ſide, comfort which is cauſed by Gods Spirit, is knowne by theſe ſignes: It inceuſeth the minde by a quiet and calme motion to the loue of God, without any inclination to any creatures loue more than

for

for Gods only glory, and it breedeth a kind of inward light and brightneſſe, wherby for the time the minde ſeeth after a moſt effectuall ſort, the neceſſity, profit and true comfort that is in Gods ſeruice, conceiuing a contempt and diſlike of worldly delights, and taſting that which is the greateſt felicity in this life, that is, ſo aſſured contentment in being in Gods grace, and ſeeking to pleaſe him, that it then iudgeth no contentment in the world like or comparable vnto it, as in truth there is none. Alſo true ſpirituall comfort bringeth a delight and deſire to thinke of the benefits of God, the ioyes of heauen, the comfort of meditation, and talking with God.

Finally, it confirmeth our faith, quickeneth our hope, and increaſeth charity, furniſhing the minde with a ſweet taſte of ioy, quiet and free from all combers. Sometimes the deuill tranſ-

formeth himselfe into an Angell of light, and at the first when he knoweth our good desires and purposes, he seemeth to sooth vs in them, and to set vs forward towards the performance thereof, but in the end he seemeth to draw vs to his byas, and by corrupting our intention, or by peruerting the manner, time, or other circumstance of the due execution, maketh the whole action worthlesse and faulty, though otherwise vertuous in it selfe.

There must be great heed taken in the beginning, middle and end of our thoughts, for when either at the first or at the last it tendeth to apparent sinne, or withdraweth from the greater good, or tendeth to courses of lesse piety, or more danger than we are in, or if it disquiet the minde, bereauing it of the wonted calme and loue of vertue, it is a signe that the Deuill

was

was beginner of it, whose propertie is to hinder good, and withdraw vs to euill. When in any suggestion I finde the serpent by his sting, that is, Satan by the wicked end he moueth me vnto, it is good to vntwist and reuerse his motion, and to looke backward euen vnto the beginning, and to marke what plausible colour he first pretended, that the next time I may the better spie his cunning and subtill dealings and drifts.

*How to behaue our selues in time of temptation.*

IN the time of my desolation and disquiet of minde, I must not enter into any deliberation, or goe about to alter any thing concerning the state of my soule, or purposed course of life, but perseuer in my former resolutions made in time of my good

and quiet eſtate, wherein I was free from paſſion, and better able to iudge of things conuenient for my good: yet may I, and ought to reſolue vpon ſuch helps, as are fit to reſiſt and repell my diſcontented thoughts, (ſo they be not preiudiciall to my former purpoſes) as prayer, repentance, and confeſſion of my ſinnes, with ſuch like remedies. In temptations and troubles of minde, I muſt remember that afore time I haue had the like, and they haue in the end paſſed, leauing me very glad and ioyfull when I haue reſiſted them, and ſorrowfull when I yeelded too much vnto them, and therefore I muſt thinke that theſe alſo muſt paſſe after a while, and I ſhall feele the like ioy in hauing reſiſted and ouercome them: and in the meane time I muſt with patience endure the comber and trouble of them, aſſuring my ſelfe that God there-

with

with is highly pleaſed, and the enemie moſt effectually ſubdued. Neither the multitude, continuance, nor badneſſe of any thought muſt breed any ſcruple or diſquiet in me: for not to haue them is not in my power, but onely not to conſent vnto them: and ſo long as with deliberation I haue not conſented, nor willingly, or with delight ſtayed in them, I haue not ſinned any more than if I had onely had them in a dreame: If before I had euill thoughts, I had a reſolute minde neuer to yeeld to any mortall ſin, and afterward when I remember my ſelfe, and marke that I was in a bad thought, I ſtill finde the ſame reſolution, it is a ſigne that in the time of my diſtraction and bad imagination, I did not willingly conſent or offend in them; neither is it like but my mind being ſo well affected, I ſhould haue eaſily remembred directly and without

doubt, if I had yeelded farther than I ought. Desolations are permitted of God for three causes: First for a punishment of our sinnes, remisnesse and coldnesse in Gods seruice. Secondly, to trie whether we be true seruants of God, or onely hirelings that are willing to labour no longer than they receiue the hire and stipend of present comfort. Thirdly, to ascertaine vs, that it passeth the reach and compasse of our ability, either to attaine or to maintaine in vs the feruour of deuotion, the intensiue loue of God, the abundance of godly teares, and other spirituall graces and comforts, which we must acknowledge to proceed from Gods meere liberality, not of our owne force or desert. It is good while I feele the sweetnesse of Gods visitation and presence, to fortifie my selfe against the desolations that will ensue, and remembring those that

that are paſt, to thinke that all troubles will as well paſſe as comforts, and that our whole life is but a continuall ſucceſſion and mixture of ſorrow and ioy, the one alwayes ouertaking the other, and neither of them continuing long together: and therfore I muſt ſettle my minde in a kinde of indifferencie vnto them both, as it ſhall pleaſe God to ſend them.

Firſt, to know it is a thing comming from my mortall enemie, and tendeth to my eternall deſtruction. To looke for temptations before hand, and not to thinke them nouelties, but neceſſary ſequels of our hoſtilitie with the deuill, with whom we muſt neuer be friends.

To reſiſt them ſtoutly at the firſt, and to cruſh the ſerpent in the head, for nothing maketh the deuill to become ſo furious and violent, or to redouble his ſuggeſtions, as to perceiue the

ſoule diſmayed with his temptations, or not expecting (by the confidence in Gods helpe and mercy) an aſſured victorie. To beare patiently the multitude and continuance of them, aſſuring my ſelfe that they will haue an end ere long.

To thinke on the ioy I ſhall haue for not conſenting vnto them, and the crowne of glory that I ſhall enioy. To remember how often I haue beene as grieuouſly annoyed with the like, and yet by Gods helpe haue giuen the deuill the foile. Not to ſtriue with vncleane temptations, but to turne my mind to thinke of other matters, and to change place or worke, or to finde ſome way to put me out of thoſe fantaſies. To reſiſt vices by practiſing and doing acts of the contrary vertues. To arme my ſelfe before hand, by getting thoſe vertues that are oppoſite to ſuch vices as I am moſt inclined vnto:

vnto: for in thoſe doth the deuill alwayes ſeeke his aduantage to ouerthrow me.

In my extremeſt troubles to humble my ſelfe in the ſight of Almightie God, acknowledging mine owne weakeneſſe; and wholly relying vpon his helpe, moſt earneſtly in word and heart call for his aſſiſtance, firmely truſting in his mercy, yea, and offering my ſelfe (ſo as he forſake me not) to ſuffer theſe and all other whatſoeuer it ſhall pleaſe God to permit, euen ſo long as he ſhall thinke good to inflict them, for of all other things this moſt ouercommeth the Deuill, when he ſeeth we turne his euill motions and troubles to ſo glorious and great a victorie.

*A prayer in temptation.*

O Mercifull Ieſu, the onely refuge of deſolate and afflicted

cted ſoules: O Ieſu that haſt made me and redeemed me, in whom all things are poſſible vnto me, and without whom I am able to doe nothing: thou ſeeſt who I am, that here proſtrate my prayers, and powre out my heart vnto thee. What I would haue, and what is fit for me thou knoweſt. My ſoule is buried in fleſh and bloud, and would faine be diſſolued, and come vnto thee. I am vrged againſt my will, and violently drawne to thinke that which from my heart I deteſt, and to haue in minde the poyſon and bane of my ſoule. O Lord thou knoweſt my mould and making, for thy hands haue framed me, and with fleſh and skin thou haſt clothed me. And lo this fleſh which thou haſt giuen me, draweth me to my ruine, and fighteth againſt the ſpirit: If thou helpe not (ô graciousaide) I am ouercome and vanquiſhed. If thou forſakeſt me I muſt needs

needs faint, with all discouragement. Why doest thou set me contrary vnto thee, and makest me grieuous and a burthen to my selfe? Didst thou create me to cast me away? Didst thou redeeme me to damne me for euer? It had bene good for me neuer to haue beene borne, if I were borne to perish. Oh most mercifull father, where are thy old and wonted mercies? where is thy gracious sweetnesse and loue? How long shall mine enemies reioyce ouer me, and humble my life vpon earth, and place me in darknesse like the dead of the world? What am I, O Lord, that thou settest me to fight alone against so mighty, subtill, and cruell enemies, that neuer cease to bid me a perpetuall battaile? O Lord why doest thou shew thy might against a leafe, that is tossed with euery winde, and persecutest a drie stubble? Wilt thou therefore damne the worke

of

of thy hands? Wilt thou throw me from thy face, and take thy holy Spirit from me? Alas ô Lord whither ſhall I go from thy face? or whither ſhall I flye from thy ſpirit? whither ſhall I flie from thee incenſed, but to thee appeaſed? whither from thee as iuſt, but vnto thee as mercifull? Doe with me Lord that which is good in thine eyes, for thou wilt doe all things in righteous iudgement: onely remember that I am fleſh and bloud, fraile of my ſelfe and impotent to reſiſt. Shew thy ſelfe a Sauiour vnto me, and either take away mine enemies, or grant mee ſuch a ſupply of thy grace to enable my defects, that without wound or fault, by thee and with thee, I may ouercome them, ſweet Ieſus. Amen.

*A godly deuout prayer.*

OGratious Lord, and ſweet Sauiour, giue me a pure intention,

tention, a cleane heart, and a regard to thy glory in all my actions: Poſſeſſe my mind with thy preſence, and raviſh it with thy loue, that my delight may be to be imbraced in the armes of thy protection. Be thou light vnto mine eyes, muſicke to mine eares, ſweetneſſe to my taſte, and contentment to my heart. O Ieſu I giue thee my body, my ſoule, my ſubſtance, my fame, my friends, my libertie and life, diſpoſe of me and all that is mine, as ſhall be moſt to thy glory: I am not mine but thine, therefore claime me as thy right, keepe me as thy charge, loue me as thy child, fight for me when I am aſſaulted, heale me when I am wounded, reuiue me when I am ſpiritually killed, receiue me when I flie, and let me neuer be quite confounded: giue me patience in trouble, humility in comfort, conſtancie in temptations, and victorie againſt my ghoſtly enemies:

mies : graunt me good Father modeſtie in countenance, grauitie in my behauiour, deliberation in my ſpeeches, puritie in my thoughts, and righteouſneſſe in mine actions. Be my ſunſhine in the day, my food at the table, my repoſe in the night, my clothing in nakedneſſe, and my ſuccour in all needs. Let thy bloud runne in my minde as a water of life, to cleanſe the filth of my ſinnes, and to bring forth the fruit of life euerlaſting. Stay mine inclinations from beating downe my ſoule, bridle mine appetites with thy grace, and quench in me the fire of all vnlawfull deſires. Make my will pliable to thy pleaſure, and reſigned wholly to thy prouidence, and graunt me perfect contentment in that which thou allotteſt: Strengthen me againſt occaſions of ſinne, and make me ſtedfaſt in not yeelding to euill, yea, rather to die than to offend thee.

Lord

Lord make me ready to pleasure all, loth to offend any, louing to my friends : and charitable to mine enemies. Forsake me not lest I perish : leaue me not to mine owne weaknesse, lest I fall without recouery. Grant me an earnest desire to amend my faults, to renew my good purposes, and to performe my good intentions. Make me humble to my superiours, friendly to my equals, charitable to my inferiors, and carefull to yeeld due respect to all sorts. Lastly, graunt me sorrow for my sinnes, thankfulnesse for thy benefits, feare of thy iudgements, loue of thy mercies, and mindfulnesse of thy presence. *Amen.*

Consider-

## Considerations to settle the mind in the course of Vertue.

THe first consideration: How weighty a thing the businesse of mans soule is. Whosoeuer being desirous to take due care of his soule, commencing a spirituall course, must consider that he hath taken such a businesse in hand, that for importance, necessity and profit, summoneth all other traffickes and affaires of the world, yea, and to which onely all other businesse ought to be addressed, for herein our menage is about the saluation of our soule, our chiefe iewell and treasure, of which if in the short passage of our brittle and vncertaine life we take not the due care that we ought for a whole eternity after, we shall euermore repent and be sorrie for it, and yet neuer haue the like

like opportunity againe to helpe it.

Secondly, the better to conceiue the moment and weight of this buſineſſe, let vs conſider what men vſe to do for their bodily health: for we ſee they make ſo principall a reckoning of it, they ſpare no coſt, nor toyle, nor leaue any thing vnattempted that may auaile them to attaine it. They ſuffer themſelues to be launced, wounded, pined, burnt with red hot irons, beſides diuers other extreme torments onely for this end. How much greater miſeries ought we to endure? how much greater paines and diligence ought we to imploy for this health of our ſoule, which is to ſuruiue when the body is dead, rotten, and deuoured with wormes? And to ſuruiue in ſuch ſort, that it muſt be perpetually tormented in hell with intolerable torments, or enioy endleſſe felicitie in heauen; And there-

therefore of how much greater worth and weight we thinke the ſoule, and the eternall ſaluation or damnation thereof, than the momentary health or ſickneſſe of our bodies, ſo much greater account and eſteeme ought we to make of the buſineſſe of our ſoule, than of any other worldly or bodily affaire whatſoeuer.

For what auaileth it a man (ſaith Chriſt) to gaine the whole world, and make wracke of his ſoule? If therefore we keepe diuers men for diuers offices about our body, and many thouſands do liue by ſeruing and prouiding things for euery part thereof: If we ſpend ſo much time in feeding, refreſhing, and repoſing the ſame: If the greateſt portion of our reuenewes (be they neuer ſo large) be conſumed in the meats, pompe, ſports, and pleaſures thereof, how much more ought we to ſeeke as many helpes, ſeruices and purueyers for

for our ſoule, for whoſe onely ſake our bodie was giuen, and of whoſe good the welfare of the body only proceedeth? Thirdly, the neceſſitie and poiſe of this care of our ſoule may be gathered of this, that all other matters are intreated with men, or ſome other creatures, but this buſineſſe of our ſoule with God himſelfe, who, by how much he is nobler & worthier than any of his creatures, ſo much more is the weight of this matter, and cannot be dealt with any without him: and ſo much more diligence ought there to be imployed therein, eſpecially in this time wherein God is ſtill ready to further our endeuours in this behalfe, whereas when time is expired, condemne he may for our negligence, or reward vs for our carefulneſſe, but not helpe vs any more to alter the ſtate of our ſoule, be it neuer ſo miſerable.

Fourthly, we may gather how materiall

materiall and important this matter is, by the life of Christ and his Saints, who with-drawing themselues from all other worldly affaires, thought it work enough to attend to this businesse of the soule: and whosoeuer at this day are honoured in Gods Church, they are honoured onely in this, that they haue with a glorious conclusion, happily and constantly accomplished this businesse to Gods glorie and their owne saluation: and who so considereth the intolerable torments of Martyrs, the painefull agonies, conflicts, rough stormes and troubles of all Gods Saints, and doth remember withall, that they vndertooke them for no other respect, but onely for the better bringing this businesse of their soule to an end, it will soone appeare how weighty a thing and how precious the saluation of the soule is, which they did thinke nothing

too

too deare bought with all the miſeries, ſorrowes and paines that this world could affoord. Let vs alſo conſider that whatſoeuer moued them to ſuch care and earneſtneſſe in this behalfe, hath no leſſe place in vs doubtleſſe than in them, ſeeing that our ſoule it as deare bought, as much worth, and created to as great glory as theirs: the danger of our ſaluation rather more, than any way leſſe than theirs. God hath as much right in vs as in them, and we as many titles of bond and duty to ſerue him as they. Finally, we are aſſaulted by the ſame enemies, enuironed with the like hazards, and ſubiect to as many, yea, more occaſions of ſinne, and allurements to damnation than they. Who therefore ſeeth not that we are in euery reſpect to account the care of our ſoules as important and neceſſary to vs as euer it hath beene to any? *Wherefore let*

*not the wise man glory in his wisedome, nor the strong man in his might, nor the rich man in his riches*, saith God by his Prophet *Ieremie 9. But let him that glorieth, glorie in this, that he knoweth me, for I am the onely Lord that worketh mercy, iudgement, and iustice vpon the earth, and these things please me, saith the Lord.* As who would say, it is follie and vanity to glory and reioyce in any other thing than in the knowledge and seruice of God, and procuring mercy and mild iudgement for our soules.

The

## The second Consideration. How we ought to arme our minds against temptations *that happen when we seeke earnestly to serue God.*

FIrst, seeing this businesse of our soule is of so great moment, he that earnestly goeth about the same must offer himselfe vp vnto God, and be most ready to endure constantly all the dangers, combers and difficulties that shall happen, and resolue neuer by Gods grace to be dismayed and beaten backe from his purpose by any trouble or encounter whatsoeuer, knowing that glorious and honorable enterprises can neuer be atchieued without many contradictions. Wherefore let him perswade himselfe that when he hath setled his mind seriously to

follow this buſineſſe, Hell it ſelfe, and all the enemies of God and mans ſoule will conſpire againſt him: The fleſh to allure him to delights of the ſenſes, and to recall to the vomit of his abandoned pleaſures: The world to entice him with pompes and vanities, with miniſtring occaſion of ſinne, and prouoking by euill examples: Yea, if that will not ſerue, by terrifying him with perſecutions, extortions, obloquies, ſlanders, and torments, and with all kinde of diſgrace. Finally, the deuill (a profeſſed enemie to all that take care of their ſoules) will ſeeke to intrap him with a thouſand traines, paſſions, and ſubtill temptations, leauing nothing that he thinketh may remoue a man from theſe endeuours, tending to his ſaluation.

Secondly, the caſe ſtanding thus, let that ſaying of Scripture come to our minde: *My ſonne comming to the ſeruice of God, ſtand*

*ſtand in iuſtice and feare, and prepare thy ſoule vnto temptation.* Wherefore he that entreth into the way of life, muſt remember that he is not come to a play, paſtime, or pleaſure, but to a continuall rough battaile and fight, againſt moſt vnplacable enemies. And let him reſolue himſelfe, neuer in this world to look for quiet and peace, no not ſo much as for any truce for a moment of time, but arme himſelfe for a perpetuall combat, and rather thinke of a multitude of happie victories (which by Gods grace he may attaine) than of any repoſe or quietneſſe from the rage and aſſaults of his enemies. Let him ſee and peruſe the patterne of his Captaines courſe, who from his birth to his death was in a reſtleſſe battaile, perſecuted in his ſwathling cloutes by *Herod*, annoyed the reſt of his infancy by baniſhment, wandring and neede: In the flower

of his age, ſlandered, hated, purſued, whipped, crucified, and moſt barbarouſly miſuſed. In the ſame ſort were all his Apoſtles, and all his principall ſouldiers handled: for whom he loueth he chaſtiſeth, and proueth like gold in the fornace. And therefore no man muſt thinke it a new thing to be tempted and troubled when he once runneth a vertuous courſe, cõtrary to the liking of his enemies. For, *The Diſciple is not aboue his maiſter, nor the ſeruant aboue his Lord:* who as we ſee had the ſame intreaty.

Thirdly, leſt we ſhould be agaſte and diſcouraged at the expectation and feare of ſo many diſcomforts, and the vnceſſant malice of ſo ſpitefull enemies, let vs remember the words of *Elizeus, That more ſtand with vs than againſt vs.* Againſt the corruption of nature we haue grace. Againſt the Deuill we haue God, who will neuer ſuffer vs to be temp-

tempted aboue our force and ſtrength: Againſt the power of hell we haue the prayers of the faithfull: Againſt the miſeries of the body we haue the ſpirituall comfort of the minde, which God allotteth in ſuch meaſure as our neceſſity requireth: and if there were nothing elſe, this were enough to make troubles welcome in this caſe, for that thereby we purchaſe an ineſtimable glory for a ſhort paſſing combat, the comfort whereof neither eye hath ſeene, eare hath heard, nor any heart conceiued. And on the other ſide, by the ſame we auoide other intolerable and eternall torments of hell, the leaſt whereof paſſeth all thoſe that can be ſuffered in the world, and therefore is our change moſt happie, that by the paine of a ſhort life, auoide the miſery of an eternall death, and deſerue the vnſpeakeable happineſſe of the life euerlaſting. For

this cauſe (ſaith Saint *Iames*) *Thinke you it all ioy my brethren, when you ſhall fall into diuerſe temptations, knowing that the triall of your faith worketh patience, and patience hath a perfect worke, that you may be perfect and entire, failing in nothing.*

## The third Conſideration. Of the watchfulneſſe and *attention required in the care of our ſoule.*

SEeing this waighty affaire of our ſoules health, is hemmed in and beſet with ſo manifeſt perils and troubles, it ſtandeth vs vpon moſt watchfully to take heede to euery thought, word, and deed, that paſſeth, leſt through the number and ſubtilties of enemies traines we be often entrapped: for it is hard to touch pitch and not bee defiled,

defiled, to liue in flesh a spirituall life, to conuerse in the world without worldly affections. Wherefore as a Legate that is to deliuer his embassage before a great presence of Peeres and Nobles, hath not onely regard to his matter, but also to his words, voyce, and actions, that all be sutable to his message: so we hauing to worke this exploit of our soule before God and all the court of heauen, and also before the eyes of those that lay waite to take vs in any trippe, ought to be very warie, euen in our least thoughts and deeds, for feare lest we offend the presence of God, and giue occasion of triumph and victorie vnto our deadly foes. And for this saith the Scripture: *Keepe thy selfe very watchfully.*

Secondly, to attaine this diligent and attentiue care in all our actions: let vs consider what men vse to doe that carry great

treasure by places haunted with theeues, how warily they looke to their way, how often they turne about them; how many times they prepare themselues, sometimes to fight, and other whiles to runne away. Likewise how warily he walketh, and how carefull he is neuer to stumble nor fall that carieth in each hand a thinne glasse of precious liquor, through stony and rough places: and when we haue marked these mens carefulnesse in these inferior matters, let vs remember that much more respect is necessarie in vs, whose treasure is more precious than any worldly iewels, and yet do we carrie it in earthen and frale vessels, in the middest of so many theeues as there are passions and disordered appetites in vs, as there are Deuils in wait for vs, and as there are stumbling stones and occasions of sinne set round about vs to procure this

atten-

attention: the most effectuall helpes are these.

First to thinke how carefull we should be to do all things well, if this present day were the last that euer we should liue in this world, (as peraduenture it may be) and that at the end thereof we were to be conuented before a most seuere and rigorous Iudge, who according to the desert of that dayes actions, should passe the sentence of life or death vpon vs.

Secondly, to remember that God is in his owne substance, power, and true presence in euery place, and seeth both our outward and inward actions more than we our selues, and therefore let vs seeke in euery thing so to behaue our selues, that we feare not to haue God a witnesse and beholder of all that we doe, thinke, or say, and let vs aske him grace to do nothing vnworthie his sight.

Thirdly, we must consider the careleſſeneſſe of our life paſt, remembring how often we haue fought against God with his owne weapons, and abuſed the force that he hath afforded, in euery part of our body and minde: and therefore as Saint *Paul* warneth, *As we haue exhibited our members to ſerue vncleanneſſe and iniquitie, ſo let vs now exhibit our members to ſerue iuſtice vnto ſanctification.*

Fourthly, to procure this attention, it is good oftentimes in the day when we are about our ordinary actions, to vſe godly prayers, and ſome verſes out of the pſalmes, with petition vnto God for his grace, aid and aſſiſtance: for ſuch godly exerciſes are fuell of deuotion, cauſes of attention, food of the ſoule, preparatiues againſt temptations and aſſured helpes to attaine any vertues. Therefore it is good to vſe them in lieu of ſights, and

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in the beginning of euery chiefe action, directing therein our intention and action, to Gods glory and ſeruice, and our owne ſoules good health and ſafetie.

## The laſt Conſideration.

Of the neceſſitie of perſeuerance *in continuing watchfull ouer our ſelues.*

FIrſt, ſeeing the ſumme and complement of all vertue conſiſteth in the continuance and progreſſe of it, perſeuerance of all other things is moſt neceſſarie in this buſineſſe, to the better attaining whereof theſe conſiderations may preuaile. Firſt to conſider by whoſe inſtinct and motion I beganne to take ſpeciall care of my ſoule, and I ſhall finde that being a thing contrary to the inclination of fleſh and bloud, and aboue

boue the reach of nature, to resolue vpon so painefull and warie a course, in hope of a reward and ioy that faith doth promise; that I say, God onely and no other was the Author and mouer of my heart vnto it, and therefore vnlesse I meane directly to resist God, and runne a contrary course to that which he prescribeth, I must resolue my selfe to persever vnto the end, in that which I haue happily begun.

Secondly, the end of this enterprise was to serue God, to bewaile my former sinnes, and to worke by Gods helpe the saluation of mine owne soule: and when I resolued vpon these meanes I was free from passion, and as well able to chuse things conuenient as I could at any other time, and wholly bent to do that thing which was for my greatest good. Wherefore seeing I can neuer aime at a better end,

end, nor be in better plight to make a founder choice, my fureſt way is to perſeuer ſtill in my reſolution to the end, neuer altering my deſignment vnleſſe it be to further my courſe.

Thirdly, I muſt conſider who is that, that would make me forſake it: for if God moued me vnto it, doubtleſſe it is, the Deuill would moue me from it, for God cannot be contrary to himſelfe, neither vſeth he to alter our minds, but onely from euill to good, or from good to better: therefore vnleſſe I meane to yeeld willingly to the Deuill, & to follow mine enemies counſell to mine owne perdition, I muſt perſeuer vnto the end: for with what pretext ſoeuer the Deuill ſeeketh to couer his motion, ſure it is that his drift is to draw me from God and goodneſſe, and to damne my ſoule: for how can he intend any thing for my good, that beareth me ſuch a can-

cankred malice, that he careth not to increaſe his owne paine, ſo that he may worke me any ſpirituall, yea, or corporall harme.

Fourthly, I muſt print that ſaying of Chriſt in my minde: *He that perſeuereth vnto the end ſhall be ſaued*: for not he that beginneth, nor he that continueth for a moneth, or a yeare, or a ſhort time, but onely he that perſeuereth vnto the end of his life ſhall be ſaued.

Wherefore the ſame cauſe that moued me to beginne, ought alſo to moue me to continue, that the reward and crowne of my good reſolution be not cut off by any want of perſeuerance. Let not the cries of mine enemies moue me: let me with Saint *Paul* ſay, *The world is crucified to me, and I to the world.* And with *Dauid, It is good for me to cleaue vnto God.* Finally, let me imitate the enſample of Chriſt, that perſeue-

red

red on the croſſe vnto death for my ſake, though often called vpon to come downe.

Fifthly, I muſt conſider that in what ſtate ſoeuer of grace, or merit of damnation I beginne the next life, I muſt and ſhall vndoubtedly perſeuer in it according to the words of *Salomon: Whereſoeuer the tree falleth there ſhall it be, whether it be towards South or North, that is, towards heauen or hell:* for both the paine of this continueth for euer, and the ioy of the other is alſo euerlaſting.

If therefore I will perſeuer in heauen, let me perſeuer in the way that leadeth vnto it, and neuer forſake the painfulneſſe of it vnto the iourneyes end. The paſſions of this life are not condigne and comparable to the future glorie: and it is extreme follie for auoiding a ſhort and tranſitorie paine, to hazard the loſſe of euerlaſting ioy, and put

my

my ſelfe in perill of perpetuall bondage, in farre more extreme and endleſſe torments. The ſinners perſeuer ſtill in wickednesſe, and ſeruice of the Deuill. The worldlings perſeuer in purſuing vanities, and following the world, yea, and that with moſt ſeruile toile, and baſe drudgerie, and not without many bodily and ghoſtly harmes: how much more ought a true ſeruant of God perſeuer in Gods ſeruice, and not ſeeme by forſaking him in the way, to condemne him for a worſe maſter than the world or the Deuill, whom many thouſands ſerue to the end, to their owne damnation. Let me remember that the firſt Angell for want of perſeuerance became a deuill. *Adam* for want of the ſame was thruſt out of Paradiſe, and *Iudas* of an Apoſtle became a prey of hell. Finally, there be many thouſands in hell fire burning, that beganne very good courſes,

courſes, and for a time went forward in the ſame, and yet in the end, for want of perſeuerance were damned for euer.

## What good a ſoule loſeth by mortall ſinne.

*THe grace of the Holy Ghoſt. The friendſhip and familiaritie with God.*

*All morall vertues infuſed, and gifts of Gods Spirit.*

*The inheritance of the kingdome of heauen.*

*The portion of Gods children, and patronage of his fatherly prouidence, which he hath ouer the iuſt.*

*The peace and quietneſſe of a good and quiet conſcience.*

*Many comforts and viſitations of the holy Ghoſt.*

*The fruit and merits of Chriſts death and paſſion.*

What

## What misery the soule gaineth by mortall sinne.

*Condemnation to eternal paine.*
*To be quite cancelled out of the booke of life.*
*To become of the child of God the thrall of the deuill.*
*To be changed from the temple of the holy Ghost into a denne of theeues, a nest of vipers, and a sinke of all corruption.*

## How a Soule is prepared to iustification by *degrees.*

Faith setteth before our eies God as a iust Iudge, { Angry with the bad. / Mercifull to the repentant.

Of this faith by the gift of Gods Spirit, ariseth a feare by consideration of { Gods iustice, and / Our owne sinns.

This

This feare is comforted by hope grounded in { Gods mercy, and the Merits of Christ.

Of this hope ariseth loue and charity to Christ for { Louing vs without desert, Redeeming vs with so many torments.

Of this loue followeth sorrow for offending Christ, of whom we haue beene so mercifully { Created, Redeemed, Sanctified, Called to by Faith.

Of this sorrow ariseth a full purpose to auoid all sinne, which { God aboue all things detesteth. The deuill aboue all things desireth. Aboue all things hurteth the soule.

## *A short meditation of mans miseries.*

WHat was I O Lord? what am I? what shall I be? I was nothing, I am now nothing worth, and am in

in hazard to be worſe than nothing; I was conceiued in originall ſinne, I am now full of actuall ſinne: I may hereafter feele the eternall ſmart of ſinne: I was in my mother a lothſome ſubſtance: I am in the world a ſacke of corruption: I ſhall be in my graue a prey of vermine. When I was nothing, I was without hope to be ſaued, or feare to be damned, I am now in a doubtfull hope of the one, and in a manifeſt danger of the other. I ſhall be either happy by the ſucceſſe of my hope, or moſt miſerable by the effect of my danger. I was ſo that I could not then be damned: I am ſo that I can ſcarce be ſaued: what I haue beene I know (to wit) a wretched ſinner: what I am I cannot ſay, being vncertaine of Gods grace: what I ſhall be I am ignorant of, being doubtfull of my perſeuerance. O Lord erect my former weakeneſſe, correct my preſent

sinfulnesse ; direct my future frailty from passed euill to present good, and from present good to future glory, sweet Iesus.

*A deuout prayer to desire pardon and remission of our sinnes.*

O Most mighty Lord and Creator of all things, when I thinke with my selfe how grieuously I haue offended thine infinite Maiestie with my sinnes, I wonder at mine owne follie : when I consider what a louing and bountifull father I haue forsaken, I accurse mine ingratitude: when I behold how I am fallen from such a noble liberty into such a miserable bondage, I condemne my selfe for an inconstant foole, and know not what other thing I may set before mine eyes, but onely hell and damnation, for so

ſo much as thy iuſtice (from which I cannot flie) putteth a great terror into my conſcience: but contrariwiſe when I conſider thy great mercy, which (as the Prophet witneſſeth) exceedeth all thy workes, then doe I feele forthwith a freſh and pleaſant aire of hope, to refreſh and ſtrengthen againe my weake and ſorrowfull ſoule. Wherefore ſhould I then deſpaire to obtaine pardō of him who hath ſo oftentimes in the holy Scriptures inuited ſinners to repentance, ſaying: *I deſire not the death of a ſinner, but that he ſhould liue and be conuerted.* Moreouer, thine onely begotten Sonne, our ſweet Sauiour Ieſus Chriſt hath reuealed vnto vs by many parables, how ready and willing thou art to graunt pardon vnto all ſuch as are penitent for their ſinnes. This he ſignifieth vnto vs by the Iewell loſt, and found againe. By the ſtrayed ſheepe brought home

home againe vpon the shepheards shoulders: and much more by the comparison of the prodigall sonne, whose liuely image I doe acknowledge in my selfe, for I am he that hath most vniustly forsaken thee, my louing Father, and haue riotously consumed my substance, and by obeying the appetites of my flesh, haue disobeyed thy commandements, and by breaking of them, haue fallen into the most filthie prison of sinne, being brought to extreme miserie, out of which I know none other that can helpe me, but onely thou my Almighty God, whom I haue forsaken. Receiue therefore (O Lord) mercifully the humble that desireth pardon of thee, whom thou hast so patiently looked for, euen vntill this present houre. Alas I am not worthy to lift vp mine eyes vnto thee, nor once to call thee Father, but forsomuch as thou art a true Fa-

ther in deed, may it please thee to view me with thy fatherly compassionate eyes, for thy only sight is powerfull to raise the dead, and it is that which causeth all those that wander out of the way to returne againe to themselues. For this repentance and sorrow for my sinnes I had not had, if thou hadst not beheld me with thy mercies eye. When I went wandring afarre off from thee, thou didst looke downe euen from heauen vpon me, and didst open mine eyes that I might see my selfe, and take a view how full fraught I was with infinite sinnes, and euen at this instant thou commest to receiue me againe, giuing me knowledge and mindfulnesse of mine innocencie which I have lost. I doe not request thy most sweet embracings and kisses; or the rich garment that was wont to cloath me, neither yet the ring of mine ancient digni-

tie:

tie: I sue not to be receiued againe into the state and dignitie of thy sonnes: but thou shalt do very much for me, in case it may please thee to number me amongst thy bondslaues, and so to marke me with thy signe, and to fetter me with thy chaines, that I may neuer after runne away from thee.

Againe, it shall neuer grieue me to be in this life, one of the most abiect slaues in thy house, so that I may neuer be separated from thee. Suffer me not gracious Lord to runne the erring steps that I haue formerly done: for thou didst consecrate me for thy temple, and I made my selfe an habitation for the Deuill: Thou gauest me armour, and didst bind me to be thy true knight, and I haue gone traiterously to thy enemies side, vsing thine owne weapons against thee; thou didst espouse my soule vnto thee in perpetuall charitie, and I haue

proued disloyall, following the loue of vanities more than thy truth, and esteemed a creature more than the Creator. But now Lord incline thee vnto me, I beseech thee O father of mercy, granting me the fauour of thine onely begotten Sonne, and the remedie of his most grieuous passion and death: graunt me also thy holy spirit, that it may cleanse my heart, and confirme it in thy grace and fauour, that through mine ignorance I doe neuer runne againe into my late banishment, from whence thy louing kindnesse hath called me backe, but that I may continue in thy obedience, euen from this present houre of my repentance vnto the last houre of my transitory life. To thee O my Lord be perpetuall glory, honour, power, and dominion, world without end.

OF

# OF THE THREE SORTS OF MEN, ALL DIVERSLY affected in things concerning God.

*Men are either*

OPEN WICKED, Licentious and prophane liuers, professed enemies of the Law of the Lord. Ioh. 21.14,19.

These are borne but after the flesh, therefore sauour they onely the things of the flesh, and remaine as they are by nature, children of wrath. Ioh. 3.6. 1 Cor. 2.14. Ephes. 3

HYPOCRITES, *Outwardly religious, but inwardly wicked, hating Gods Law, and the true righteousnesse.* Isay 29. 13. Mic. 3 11.

*These seeme to be renewed, and borne againe of the Spirit, they are inlightened & haue of heauenly graces: yet continue they still in their old naturall corruption, turned from true holinesse.* Heb. 6. 4. Esa. 65. 5. Ioh. 8. 44. 2. Pet. 2. Pro. 30. 12.

SAINTS, that rightly beleeue and obey Gods word, with their vtmost powers, the friends of the Lord. Psal 119. 3. 5. 10. 11. &c.

These are borne anew, not of bloud, nor of the will of the flesh or of man, but of God: therefore they sauour the things of God, & minde heauenly things, being children of wisdome. Ioh. 6. 13. & 3. 3. Luke 7. 35.

| OPEN WICKED. | HYPOCRITES. | SAINTS. |
| --- | --- | --- |
| These are neither chosen of God, nor called; being neither of the Church, nor in the same. Psal. 11.5. Reu.22.14. 1Cor.5.12. | *These are called, but not chosen, are in the Church for a while, but not of it. Mat.22.14. 1 Ioh. 2.19.* | These are called and chosen of God; are both in & of the Church, and so continue. Ephes. 1.4. &c. Iob 17.9. |
| In these sinne daily increaseth inwardly and outwardly, till righteousnesse in thē be vtterly extinct. Psal.36.1.2.3.4. | *In these, righteousnesse increaseth outwardly, but sin liueth inwardly, and abounderh. Isa.1.11. &c Ier.3.4,5.* | In these, sinne dieth and righteousnesse reuiueth daily, both inwardly and outwardly. Rom.6. 2,3,4,&c. |
| To these the law if it be sent cōmeth in tables of stone, (for such is the nature of hearts;) but they receiue it not; the tables are broken before they come at them, for these dance (as it were) about the golden calfe of their owne impietie, | *To these God giueth the stony tables, and they receiue them; but Moses face so shineth, that they cannot looke vpon him, vnlesse he veile his countenance. They outwardly keepe the law, and rest there in, they also teach others to keepe it, yet are themselues* | To these the law is not giuen, or it lieth not (ἐκκεῖται) on them. 1 Tim.1. 9. for they haue the Gospell, the Law and Ministerie of the Spirit, and Gods word is written in fleshly tables of their hearts, within and without by the finger of |

OPEN WICKED. know not what is become of Moses: they breake and violate all. Exod. 32. Yet vnto such the Law is giuen, and lieth vpon them as a curse and condemnation. 1. Tim. 1. 9. Deut. 27. 15. 26.

These keepe not the Law, neither are they kept by the Law, but breake forth into all sinne and wickednesse. Iob 24. 13, &c. Psal. 73. 8. 9.

These hate the Law, and professe their hatred. Psal. 119. Iob. 22. 17.

These are naked, yet without shame: though all men see their

HYPOCRITES. transgressions of it: the inward power and end thereof they cannot see. Exod. 34. 29. 30. &c. 2 Cor. 3. 13, 14. Rom. 2. 17, 22, 23, &c.

These, though they keepe not the Law, yet are kept by the Law, and restrained from their sinnes, from open wickednesse. Matt. 23. 13. 14. 23. 25.

These hate the Law, but professe to loue it. Psal. 78. 36, 37.

These ashamed of their nakednes, couer it with figleaues, or spiders

SAINTS. of God and they all behold as in a mirrour, the glorie of the Lord with open face, and are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord. 2 Cor. 3. 3. 18. Eze. 31. 19. Heb. 8. 10.

These are the right keepers of the Law in spirit which sometime also were kept of the Law, till Faith came. Psal. 119. 33, 34. Gal. 3. 23, 25.

These loue the Law, and professe their loue. Psalme 119. 97. Rom. 7. 22.

These haue their nakednesse couered of Christ, and by the

OPEN WICKED, filthinesse, they hide it not. Ier. 6. 15. and 8. 12.

These call not vpon God. Psal. 14. 4.

These accustomed to doe euill, neither change themselues nor their actions. Ier. 13. 23.

These are strangers, not children nor yet seruants in the household of faith. Ephes. 2. 12. Psal. 58. 3.

These go not out to meet the bride-groome, neither come to the wedding though they be inuited. Mat. 22. 3. 5.

These are darkenesse, both

HYPOCRITES. webs of their owne externall righteousnesse Isay 59. 5. 6.

*These crie but God heareth them not. Isa. 1. 15.*

*These change their words and works, but not themselues Gen 4. 3 & 8. 8, 9. Hos. 7. 16.*

*These are in the house, but as seruants, not as children. Iohn 8. 35, 36. Galat. 4. 22. &c.*

*These goe with their Lampes, but without oile; they come to the feast but want the wedding garment Mat. 25. 3 & 22. 11, 12.*

*These are light before the world,*

SHEWES the garments of his righteousnes Reuel. 3. 18. and 16. 15.

These call vpon God, and he answereth them. Ier. 29. 12, 13.

These change both their actions and themselues; or rather are changed of the Lord. Rom. 12. 2.

These are no more strangers but children of Gods familie, wherein they abide for euer. Gal. 4. 28. 1 Iohn 2.

These goe to meet the bride-groome with oyle in their lamps, & are arrayed with the wedding robe. Mat. 25. 4.

These are light both before God and

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| OPEN WICKED. before God and the world. Prov. 14. 19. | HYPOCRITES but darkeneſſe before God. Mat. 6. 2. 5. 16. Iſa. 58. 2. 3. | SAINTS and the world. Ephes. 5. 8. Mat. 5. 14. Phil. 2. 15. |
| Theſe, though ſicke vnto death, yet like the mad man poſſeſſed of deuils. Mar. 5. 2, 3. &c. which raued and felt not, nor diſcerned his owne miſerie, they ſeeke no remedie for their diſeaſe. Prouerb. 14. 18 & 23. 34. 35. | *Theſe though they ſee and know their ſickneſſe, yet like to King Aſa, they ſeeke not the Lord in their diſeaſe, but to the Phyſitians, & with ſalues and medicines of their owne making, thinke to cure themſelues.* 2 Chron. 16. 12. Iſa. 9. 13. Hoſ. 5. 13. | Theſe ſee their ſinnes and ſee themſelues wounded by thoſe fierie ſerpents, but lift vp their eyes to the ſerpent of braſſe: they ſeeke to Chriſt onely, the Phyſitian of their ſoules. Numbers 21. 8. 9. Iohn 3. 14. 15. |
| Theſe doe the euill which they loue, and would not. Job 16. 12. 13. Prou. 2. 14. | *Theſe doe not the euill which they loue, but the good which they hate.* Nu. 14. 2. 4. 40. | Theſe loue good and deſire to doe it, yet doe the euill which they hate. Rom. 7. 15. |
| Theſe expect no ſaluation, either by themſelues or by any other. Iſay 22. 13. | *Theſe expect ſaluation by themſelues, and their owne righteouſneſſe.* Rom. 10. 3. Iere. 2. 35. | Theſe expect ſaluation onely by Chriſts righteouſneſſe, not by themſelues. Phil. 3. 9. Rom. 3. 24. 28. |
| Theſe die by Moſes ſword, as | *Theſe vnder Moſes conduct* | Theſe eſcape Moſes death, are |

| OPEN WICKED. | HYPOCRITES. | SAINTS. |
| --- | --- | --- |
| the Idolaters, Exod. 32. the Madianites, Numb. 31. the Amorites, Sihon, Og, and the like. | *perish by Gods hand in the desart, and come not into the Land of promise.* | brought by Iesus into the rest of Canaan: the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Heb. 4. 8, 9. |

| | | |
| --- | --- | --- |
| *These both shall perish, and be punished with everlasting perdition, from the presence of the Lord; their portion shall be with the devils in the lake of fire and brimstone, which is the second death. Mat. 25. 30. 41. & 24. 51. Iob 13. 16. 2 Thes. 1. 8, 9. Reue. 20. 10. 13. 15.* | | These shall enter into the ioy of their Lord; shall liue and reigne with him in heauen, and with his holy Angels for euermore. Amen. Mat. 25. 21. 34. 46. |
| The wicked shall turne into hell. Psal. 9. 17. | *The Hypocrites hope shall perish. Iob 8. 13.* | The Saints shall be preserued for euer. Psal. 37. 28. |
| *The reioycing of the wicked is short; the ioy of Hypocrites is but a moment. Iob 20. 5.* | | And men shall say, Verily there is frute for the righteous, doubtlesse there is a God that iudgeth in the earth. Psal. 58. 11. |

## A prayer vnto God the Father.

THou that ruleſt in the higheſt, reigneſt for euer, & onely canſt doe all things, God the gouernour of heauen and earth, at whoſe becke all creatures tremble, and the pillars of heauen ſhake; O heauenly God, perfect workman and Potter, I wretch made out of clay, or rather of filthy mudde, with feare and trembling come before the throne of thy maieſtie. I acknowledge and confeſſe my wickedneſſe, I know that I am nothing, yea, that I am meere abomination and horror in thy ſight, if thy grace and mercie doe faile me: without thee I thinke no goodneſſe, without thee I doe no good thing: without thee I am a contemptible creeping worme.

I cannot be ſaued without thine aſſiſtance, my ſaluation dependeth

pendeth on thy hands. I giue thee thankes O God, and in especiall for this, for that thou hast giuen me that knowledge, that I may see and know that I am nothing, & vnable to do any thing without thee. Thou art the Potter, I the clay; such as thou wilt haue me be, such canst thou forme and fashion me: if thou makest me blessed, thou shewest thy mercy and grace: if thou castest me into perdition, thou shewest thy iustice, and executest thy iudgement: neither is it my duty to contradict thee, why, or for what reason thou doest it. For thou hast mercy vpon him whom thou loueſt: these things I meditate with my selfe, O Lord, and I feare thy iudgements.

Since therefore all my safetie and saluation dependeth on thee, and consisteth in thy hand and power, and sith thou hast shewed thy selfe a mercifull and long-suffering God to the whole world:

world: and hast testified the same indeed in that thou wouldest thy only Sonne Iesus Christ the innocent should die for our offences, and expiate our sinnes with his bloud on the Crosse: Finally, since thou hast taught vs in all our perturbations to call vpon thee, and aske thy grace and mercy, for that thou wilt giue vs all things which we shall aske in the name of thy Sonne: I come vnto thee, being drosse and a lumpe of clay, O mercifull and celestiall Potter, beseeching thee most humbly, that thou wilt vse thy mercie, and make of this vnworthy matter, a vessell of eternall glorie. Vouchsafe also of thy meere grace, to fix my mind on perfect faith, assured hope, and chaste and holy loue, that being iustified by these thy gifts, I may become vpright, perfect, good and holy, according to thy good will, both in the midst, and end of my life, as also at the latter day

day of iudgement.

O mercifull Father, grant me pardon of all my sinnes: through the death of thy beloued Sonne Iesus Christ, make me to please thee alone: grant me to be thy grateful sonne and heire, increase in me that iustice whatsoeuer, which is giuen me, and granted from heauen, that I may continue and end my life in the same: increase in me that faith which thou hast giuen me: kindle my loue of thee, and make it more apparent, that by thy helpe, and the presence of thy grace, and the accomplishment of thy holy wil, I may obtaine euerlasting life which thou hast promised vs, to the end I may praise thee, and giue thee thanks in thy kingdome, for euer and euer. Amen.

*A Prayer to God the Sonne.*

O Thou maker and redeemer of mankinde, Iesus Christ, who

who saidest, I am the way, the truth, and the life, the way in doctrine, precept and examples: the truth in promises: the life in reward: I pray thee by thy vnspeakable charitie, wherewith thou daignest to imploy thy selfe wholly for our saluation, suffer me neuer to wander from thee who art the way: neither euer to distrust in thy promises, who art the truth, and performest whatsoeuer thou doest promise: neither to repose or relie on any other thing, because thou art eternall life, than which, there is nothing more to be desired, neither in heauen nor in earth. By thee haue we learned the true and ready way to eternall saluation, lest we should wander any longer in the Labyrinths of this life. Thou didst teach vs exactly how to beleeue, what to doe, what to hope, and in whom we ought to rest: by thee we haue learned how vnhappie we were

borne

borne through our first father *Adam*; by thee we haue learned that there is no hope of saluation, except by faith in thee.

Thou hast taught vs that thou art the onely light that shinest to all men in the desart of this world, conducting them through the night of their minds, from the Egyptian darkenesse, to that blessed Land which thou promisest vnto the meeke, and such as follow thy humility. For in vs was nothing but vtter darkenesse, who neither could see our calamity, neither know from whence to seeke the remedie of our misery: thou daignedst to enter into the world, vouchsafedst to take vpon thee our nature, that thy doctrine might disperse the cloud of our ignorance: that by thy precepts thou mightst direct our feet in the way of peace: by the examples of thy life, thou didst limit out a path for vs to immortality; and beating it with thy

thy steps, thou madest it of a tedious and rough, an easie and beaten way. So becamest thou vnto vs a way that knoweth no errour, in which lest we should be wearied, thy bounty with great & assured promises, vouchsafed to assure vs: for who could be wearied, that thinketh how in following thy footsteps, there is an heritage of eternall life prepared for him? Therefore whilst we are in this iourney, thou wouldest in stead of a staffe be an assured hope vnto vs, whereby we might be sustained.

Neither was thy goodnesse cõtented herewith, but acknowledging the frailty of our natures, in the meane space with the comfort of the holy Spirit thou repairest our courages, to the end that we may more willingly run vnto thee. And as thou being made a way vnto vs driuest away all errour, so becoming our truth, thou takest away al distrust.

Finally,

Finally, being made life vnto vs, thou giueſt heat vnto thoſe that are dead in ſinne, a life through thy holy ſpirit which quickeneth all things, vntill all mortality laid aſide, in the reſurrection we may alwaies liue with thee and in thee, by reaſon that thou art vnto vs all in all things: For it is eternall life to know the Father, and the Sonne, and the holy Ghoſt to be one true God. Wherefore I beſeech thee, O moſt mercifull Father, to increaſe faith in me who am thy vnworthy ſeruant, leſt at any time I wauer in thy celeſtiall doctrine: increaſe obedience in me, leſt I ſwerue from thy precepts: increaſe conſtancy, that walking in thy wayes, I neither be allured by the inticemenrs of Satan, nor deiected by his terrors, but that I may perſeuer in thee who art the true way, to my liues end. Increaſe my faith, that poſſeſſed of thy promiſes, I may neuer

wax slow in the ſtudy of godlineſſe; but forgetting thoſe things I haue left behinde me, I may alwayes ſtriue and endeuour for more perfection.

Increaſe thy grace in me, that daily more and more being mortified my ſelfe, I may liue and be incouraged by thy holy Spirit, fearing nothing but thee, than whom there is nothing more amiable; glorying in none but in thee, who art the true glorie of all the Saints; wiſhing nothing but thee, than whom there is nothing better; deſiring nothing but thee, who art full and perfect felicitie, with the Father and the holy Ghoſt, world without end. Amen.

*A Prayer to God the holy Ghoſt.*

HOly Spirit, our Aduocate, who on Whitſunday didſt deſcend vpon thy Apoſtles, filling their

their bosomes with charity, grace, and wisdome: I pray thee by that thy vnspeakable mercy and liberality, that thou wilt vouchsafe to fill the secrets of my soule with thy grace, and water my inward heart with the vnspeakable sweetnesse of thy loue. Come holy Ghost, and from heauen send a beame of thy light. Come thou Father of the poore, come thou giuer of gifts, come thou light of hearts, come thou gracious comforter, thou sweet guest of my soule, my pleasant refresher. Come thou Physitian of those that faint, come thou purger of eies, come thou strength of the fraile, come thou remedie of sinnes, come thou doctor of the humble, come thou destroyer of the proud, come thou excellent ornament of all vertues: come thou onely saluation of the dying. Come my God, & adorne a bed for thee, in which I may worthily entertaine thee, with all

all thy riches and mercies: fill me with the gifts of thy wisdome, illuminate me with the benefit of vnderstanding, gouerne me with the gift of counsell, confirme me with the gift of fortitude, instruct me with the gift of science, wound me with the gift of pietie, and pierce my heart with the gift of thy holy feare.

O sweet louer of cleane hearts, burne & inflame all my bowels with the sweet fire of thy loue, that being inflamed, they may be carried & rauished into thee, who art the center and finall end of all my good: ô sweet louer of holy soules, since thou art not ignorant that I can do nothing of my selfe, nor by my selfe, stretch out thy fauorable hand ouer me, & grant that I may forsake my selfe, & flie vnto thee: mortifie, extinguish & dissolue in me whatsoeuer is displeasant vnto thee, that in all things thou mayst conforme me vnto thy will, that my

life

life hereafter may be a perfect sacrifice in thy sight, or rather an offering which may wholly be consumed in the fire of thy loue.

O who shall giue me the grace, that I may at least attaine this chiefe good? Looke vpon me, ô Lord, looke vpon me, and see here this thy poore creature, my soule sighing after thee day and night, how she thirsteth after God: when shall I come and appeare before the presence of thy grace? When shall I enter into that admirable place of thy Tabernacle, that I may attaine the house of my God? When wilt thou fill me with the light of thy countenance? when shall I be satiate with the presence of thy glory? When shall I by thy meanes be deliuered from all temptations? and when shall I ouercome this frailty of my mortalitie? O eternall fountaine of light, bring me backe againe to the Abysse of eternall goodnesse, by

by whom I am created, that there I may know thee, euen as I am knowne of thee, and may so loue thee, as I am loued by thee, that I may see and enioy thee in the societie of all the elect, euen as thou also hast seene me from euerlasting. Amen.

FINIS.

S^t PETERS
COMPLAINT
Mary Magdal-
teares
W^th other workes
of the author
R. S.
LONDON
Printed by I. Hauiland

## His Circumcision.

THe head is launc't
to worke the bodies cure;
With angry ſalue
it ſmarts to heale our wound:
To faultleſſe Sonne
from all offences pure,
The faulty vaſſals
ſcourges doe redound.
The Iudge is caſt
the guiltie to acquit;
The Sunne defac'd
to lend the Starre his light;
The vine of life
diſtilleth drops of grace:
Our rocke giues iſſue
to an heauenly ſpring,
Teares from his eyes,
bloud runnes from wounding place,
Which ſhowres to heauen
of ioy an harueſt bring.
This ſacred dew

let

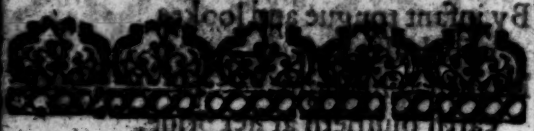
let Angels gather vp:
Such dainty drops
best fit their nectar'd cups.
With weeping eyes
his mother rewd his smart,
If bloud from him,
teares came from her as fast;
The knife that cut his flesh
did pierce her heart,
The paine that Iesus felt
did *Mary* taste,
His life and hers
hung by one fatall twist,
No blow that hit the Sonne
the mother mist.

## The Epiphanie.

TO blaze the rising
of this glorious Sunne
A glittering starre
appeareth in the East,
Whose sight to pilgrims toile
three sages wun,
To seeke the light
they long had in requeſt:
And by this starre
to nobler starre they pace,
Whoſe armes did their
desired sonne embrace:
Stall was the skie
wherein those planets shinde,
And want the cloud
that did eclipse their rayes,
Yet through this cloud
their light did passage finde,
And pierc'd these sages hearts
by secret wayes,
Which made them know

the

the ruler of the skies,
By infant tongue and lookes,
[illegible]
Heauen at her height,
earth blusheth at her pride,
And of their pompe
these pearles adorned be,
Their crownes, their robes,
their traines they set aside;
When Gods poore cottage,
clouts, and crew they view:
All glorious things:
their glorie now despise,
Sith God Contempt
doth more than Glorie prise.
Three gifts they bring,
three gifts they beare away;
For incense, myrrh, and gold,
faith, hope, and loue;
And with their gifts
the giuers heart doe stay:
Their minde from Christ,
no parting can remoue,
His humble state,
his stall, his poore retinew
They fancy more
than all their rich, trucheew.



## *The Presentation.*

TO be redeem'd
the worlds redeemer brought,
Two silly turtle doues
for ransome paies:
O wares with empires
worthie to be bought!
This easie rate doth sound,
not drowne thy praise;
For sith no price
can to thy worth amount,
A doue, yea loue,
due price thou doest account.
Old *Simeon*,
cheape penie worth and sweet,
Obtaind when thee in arms
he did embrace,
His weeping eyes
thy smiling lookes did meet,
Thy loue his heart,

thy kisses blest his face,
O eyes, O heart,
meane sights and loues auoide,
Base not your selues,
your best you haue enioyd.
O virgin pure
thou dost those doues present,
As due to law,
not as an equall price:
To buy such ware
thou wouldst thy selfe haue peur,
The world to teach his worth
could not suffice.
If God were to be bought,
not worldly pelfe,
But thou wert fittest price
next God himselfe.

## *The flight into Egypt.*

ALas, our day is forc't
to flie by night,
Light without light,
and Sunne by silent shade;
O Nature blush,
that suffrest such a wighe,
That in thy Sunne
thy darke eclipse hast made,
Day to his eyes,
light to his steps deme,
That hates the light
which graceth euery eye.
Sunne being fled,
the starres doe lose their light,
And shining beames
in bloudy streames they drench.
A cruell storme
of *Herods* mortall spight,
Their liues and lights
with bloudy showres doe quench:
The tyrant to be sure

of

[illegible]

O blessed babes,
first flowers of Christian spring,
Who though vntimely cropt
faire garlands frame,
With open throat
and silent mouthes ydixing
His praise, whose sign
permits you not to name.
Your tunes are [illegible]
your instruments are [illegible]
Your dittie death,
and bloud in lieu of [illegible]

Christs

## *Christ returne out of Egypt.*

WHen death and hell
their right in *Herod* claime,
Christ from exile
returnes to natiue soile:
There, with his life
more deeply death to maime,
Then death did life
by all the infants spoile.
He shewed the parents
that the babes did mone,
That all their liues
were lesse than his alone.
But hearing *Herods* sonne
to haue the crowne,
The impious offspring
of a bloudy sire,
*To Nazareth*
(of heauen beloued) towne,
Flower to a flower
he fitly doth retire.
For he is a flower,

and

and in a flower he bred,
And from a [illegible]
now to a flower he fled.
And well deseru'd this flower
his fruit to view,
Where he inuested was
in mortall weed,
Where first into
a tender bud he grew,
In virgin branch
vnstaind with mortall seed.
Young flower with flowers
in flower will may he
Ripe fruit he must
with them [illegible]

*Christs*

ther giuen to mourning, and driuen to misery.

But ô *Mary*, by whose counsell, vpon what hope, or with what heart, couldest thou stand alone, when the Disciples were departed? Thou wert there once before they came, thou turnedst againe at their comming, and yet thou stayest when they are gone. Alas, that thy Lord is not in the Tombe, thine owne eyes haue often seene, the Disciples hands haue felt, the empty Syndon doth auouch, and cannot all this winne thee to beleeue it? No, no; thou wouldest rather condemne thine owne eyes of errour, and both their eyes and hands of deceit, yea, rather suspect all testimonies for vntrue, than not looke whom thou hast lost, euen there, where by no diligence he could be found. When thou thinkest of other places, and canst not imagine any so likely as this, thou seekest

againe in this, and though neuer so often sought, it must be an haunt for hope. For when things dearly affected are lost, loues nature is, neuer to be weary of searching euen the ofteneſt ſearched corners, being more willing to thinke that all the ſenſes are miſtaken, than to yeeld that hope ſhould quaile. Yet now ſith it is ſo euident, that he is taken away, what ſhould moue thee to remaine here where the perill is apparant, and no profit likely? Can the wit of one (and ſhe a woman) wholly poſſeſſed with paſſion, haue more light to diſcerne danger, than two wits of two men, and both principall fauorits of the parent of all wiſdome? Or if (notwithſtanding the danger) there had beene iuſt cauſe to encounter it, were not two together, being both de Chriſti ſworne champions, each to other affected friends,

and to all his enemies professed foes, more likely to haue preuailed, than one feminine heart, timorous by kinde, and already amazed with this dreadfull accident?

But alas, why doe I vrge her with reason, whose reason is altered into loue, and that iudgeth it folly to follow such reason, as should any way impaire her loue? Her thoughts were arrested by euery thread of Christs Sindon, and she was captiue to so many prisons, as the touche bad memories of her lost master: Loue being her Iaylor in them all, and nothing able to ransome her, but the recouery of her Lord. What maruell, then though the Apostles examples drew her not away, O whom so violence a loue enforced to remaine, which prescribing lawes both to wit and will, is guided by no other law but it selfe? She could not thinke of any feare,

nor

nor ſtand in feare of any force. Loue armed her againſt all hazards, and being already wounded with the greateſt griefe, ſhe had no leaſure to remember any leſſer euill. Yea, ſhe had forgotten all things, and her ſelfe among all things, onely mindfull of him whom ſhe loued aboue all things. And yet her loue, by reaſon of her loſſe, drowned both her mind and memory ſo deepe in ſorrow, and ſo buſied her wits in the conceit of his abſence, that all remembrance of his former promiſes, was diuerted with the throng of preſent diſcomforts, and ſhe ſeemed to haue forgotten alſo him beſides whom ſhe remembred nothing. For doubtleſſe had ſhe remembred him as ſhe ſhould, ſhe would not haue now thought the tombe a fit place to ſeeke him, neither would ſhe mourne for him as dead, and remoued

by others force, but ioy in him selfe raised, and risen by his owne power. For he had often foretold, both the manner of his death, and the day of his Resurrection. But alas, let her heauinesse excuse her, and the vnwontednesse of the miracle plead her pardon, fith dread & amazement haue dulled her senses, distempered her thoughts, discouraged her hopes, awaked her passions, and left her no other liberty but onely to weepe. She wept therefore, being onely able to weepe. *And as she was weeping, she stooped downe and looked into the Monument, and she saw two Angels in white, sitting one at the head, and another at the feet, where the body of Iesus had beene laid. They said vnto her, Woman why weepest thou?* Iohn 20.

O *Mary*, thy good hap exceedeth thy hope, and where thy last sorrow was bred, thy first succour springeth. Thou diddest

seeke but one, and thou hast found two. A dead body was thy errand, and thou hast light vpon two aliue. Thy weeping was for a man, and thy teares haue obtained Angels. Suppresse now thy sadnesse, and refresh thy heart with this good fortune. These Angels inuite thee to a parley, they seeme to take pitty of thy case, and it may be, they haue some happy tidings to tell thee. Thou hast hitherto sought in vaine, as one either vnseene or vnknowne, or at the least vnregarded, sith the party thou seekest, neither tendereth thy teares, nor answereth thy cries, nor relenteth with thy lamentings. Either he doth not heare, or he will not helpe: he hath peraduenture left to loue thee, and is loth to yeeld thee releefe, and therefore take such comfort as thou findest, sith thou art not so lucky, as to finde that which thou couldest wish. Re-

member what they are, where they sit, from whence they come, and to whom they speake. They are Angels of peace, neither sent without cause, nor seene but of fauour. They sit in the tombe, to shew that they are no strangers to thy losse. They come from heauen, from whence all happy newes descendeth. They speake to thy selfe, as though they had some speciall embassage to deliuer vnto thee. Aske them therefore of thy master, for they are likeliest to returne thee a desired answer. Thou knewest him too well, to thinke that hell hath deuoured him: thou hast long sought, and hast not found him on earth, and what place so fit for him as to be in heauen? Aske therefore of those Angels that came newly from thence, and it may be, their report will highly please thee. Or if thou art resolued to continue thy seeking, who can better

ter helpe thee, than they that are as swift as thy thought, as faithfull as thine owne heart, and as louing to thy Lord as thou thy selfe? Take therefore thy good hap, lest it be taken away from thee, and content thee with Angels, sith thy master hath giuen thee ouer.

But alas, what meaneth this change, and how happeneth this strange alteration? The time hath beene that fewer teares would haue wrought greater effect, shorter seeking haue sooner found, and lesse paine haue procured more pittie. The time hath beene that thy annointing his feet, was accepted and praised, thy washing them with teares highly cõmended, & thy wiping thẽ with thy haire, most courteously construed. How then doth it now fall out, that hauing brought thy sweet oyles to annoint his whole body, hauing shed as many teares as would

haue washed more than his feet, and hauing not onely thy haire, but thy heart ready to serue him, he is not moued with all these duties, so much as once to afoord thee his sight? Is it not he that reclaimed thee from thy wandring courses, that dispossessed thee of thy damned Inhabitants, and from the wilds of sinne, recouered thee into the fold and family of his flocke? Was not thy house his home, his loue thy life, thy selfe his disciple? Did not he defend thee against the Pharisie, plead for thee against *Iudas*, and excuse thee to thy sister? In summe, was not he thy Patron and protector in all thy necessities?

O good *Iesu*, what hath thus estranged thee from her? thou hast heretofore so pitied her teares, that seeing them, thou couldest not refraine thine. In one of her greatest agonies, for loue of her, that so much loued

thee, thou didst recall her dead brother to life, turning her complaint into vnexpected contentment. And we know, that thou doest not vse to alter course without cause, nor to chastise without desert. Thou art the first that inuitest, and the last that forsakest, neuer leauing but first left; and euer offering, till thou art refused. How then hath she forfeited thy fauour? or with what trespasse hath she earned thy ill will? That she neuer left to loue thee, her heart will depose, her hand will subscribe, her tongue will protest, her teares will testifie, and her seeking doth assure. And alas, is her particular case so farre from example, that thou shouldest rather alter thy nature, than she better her Fortune, and be to her as thou art to no other? For our parts, since thy last shew of liking towards her, we haue found no other fault in her, but that she

was the earliest vp to seeke thee, readiest to annoint thee, and when she saw that thou wert remoued, she forth with did weepe for thee, and presently went for helpe to finde thee. And whereas those two that she brought, being lesse carefull of thee than fearefull of themselues; when they had seene what she had said, sodainly shrunke away, behold she still stayeth, she still seeketh, she still weepeth. If this be a fault, we cannot deny but this she doth, and to this she perswadeth; yea, this she neither meaneth to amend, nor requesteth thee to forgiue: if therfore thou reckonest this as punishable, punished she must be, sith no excuse hath effect where the fact pleadeth guiltie. But if this import not any offence but a true affection, and be rather a good desire than an euill deserr, why art thou so hard a Iudge to so soft a creature, requiting her

loue

loue with thy losse, and suspending her hopes in this vnhappinesse? Are not those thy words: *I loue those that loue me, and who watcheth early for me shall find me?* why then doth not this woman find thee, that was vp so early to watch for thee? Why dost thou not with like repay her, that bestoweth vpon thee her whole loue, sith thy word is her warrant, and thy promise her due debt? Art thou lesse moued with these teares that she sheddeth for thee her onely Master, than thou wert with those that she shed before thee for her deceased brother? Or doth her loue to thy seruant more please thee than her loue to thy selfe? Our loue to others must not be to them, but to thee in them. For he loueth thee so much the lesse that loueth any thing with thee. If therefore she then deserued well for louing thee in another, she deserued better now, for

louing thee in thy selfe: and if indeed thou louest those that loue thee, make thy word good to her, that is so farre in loue with thee. Of thy selfe thou hast said, that thou art *The way, the truth, and the life.* If then thou art a way easie to find and neuer erring, how doth she misse thee? If a life giuing life and neuer ending, why is she ready to dye for thee? If a true promising truth, and neuer failing, how is she betrayed of thee? For if what thy tongue did speake, thy truth will auerre, she will neuer aske more to make her most happy. Remember that thou saidst to her sister, that *Mary had chosen the best part, which should not be taken from her.* That she chose the best part is out of question, sith she made choice of nothing but only of thee: But how can it be verified, that this part shall not be taken from her, sith thou that art this part, art already taken away? If she could haue kept thee, she

would not haue lost thee: and had it beene in her power, as it was in her will, she would neuer haue parted from thee: and might she now be restored to thy presence, she would trie all fortunes rather than forgoe thee. Sith therefore she seeketh nothing but what she chose, and the losse of her choice is the only cause of her combat, either vouchsafe thou to keepe this best part that she chose in her, or I see not how it can be true, that it shall not be taken from her. But thy meaning haply was, that though it be taken from her eyes, yet it should neuer be taken from her heart, & it may be, thy inward presence supplyeth thine outward absence: yet I can hardly thinke, but that if *Mary* had thee within her, she could feele it, and if she felt it, she would neuer seeke thee. Thou art too hot a fire to be in her bosome and not to burne her, and

thy

thy light is too great, to leaue her minde in this darkneſſe if it ſhined in her. In true louers euery part is an eye, and euery thought a looke, and therefore ſo ſweet an obiect among ſo many eyes, and in ſo great a light, could neuer lye ſo hidden but loue would eſpie it. No, no, if *Mary* had thee, her innocent heart (neuer taught to diſſemble) could not make complaint, the out-ſide of a concealed comfort, neither would ſhe turne her thoughts to paſture in a dead mans Tombe, if at home ſhe might bid them to ſo heauenly a banquet. Her loue would not haue a thought to ſpare, nor a minute to ſpend in any other action, than in enioying of thee, whom ſhe knew too well, to abridge the leaſt part of her from ſo high an happineſſe. For her thirſt of thy preſence was ſo exceeding, and the ſea of thy ioyes ſo well able to afford her a full

draught.

draught, that though euery parcell in her should take in a whole tide of thy delights, she would thinke them too few to quiet her desires. Yea doubtlesse, if she had thee within her, she would not enuie the fortune of the richest Empresse, yea, she would more reioyce to be thy Tombe in earth, than a throne in heauen, and disdaine to be a Saint if she were worthy to be but thy shrine.

But peraduenture it is now with her mind, as it was with the Apostles eyes; and as they seeing thee walke vpon the Sea took thee for a Gholt, so she seeing thee in her hart, deemeth thee but a fancy, being yet better acquainted with thy bodily shape than with thy spirituall power.

But ô *Mary*, it seemeth too strange, that he whom thou seekest, and for whom thou weepest, should thus giue thee ouer to these painefull fits, if in thee he

he did not see a cause for which he will not be seene of thee. Still thy plaint, and still thy weeping, for I doubt there is some trespasse in thy teares, & some sinne in thy sorrow. Doest thou not remember his words to thee and to other women, when he said, *Daughters of Ierusalem weepe not for me, but weepe for your selues and for your children?* What meanest thou then to continue this course? Doth he forbid thy teares, and wilt thou not forbeare them? Is it no fault to infringe his will, or is not that his will that his words do import? The fault must be mended, ere the penance be released, and therefore either cease to weepe, or neuer hope to finde. But I know this Logicke little pleaseth thee, and I might as soone win thee to forbeare hiring as to leaue weeping.

Thou wilt say, that though he forbad thee to weepe for him, yet

yet he left thee free, to weep for thy selfe, and sith thy loue hath made thee one with him, thou weepest but for thy selfe, when thou weepest for him. But I answer thee againe, that because he is one with thee, and thy weeping for him hath beene forbidden thee, thou canst not weepe for thy selfe, but his words will condemne thee. For if thou & he are one, for which soeuer thou weepest it is all one, & therefore sith for him thou maist not weepe, forbeare all weeping, least it should offend. Yea but (saist thou) to barre me from weeping, is to abridge me of liberty, and restraint of liberty is a penalty, and euery penalty supposeth some offence: but an offence it is not to weepe for my selfe, for he would neuer command it, if it were not lawfull to doe it. The fault therefore must be, in being one with him, that maketh the I weeping for my

selfe

*implores your fauours*
*If any fault in print*
*be past vnseene,*
*To let it passe,*
*the Printer is the craues,*
*So shall he thanke you,*
*and I by duty bound,*
*Pray, that in you*
*may all good gifts abound.*

# The Author to the Reader.

IF the Athenians erected an altar to an vnknowne god supposing he would be pleased with their deuotion, though they were ignorant of his name: how ever may I presume that my labour may be gratefull, being deuoted to such men, whose names I know, and whose fame I haue heard, though vnacquainted with their persons. I intended this comfort to him, whom a lamenting sort hath left most comfortlesse, by him to his friends, who haue equall portions in this sorrow. But I thinke the Philosophers rule will be here verified, that is, shall be last in execution, which was first designed, and

he shall last enioy the effect, which was first owner of the cause. Thus let Chance be your rule, since Choice may not, and into which of your hands it shall fortune, much honour and happinesse may it carry with it; and leave in their hearts as much ioy, as it found sorrow. Where I borrow the person of an Historie, as well touching the dead, as the yet surviuing; I build vpon report of such Authours, whose hoarie heads challenge credit, and whose eyes and eares were witnesses of their words. To craue pardon for my paine, were to slander a friendly office, and to wrong their courtesies, whom Nobilitie neuer taught to answer affection with anger, or to regard it with dislike: Therfore I humbly present vnto them with as many good wishes, as good will can measure from the best meaning mind, that hath a willingnesse rather to afford, than to offer due seruice, were not the meane to worthlesse, as the mind is willing.

R.S.

# The Triumphs over death:

OR,

*A Consolatory Epistle for troubled minds, in the Effects of dying friends.*

If it be a blessing of the vertuous to mourn, it is the reward of this, to be comforted; and he that pronounced the one, promised the other. I doubt not, but that Spirit, whose nature is Loue, and whose name Comforter, as he knowes the cause of our griefs, so hath he salued it with supplies of grace, powring into your wound no lesse oyle of mercy than wine of iustice

yet ſith courteſie oweth compaſſion as a duty to the afflicted, and nature hath ingrafted a deſire to finde it, I thought good to ſhew you by proofe, that you carry not your cares alone, though the load that lieth on others can little lighten your burthen: her deceaſe cannot but ſit neeter your heart, whom you had taken ſo deepe into a moſt tender affection. That which dieth to our loue, being alwaies aliue to our ſorrow, you would haue beene kinde to a leſſe louing ſiſter: yet finding in her ſo many worths to be loued, your loue wrought more earneſtly vpon ſo ſweet a ſubiect, which now being taken from you, I preſume your griefe is no leſſe than your loue was; the one of theſe being euer the meaſure of the other: the Scripture moueth vs to bring forth our teares on the dead, a thing not offending grace, and a right to reaſon.

For

For to be without remorse in the death of friends, is neither incident nor conuenient to the nature of man, hauing too much affinitie to a sauage temper, and ouerthrowing the ground of all piety, which is a mutuall sympathie in each of others miseries: but as not to feele sorrow in sorrowfull chances, is to want sense, so not to beare it with moderation, is to want vnderstanding; the one brutish, the other effeminate: and he hath cast his account best, that hath brought his summe to the meane. It is no lesse fault to exceed in sorrow, than to passe the limits of competent mirth, sith excesse in either is a disorder in passion, though that sorrow of courtesie be lesse blamed of men, because, if it be a fault, it is also a punishment, at once causing and tasting torments. It is no good signe in the sicke to be senselesse in his paines, as bad

it is to be vnuſually ſenſitiue, being both either harbingers or attendants of death. Let ſadnes, ſith it is a due to the dead, teſtifie a feeling of pitty, not any pang of paſſion, and bewray rather a tender than a deiected minde. Mourne, as that your friends may finde you a liuing brother, all men a diſcreet mourner, making ſorrow a ſignall, not a ſuperiour of reaſon: ſome are ſo obſtinate in their owne will, that euen time, the naturall remedie of the moſt violent agonies cannot by any delayes aſſwage their griefe: they entertaine their ſorrow with ſolitary muſes, and feed their ſighs and teares: they pine their bodies, and draw all penſiue conſideration to their minds, nurſing their heauineſſe with a melancholy humour, as though they had vowed themſelues to ſadneſſe, vnwilling it ſhould end till it had ended them, wherein their

folly sometimes findeth a ready effect; that being true, which *Salomon* obserued, that as a moth the garment, and a worme the wood, so doth sadnesse perswade the heart. But this impotent softnes fitteth not sober mindes. We must not make a liues profession of a seuen nights duty, nor vnder colour of kindnesse to others be vnnaturall to our selues: if some in their passion ioyned their thoughts into such labyrinths, that neither wit knoweth, nor will careth how long, or how farre they wander in them, it discoueteth their weaknesse, but discerneth our meditation. It is (for the most) the fault, not of all, but of the silliest women, who next to the funerall of their friends, deeme it a second widowhood, to force their teares, and make it their happinesse, to seeme most vnhappy, as though they had onely beene left aliue, to be a perpetuall

Pro. 1. 25.

shap of dead folkes misfortunes: but this is, to arme an enemie against our selues, and to yeeld Reason prisoner to Passion, putting the sword in the rebells hand, when we are leastable to withstand his treason. Sorrow once settled, is not lightly remoued, easily winning, but not so easily surrendring possession; and where it is not excluded in time, it challengeth a place by prescription. The Scripture warneth vs, not to giue our hearts to sadnesse, yea rather, to reiect it as a thing not beneficiall to the dead, yea preiudiciall to our selues; *Ecclesiasticus* alloweth but seuen dayes to mourning, iudging moderation in plaint to be a sufficient testimony in good will, and a needfull office of wisdome. Much sorrow for the dead, is either the child of selfe-loue, or of rash iudgement. If we should shed our teares for others death, as a meane to our

Eccluſ. 38.

content-

contentment, we shew but our owne wound, perish lovers of our selues: if we lament their decease as their hard destinie, we attache them of euill deseruing, with too peremptory a censure, as though their life had beene an aryle, and their death a leape into finall perdition; for otherwise a good departure craueth small condoling, being but a harbour from stormes, and an entrance vnto felicity. But you know your sister too well to incurre any blame in these respects: And experience of her life hath stored your thoughts with notice of sorure vertues, as might sooner make her memorie an inforcement to ioy, than any inducement to sorrow, and mone you to esteeme her last duties, rather the triumph of her victory, than the farewels of her decease. She was by birth second to none, but vnto the first in the realme, yet she measured

onely greatnesse by goodnesse, making Nobilitie but the mirrour of vertue; as able to shew things worthy to be seene, as apt to draw many eyes to behold it, she suted her behauiour to her birth, and ennobled her birth with her pietie, leauing her house more beholding to her, for hauing honoured it with the glorie of her vertues, than she was to it for the titles of her degree. She was high minded in nothing, but in aspiring to perfection, and in the disdaine of vice; in other things coueting her greatnesse with humility among her inferiors, and shewing it with courtesie among her peeres. Of the carriage of her selfe, and her sober gouernment may be a sufficient testimony that enuy her selfe was dumbe in her dispraise, finding in her much to repine at, but nought to reproue. The clearenesse of her honour I need not to men-

tion,

tion, she having alwaies armed it with such modestie, as taught the most vntemperate tongues to be silent in her presence, and answered their eyes with scorne and contempt, that did but seeme to make her an ayme to passion; yea, and in this behalfe, as almost in all others, she hath the most honourable & knowen Ladies of the land, so common and knowen witnesses, that those that least loued her religion, were in loue with her demeanour, deliuering their opinions in open prayses. How mildly she accepted the checke of fortune fallen vpon her without desert, experience hath beene a most manifest proofe, the temper of her mind being so easie, that she found little difficultie in taking downe her thoughts to a meane degree, which true honour, not pride hath raised to the former height. Her faithfulnesse & loue where

she

she found true friendship, is written with teares in many eyes, and will be longer registred in gratefull memories of diuers that haue tried her in that kind; auowing her for seerenie, wisdome, and constancie, to be a miracle in that sex: yea, when she found least kindnesse in others, she neuer lost it in her selfe, more willingly suffering than offering wrong, and often weeping for their mishaps, whom though lesse louing her, she could not but affect. Of the innocencie of her life, this generall each one can auerre, that as she was gratefull many wayes, and memorable for vertues, so was she free from all blemish of any vice, vsing, to her power, the best meanes to keepe continually an vndefiled conscience: her attire was euer such, as might both satisfie a curious eye, and yet beare witnesse of a sober minde, neither singular, nor

vaine,

vaine, but such as her peeres of best report vsed; her tongue was very little acquainted with oathes, vnlesse either duty or distrust did enforce them: and surely they were needlesse to those that knew her, to whom the truth of her words could not iustly be suspected; much lesse was she noted of any vnfitting talke, which as it was euer hatefull to her eares, so did it neuer defile her breath. Of feeding she was very measurable, rather too sparing, than too liberall a diet: so religious for obseruing of fasts, that neuer in her sicknesse she could hardly be wonne to breake them: and if our soules be possessed in our patience, surely her soule was truely her owne, whose locke though often stricken with the rod of aduersity, neuer yeelded any more than to giue issue of eye streames: and though these through the tendernesse

of

of her nature, and aptnesse of her sex, were the customarie tributes that her loue payed, more to her friends than her owne misfortunes, yet were they not accompanied with distempered words, or ill-seeming actions, reason neuer forgetting decencie, though remembring pity. Her deuotions shee daily obserued, offering the daily sacrifice of an innocent heart, and fitting her selfe to her times of prayer, which she performed with so religious a care, as well shewed that she knew how high a Maiestie she serued. I need not write how dutifully she discharged all the behooues of a most louing wife, since that was the commonest theme of her praise: yet this may be said without improofe to any, that whosoeuer in this behalfe may be counted her equall, none can iustly be thought her superiour. Where she owed, she paied du-

tie,

tie, where she found, she returned courtesie; whereseuer she was knowen, she deserued amitie; desirous of the best, yet disdaining none but euill company: she was readier to require benefits than reuenge wrongs, more grieued than angry with vnkindnesse of friends, when either mistaking or misreport occasioned any breaches: for if their words carry credit, it entred deepest into her thoughts, they haue acquitted her from all spice of malice, not onely against her friends, whose dislikes were but a retire to slip further into friendship, but euen her greatest enemies, to whom if she had beene a Iudge as she was a suppliant, I assuredly thinke she would haue redressed, but not reuenged her wrongs. In summe, she was an honour to her predecessors, a light to her age, and a patterne to her posteritie; neither was her conclusion differ-

ent

rent from her premises, or her death from her life, she shewed no dismay being warned of her danger; carrying in her conscience, the safe conduct of innocencie. But hauing sent her desires to heauen before with a milde countenance, and a most calme minde, in more hope than feare, she expected her owne passage, she commended both her duty and good will to all her friends, and cleared her heart from all grudge towards her enemies, wishing true happinesse to them both, as best became so soft and gentle a mind, in which anger neuer stayed, but as an vnwelcome stranger: She made open profession that she did die true to her religion, true to her husband, true to God and the world: she enioyed her iudgement as long as she breathed, her body earnestly offering her last deuotions, supplying in thoughts what faintnesse suffered

not

not her tongue to vtter ? in the end, when her glasse was runne out, and death began to challenge his interest, some labouring with too late remedies to hinder the deliuery of her sweet soule, she desired them eftsoones to let her goe to God; and her hopes calling her to eternall kingdomes, as one rather fallen asleepe, than dying, she most happily tooke her leaue of all mortall miseries. Such was the life, such was the death of your dearest sister, both so full of true comfort, that this surely of her vertues may be a sufficient lenitiue to your bitterest griefes. For you are not (I hope) in the number of those that reckon it a part of their paine to heare of their best remedies, thinking the rehearsall of your dead friends praises an vpbraiding of their losse: but sith the obliuion of her vertues were iniurious to her, let not the mention of

her person be offensiue vnto you, and be not you grieued with her death; with which she is best pleased. So blessed a death is rather to be wished of vs, than pitied in her, whose soule triumpheth with God, whose vertue still breatheth in the mouths of infinite praises, and liueth in the memories of all, to whom riches experience made her knowne, or fame was not enuious to conceale her deserts. She was aie well, that both God and you desired to enioy; he to her assured benefit without selfe-interest, you for allowable respects; yet imploying her restraint among certaine hazards and most vncertaine hopes. Be then vmpire in your owne cause, whether your wishes or Gods will importeth more loue; the one, the adornement of her exile, the other, her returne into a most blessed countrey. And sith it pleased God in this loue to be

your

your riuall, let your discretion decide the doubt, whom in due should carry the suit, the prerogatiue being but a right to the one: for nature and grace being the motiues of both your loues, she had the best title in them, that was author of them: and she, if worthy to be beloued of either, as she was of both, could not but preferre him to the dearest portion of her deepest affection: let him with good leaue gather the grape of his owne vine, and plucke the fruit of his owne planting, and thinke so curious workes euer safest in the Artificers hand, who is likeliest to loue them, and best able to preserue them. She did therefore her duty in dying willingly: and if you will doe yours, you must be willing with her death, both to repine at her liking, is discourtesie; at Gods, an impiety; both vnfitting for your approued vertue; she being in place

where

where no griefe can annoy her, she hath little need, or lesse ioy of your sorrow; neither can she allow in her friends, that she would loath in her selfe, loue neuer affecting likenesse: if she had beene euill, she had not deserued our teares: being good, she cannot desire them, nothing being lesse to the likenesse of goodnesse, than to see it selfe any cause of vniust disquiet or trouble to the innocent. Would *Saul* haue thought it friendship, to haue wept for his fortune, in
1 Sam. 17. hauing found a kingdome, by seeking of carrell? or *Dauid* account it a courtesie, to haue sorrowed at his successe, that from following sheepe, came to foyle a giant, and to receiue in fine, a royall crowne for his victory? why then should her los be lamented, whom higher fauour
Psal. 112. hath raised from the dust to sit with Princes of Gods people, if securitie had beene giuen; that

a longer life should still haue beene guided by vertue, and followed with good fortune, you might pretend some cause to complaine of her decease. But if different effects should haue crossed your hopes, (processe of time being the parent of strange alterations) then had death beene friendlier than your selfe: and sith it hung in suspence, which of the two would haue happened, let vs allow God so much discretion, as to thinke him the fittest arbitrator in decision of the doubt: her foundations of happinesse were in the holy hils, and God saw it fittest for her building to be but low in the vale of teares; & better it was it should be soone taken downe, than by rising too high, to haue oppressed her soule with the ruines. Thinke it no iniurie that she is now taken from you, but a fauour that she was lent you so long, and shew no vnwillingnesse Psal. 87.

whereas if we exclude our passed and future contentments, pleasant pleasures haue so fickle assurance, that either as forestalled before their arriuall, or interrupted before their end, or ended before they are well begun, the repetition of former comforts, and the expectation of after hopes, is euer a releefe vnto a vertuous minde, whereas others, not suffering their life to continue in the conueniences of that which was and shall be diuided, this day from yesterday and to morrow, and by forgetting all, and forecasting nothing, abridge their whole life into the moment of present time. Enioy your sister in her former vertues, enioy her also in her future meeting, being both titles of more certaine delights, than her casuall life could euer haue warranted. If we will thinke of her death, let is be as a warning to prouide vs, sith that what happeneth

neth to one, may happen to another: yea, none can escape, that is common to all. It may be, that blow that hit her, was meant to some of vs; and this missing was but a proofe, to take better aime in the next stroke. If we were diligent in thinking of our owne, we should haue little leasure to bewaile others death. When the souldier in skirmish seeth his next fellow slaine, he thinketh more time to looke to himselfe, then to stand mourning an hapless mischance, knowing the hand which sped so neere a neighbour, cannot be farre from his owne head. But we in this behalfe are much like the silly birds, that seeing one sticke in the lime-bush, striuing to get away, with a kinde of natiue pitty are drawen to goe to it, and to rush themselues into the same misfortune; euen so many for their friends decease by musing on their lot, wittingly surfet of

too much sorrow, that sometimes, they make mourning their last decease. But slippe not you into this coyle, that hath taken none but weake affections; hold not your eyes alwayes vpon your hardest happes, neither be you still occupied in counting your losses. There are fairer parts in your body than scarres, better eye-markes in your fortune than a sisters losse. You might haply find more comfort left, than you would willingly lose; but that you haue already resigned the solaces of life, and shunned all comforts into the hopes of heauen; yet sith there is some difference betweene a purpose and proofe, intending and performing, a subdued enemy being euer ready to rebell, when he findeth mighty helpes to make a party, it is good to strengthen reason against the violence of Nature, that in this and like cases will renew her assaults. It was

a forcible remedie that he vſed to withſtand the conceit of a moſt lamentable occurrent, who hauing in one ſhip loſt his children and ſubſtance, and hardly eſcaped himſelfe from drowning, went preſently into an hoſpitall of lazars, where finding in a little roome many examples of great miſeries, he made the ſmart of others ſores a lenitiue to his owne wound. For beſides that, as lowneſſe and pouerty was common to them, they had alſo many combers priuate to themſelues, ſome wanting their ſenſes, ſome their wits, other their limbes, but all their health, in which conſideration he eaſed his minde, that Fortune had not giuen him the greateſt fall. If God had put you to *Abrahams* triall, commanding you to ſacrifice the hope of your poſteritie, and to be to your onely ſonne an author of death, as you were to him of life: If you

had beene tied in the straights of *Iephta's* bitter deuotions, embruing his sword in his owne daughters bloud, and ending the triumphs ouer his enemies, with the voluntary funerals of his only offspring: yet, sith both their liues & their labours had beene Gods vndeniable debt, your vertues ought to haue obeyed, maugre all encounters of carnall affection. And how much more in this case should you incline your loue to Gods liking, in which he hath reckned a lesse part of his owne, and that by the vsuall easiest course of Natures lawes? Let God strippe you to the skinne, yea to the soule, so he stay with you himselfe: let his reproach be your honour, his pouerty your riches, and he, in lieu of all other friends. Thinke him enough for this world, that must be all your possession for a whole eternitie. Let others ease their carefulnesse with borrowed

pleasures,

pleasures, not bred out of the true roote, but begged of externall helpes. They shall still carry vnquiet minds, so easily altered with euery accident, sith they labour not for any change in their inward distempers, but by forgetting them for a time by outward pastimes. Innocency is the onely mother of true mirth, and a soule that is owner of God, will quietly beare with all other wants, nothing being able to impouerish it, but voluntary losses. Beare not therefore with her losses, for she is won for euer, but with the momentary absence of your most happy sister; yea, it cannot iustly be called an absence, many thoughts being daily in parley with her, onely mens eyes and eares vnworthy to enioy so sweet an obiect, haue resigned their interest, and interred this treasure in their hearts, being the fittest shrines for so pure a Saint, whom, as none did

know but did loue, so none can now remember but with deuotion. Men may behold her with shame of their former life; seeing one of the weaker sex honour her weakneſſe with ſuch a traine of perfections. Ladies may admire her, as a glory to their degree, in whom honour was pourtraied in her full likeneſſe, grace hauing perfected Natures firſt draught with all the due colours of an abſolute vertue. All women accept her as a patterne to imitate, her gifts and her good parts hauing beene ſo manifeſted, that euen they that can teach the fineſt ſtitches, may themſelues take new workes out of this Sampler. Who then could drinke any ſorrow out of ſo cleare a Fountaine, or bewaile the eſtate of ſo happy a creature, to whom, as to be her ſelfe, was her praiſe; ſo, to be as ſhe is, was her higheſt bliſſe? You ſtill float in a troubleſome ſea, and you find it by

expe-

experience a sea of dangers: how then can it pitty you to see your sister on shore, and so safely landed in so blisfull an harbour? Sith your *Iudith* hath wrought the glorious exploit against her ghostly enemies, for the accomplishing whereof she came into the dangerous campe & warfare of this life; you may well giue her leaue to looke home to her *Bethulia*, to solemnize her triumph with the spoiles of her victorie. Yea, you should rather haue wished to haue beene Porter to let her in, than mourne to see her safe returned. For so apparent hazards, she carried an heauenly treasure in an earthly vessell, which was too weake a treasurie for so high riches: sinne creeping in at the window of our senses, and often picking the locks of the strongest hearts. And for this it was layd vp in a surer, to the which the heauens are walles, and the Angels kee-

Iud. 15.

2 Cor. 4.

pers. She was a pure fish, but yet swimming in muddy streames: it was now time to draw her to shore, and to imploy the inwards of her vertues to medicinable vses, that layd on the coles of due consideration, they may draw from our thoughts the Tob.6. Deuils suggestions, and applied to their eyes, which are blinded with the dung of flying vanities, the slime of their former vanities may fall off, and leaue them able to behold the cleare light. The base shell of a mortall body was vnfit for so precious a Mat.13. Margarite, and the Ieweller that came into this world to seeke good pearles, and gaue, not only all he had, but himselfe also, to buy them, thought now high time to bring her vnto his bargaine, finding her growne to a Margarites full perfection. She stood vpon too low a ground to take view of her Sauiours most desired countenance, and forsaking

king the earth with *Zacheus*, she climbed vp into the tree of life, there to giue her soule a full repast of her beauties. She departed with *Iephta*'s daughter from her fathers house, but to passe some moneths in wandring about the mountaines of this troublesome world, which being now expired, she was after her pilgrimage, by couenant to returne to be offered vnto God in a gratefull sacrifice, and to ascend out of this desart, like a flemme of perfume out of burned spices. Let not therefore the crowne of her vertue be the foile of her constancie, nor the end of her combers a renewing of yours. But sith God was well pleased to call her, she not displeased to goe, and you the third twist to make a triple cord, saying, Our Lord gaue, and our Lord tooke away, as it hath pleased our Lord, so hath it fallen out: the name of our Lord be blessed. Lu 9.

*Clara ducum soboles, superis noua sedibus hospes,*
*Clausit inoffenso tramite pura diem:*
*Dotibus ornauit, superauit moribus ortum,*
*Omnibus vna prior, par fuit vna sibi:*
*Lux genus ingenio, generi lux inelita virtus,*
*Virtutisque fuit mens generosa decus.*
*Mors muta at properata dies orbemque relinquit,*
*Prolem matre verum coniuge flore genus,*
*Occidit à se alium tulit hic occasus in ortum,*
*Viuat, ad occiduas non reditura vices.*

OF *Howards* stemme
a glorious branch is dead,
Sweet lights eclipsed
were at her decease:
In *Buckhurst* line
she gracious issue spread,
She heau'n with two,
with foure did earth increase:
Fame, honour, grace,
gaue aire vnto her breath,
Rest, glory, ioyes,
were sequels of her death.

Death aymde too high,

he

he hit too choice a wight,
Renown'd for birth,
for life, for liuely parts:
He kild her cares,
he brought her worths to light,
He robd our eyes,
but hath enricht our hearts:
*Lot* let out of her Arke
a *Noahs* Doue,
But many hearts
were Arkes vnto her loue.

Grace, Nature, Fortune,
did in her conſpire,
To ſhew a proofe
of their vnited skill:
Sly Fortune euer falſe
did ſoone retire,
But double Grace
ſuppli'd falſe Fortunes ill.
And though ſhe raught
not vnto Fortunes pitch,
In Grace and Vertue
few were found ſo rich.

Heauen of this heauenly Pearle,
is now poſſeſt,

In whose lustre was
the blaze of honours light;
Whose substance pure,
of euery good the best;
Whose price the crowne
of highest right;
Whose praise, to be her selfe:
whose greatest blisse,
To liue, to loue,
to be where now she is.

FINIS.

# SHORT
# RVLES
# OF
# Good life.

By. *R.S.*

LONDON,
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1630.

# RVLES
OF
Good life.

By R.S.

# TO MY DEARE AFFECTED FRIEND M.D.S. Gentleman.

As there is a method and order to be observed in all Arts, for the practitioners more facile attayning the effects of his endeauors: so is there no lesse vniformitie to be prepounded in ayming at the true course of vertue: the rules whereof, albeit they are directory to the sum of all happinesse, yet doe worldly courser studies entertaine farre more followers, whose erring iudgements (entangled with dull ignorance) cannot rightly preferre vertue, nor effectually censure vice. For what cleare-

sighted

*sighted iudgement will rely eternall affaires vpon the gliding slipperuesse and running streame of this vncertaine life? or who (but one of distempered wits) would offer to dissemble with the Almightie decipherer of all thoughts, in pretending vertue, and pursuing vanities? It is a most seruile disposition that will yeeld the prerogatiue of the soule vnto the body, and giue flesh and bloud libertie to determine the course of this life, which are in manner but the barke and rinde of a man, being that the soule is the soueraigne part, ordained to an high end of so peerelesse dignitie, and such estimate, that not all the gold and treasure of the world, nor any thing in heauen of lesse worth than the bloud and life of Almightie God, was*

*able*

*able to buy it.*

*Let vs not then iniuriously deprive our soules of the due interest of grace and vertue, but account this vaine world with the wares thereof, sutable to the shop of idle Merchandise, vnto which we haue already beene too long customers, the trafficke being toile, the wealth trash, the gaine miserie, and the whole contents thereof detriments in grace, pietie, and vertue.*

Yours in firme affection,

R. S.

## To the Christian Reader.

IF vertue be thy guide,
True comfort is thy path,
And thou secure from erring steps,
That leade to vengeance wrath.

Not wideſt open doore,
Nor ſpacious wayes ſhe goes,
To ſtraight and narrow gate and way,
She cals, ſhe leads, ſhe ſhewes.

She cals, the feweſt come,
She leades the humble ſprited,
She ſhewes them reſt at races end,
Soules reſt to heauen inuited.

Tis ſhe that offers moſt,
Tis ſhe that moſt refuſe,
Tis ſhe preuets the broad way plagues,
Which moſt dog wilfull chuſe.

Doe

Doe chuſe the wide, the broad,
The left hand way and gate:
Theſe pleaſe applauds, theſe vertue hates
And teacheth hers to hate.

Her waies are pleaſant waies,
Vpon the right hand ſide,
And heauenly happy is that ſoule,
Takes vertue for her guide.

R. S.

thereof, that there may be nothing which I could not willingly accept at Gods hands, how contrary soeuer it were to my inclination, to which these considerations may helpe me.

First the end I aymeat, is Gods glory in this world, and his reward in the next: and therefore knowing that nothing but my voluntary sinne can barre me from this end, what need I much care by what meanes God will haue me to attaine it? for the meanes the last but a little, and the end endureth for euer, and is so much the more comfortable, in that it hath beene atchieued with discomfortable toyle.

Secondly, God loueth me more than I loue my selfe, & is so wise that he seeth what is fittest for me, all present and future circumstances considered: he is so mightie that what his wisedome and loue shall conclude for my good, his power can put it in execution,

cution, and therfore let me yeeld my selfe rather to his prouidence than to mine owne desires.

Thirdly, whatsoeuer moueth me to feare or dislike any thing, which I could not frame my minde to beare( God seeth it far better than I, yea, and all other secret and vnknowne hazards annexed to that thing. If therefore he knowing all these things, will neuerthelesse let it happen vnto me; I must assure my selfe that it proceedeth from loue and is for my greater good, and that he hauing laid a heauy burthen vpon weake forces, will by his grace supply all my wants, feares and frailties.

## *The seuenth Affection.*

THe seuenth affection is gratitude and thankfulnesse, which I ought to finde in my selfe towards God, and the feeling

fing an earnest desire to do any thing that might counterpaile, or in part answer the excessiue loue that God hath, and doth hourely bestow vpon me, and to let no little good that I receiue, though neuer so ordinary, passe without thankes to him, who euen in the least things is content to serue me: and finally to make God my repose, and his remembrance my comfort, and to loath all earthly things, as base and vnpleasant in comparison of him.

## *Of my duty towards my neighbour.*

AFter knowledge of my dutie towards God, I must consider my duty towards my neighbour, and the manner how to demeane and behaue my selfe in company and conuersation. First I must procure to remember

ber, that my externall behaui-
our, my gate, my gesture, my
countenance, and my outward
actions, be done with grauitie,
modestie, and all decencie, that
I be not light, vaine, or too la-
uish in mirth, nor too austere, nor
too much inclined to sadnesse,
but with temperate modestie ra-
ther composed to mirth than to
melancholie. Which externall
composition is necessary both
for edifying our neighbour, who
being vnable to iudge or enter
into our thoughts, iudgeth of e-
uery one according to that,
whereof his sense is witnesse.
And next in respect of God, who
being euery where present, re-
quireth in vs behauiour worthy
of his sight and compass, and
lastly, in respect of our own
soule, this care of externall de-
cencie being an approued
meanes to auoid infinite sinnes.
Of externall composition
there be three chiefe points:

First the care of our countenance, gate, and gesture: Secondly, of our voyce and speech: Thirdly, of our apparell and other adherents.

In countenance I must auoid an vnstayed kinde of varietie and often change, keeping as neere as I may, one setled tenour thereof, rather bent to smiling than heauinesse, and free from frowning, and such like vnseemely distemper: neither ought I to alter countenance, but when reasonable and iust cause moueth me, to shew either mirth, sorrow, dislike, or compassion, or some other modest or temperate affection.

My gate ought to be graue, neither too swift, nor too slow, but with a meane and sober pace: my gesture must be decent, free from affection or singularitie, and from all shew of inward disquietnesse or vnordered passion, which though I cannot

chuse but sometimes feele, yet it is good (as much as I may) to conceale it, because outward signes doe feede the inward distemper, and bewray to others my imperfections, to my discredit, and their euill ensample.

My voyce neither ought to be very loud, nor my daughter so vehement, nas to be heard afarre off, both seemely and modest, for excesse in the voice, and immoderate loudnesse, are alwayes certaine signes of passion, and therefore ought not to be vsed but vpon some extraordinary necessity. My speech ought not to be so much, as to make me be noted for talkative; yea, it is good to be rather sparing in words, and readier to heare than to speake: but when occasion inciteth vnto much talke, I must speake deliberately without rashnesse or leuity, auoyding ouer many iests, especially bitter taunts, and sharpe words: I must

also take heed of affected speech, and impertinent ceremonies, vsing such affability, and conuenient complements as common ciuility and vsuall courtesie requireth. Mine apparell must be free from lightnesse, or more gaudinesse than fitteth mine age, company, or calling: it must be decent and comely, not too open; nor with any vnusuall or new fashioned dresses, that other graue persons of my qualitie and calling (that are well thought of) doe not vse: it must be handsome and cleane, and as much as may be without singularity, that therein the ostayednesse and seemely estate of my soule may be perceiued. Alwayes when I am to go to any company, either of my dwelling place or strangers, I ought to forecast their disposition, and what talke or action is likely to be tendred vnto me by their presence. If I feare any detracting speeches, let me

arme my selfe, not to seeme to approue them, yea, rather to dislike them, and endeuour to turne their talke into some other matter, and so in all vnlawfull kind of speech whatsoeuer.

Finally, let this for conuersation be my chiefe rule, alwayes to foresee and prouide my selfe against the occasions that by euery company are likely to be offered me, and in the beginning to direct mine intention, to talke either for dispatch of necessary busines, (if there be any) or for maintaining mutuall loue and charity, if it be merry or ordinary talke.

This foresight of occasions, and faults likely to be committed, is the principall remedy against all sinne, and therefore especially to be noted and fixed. To conclude, the vertues necessary in conuersation are, modesty, decency, courtesie, affability, meekenesse, and ciuility; shew of compassion to other is

miseries, and of ioy at their welfare, and of readinesse to pleasure all, and vnwillingnesse to displease any: the want of any of these, where occasion requireth, maketh it more faultie.

The vices chiefly to be auoyded, are pride, disdainfulnesse, [illegible]nesse, frowardnesse, lightnesse, too much familiaritie, churlishnesse, and offensiue speeches.

*my duty towards my selfe.*

THe last point is to consider my duty towards my selfe, and the care I ought to haue of mine owne particular: first I must procure that which before is mentioned, in all my actions to haue a badge of Christianity, that is, a pure and sincere affection and intention, not seeking in any thing mine owne

 delights,

delights, pleasure, and contentment, more than may stand with the honour and glory of God, remembring that I am to serue him and not my selfe, more than is necessary to inable me for his better seruice, I being his more than mine owne.

Secondly, I must procure to foresee in euery action (at least in all the principall) to fore-arme my selfe against those occasions of sinne that shall be offered in them: and where it lyeth not in my power to auoid the occasion of any great sinne, the more danger there is: and the greater the sinne is that I am in danger of, so much the more preparation must I vse to resist it, & the more earnestly aske for Gods grace.

Thirdly, I must haue care of my senses, as the meanes and entrance of temptations, to which it is a principall helpe, not to be easily drawne with euery noise or fancy, to moue my head or

eyes, without there be good cause, not to be sodaine in motion, and going hither and thither without deliberation: I must also remember well that the eye is neuer satisfied with seeing, nor the eare with hearing noueltiesy and therefore must I needs bridle the vnmeasurable appetite of both these senses, by breaking off mine owne desires in that behalfe.

Fourthly, because confusion, and an vnsetled kinde of life is the cause of many sinnes, and an enemie to all vertue, I must set down with my selfe some certaine order in spending my time, allotting in euery home of the day some certaine thing to be done in the same, and to haue times in the morning, euening, and after-none, deuoted vnto some good and godly exercise, which I must (though not by vow) binde my selfe vnto, whether things of worldly affaires call me from

them: also to keepe due times of rising, meales, and going to bed; and all other necessary times, the obseruation whereof is the most necessary, for a regular and vertuous kind of life.

Fifthly, it is a most necessary rule of good life, not onely to keepe order in my spirituall and temporall actions, but also to perseuer and continue in one order, hauing once set it downe with sound aduice: for the nature of man being apt to change, we are giuen still to nouelties, seeking new wayes to perfection, and confirming or habituating our selues in none. Wherefore (except necessity, charity, or greater spirituall good-doe require) I must not flit from one exercise to another, but first plant a good platforme with mature aduice, and then resolue and fully determine to continue in the same.

Sixthly, I must not combe my

mind with many spirituall or externall exercises at once, nor labour my selfe too much at the first, for my force being distracted to many offices, is the lesse able to performe any of them, and is easily ouerlaboured without profit: wherefore I must not thinke to get all vertues at once, or cut off all imperfections together, but hauing a generall resolution to get vertue, and leaue all vice, beginne with some one, endeauouring to breake my selfe of some one fault, whereto I am most inclined, and procuring to get the contrary vertue; for the care of auoyding one offence, will make me take heed of all the rest.

Seuenthly, mans nature being so corrupt, that without continuall violence and force, it cannot attaine to vertue, or leaue vice, whereunto it is much inclined, I must assure my selfe, that care and watchfulnesse is euer

necessary, and because I am apt to fall, I must often renew my good purposes, knowing that I never can go on in vertue without falling, and therefore I must every morning thinke with my selfe that hitherto I haue done nothing, and that by Gods grace this day I will beginne afresh, as though it were the first day that euer I began to doe any good thing.

Eighthly, I must not make small account of little sinnes, nor be careless in committing them, but alwayes carrie the mind that I would not offend God willingly, euen in the least sinne, for any thing: and I must neuer thinke any thing little, wherewith so high a Maiestie is offended: for he that careth not to commit little sinnes, giueth the deuill a great aduantage to draw him into greater.

*Rules in sicknesse.*

IF my sicknesse be great, I shall not neede to force my selfe beyond my strength vnto any vocall prayers, more than in the morning dutifully to commend my selfe vnto God, with the Lords prayer, and the confession of Christian faith, or if I cannot well say so much, now and then I must call vnto God with short prayers as, *Lord Iesus saue me, Lord strengthen me, Lord graue me patience*, and such like. In sicknesse when I can beare it, it will be good, sometimes to haue part of some good booke read vnto me, but not ouermuch for feare of hurting my health. As in health I ought to be obedient to my superiours, and by diligent obseruation shew my duty towards God: so in sicknesse I must be contented to be ruled by the Physitians, and such as haue care of me in things belonging

longing to my bodily health: and I must perswade my selfe, that in that time I haue one chiefe rule to obserue, in being patient and tractable, which in such a case doth counteruaile the valour of all my vsuall exercises. I must also assure my selfe that I do God good seruice which I do any necessary thing, and take any conuenient recreation, that may further my health.

I must take heed of being testie or froward, which sicknesse for the most part doth cause, thinking that how much paine soeuer I suffer, Christ suffered farre more for my sake, and farre more had I suffered being since in hell, if God had dealt with me according to my deserts. It is good also to haue my will and testament in a readinesse, before I fall into any extremitie of sicknesse, that a certaine order be set downe for all temporall matters, that I be

not

not combred with them when it ſtandeth me moſt vpon to looke to my ſoule.

*Of the care of ſeruants.*

I Muſt ſee that they lie not out in the nights, but that I may know what becommeth of them: I muſt not keepe ſuch in my houſe as are ſwearers, liers, gamesters, or ſuch as are giuen to any notorious vice, vnleſſe there be great likelihood and certaine hope of their amendment. I muſt procure by what meanes conueniently I may, that they haue neceſſary inſtruction in matters appertaining to the ſaluation of their ſoules. I muſt take ſpeciall heed of any ſecret meetings, meſſages, or more than ordinary liking betweene the men and women of my familie: I muſt ſee that the men haue no haunt of women to their cham-

chambers, leſt lewdneſſe be cloaked vnder ſome other pretence: I muſt haue great regard that my chiefeſt officers and men of moſt account be truſtie perſons, of good life and example, becauſe the reſt will follow as they ſhall lead them. I muſt ſeeke as much as may be, that my ſeruants be not idle, nor ſuffered to vſe any great gaming, for by the one they ſhall fall into lewd life, and by the other into ſwearing, vnthriftineſſe, robbing, and ſuch vices; I muſt ſee that they haue their wages at due times, leſt for want they fall into bad courſes. When they doe not their duties, I muſt rebuke them agreeable to the quality of their fault, and not winke at great matters, leſt they wax careleſſe and bold to doe the like offences againe, yet muſt my rebukes be tempered with grauity and mildneſſe.

Of

I Must thinke that my Children so long as they are vnder age, and in my power or custody, ought to be kept, as my selfe, I hauing in this time to answer for them. I must take heed that they come not amongst such seruants, as are like to teach them to sweare, or any other vice, and I must giue speciall warning that none doe it. I must set honest and sound persons to gouerne them, that may also teach them vertue and goodnesse, yet not trusting too much to my seruants care, but that I my selfe haue a speciall eye ouer them, and take an account what they doe. I must vse them to deuotion by little and little, not cloying them with too much at once, but rather seeking to make them take a delight in it. I must instruct them in the points of faith, and true religion, and

teach them the Lords prayer, the Creed, and the ten Commandements. I must keepe them alwayes occupied in some profitable things, allotting them according to their age, more or lesse time of recreation. I must oftentimes remember vnto them the passions and sufferings of Christ for sinne, with the benefit of his death and glorious resurrection. I must breake them from their wils, and punish them as they deserue: yet remembring also that they are yong, and not keeping them in too much subiection, which may breed in them base and seruile minds, and make their loue lesse towards me; and I neuer ought to beat any child in mine anger. I must procure that they be taught such exercises and qualities, as are fit for those of their degree, and yet haue chiefe care that good and honest persons be about them. I must not vse them to vaine

dresses,

dresses, and costly apparell, but rather often shew them the vanitie thereof; yet must they not be too strait laced in this, nor in any other thing, which they are afterward to haue, lest the being too much barred from it make them more eager to haue it, when they come to enioy it at their owne will: I must vse them to giue almes, to make much of the poore, and to vse reuerence to aged persons and spirituall men: I must vse them: to reade good bookes, such as are fittest for their capacitie, and see them kept from vaine bookes of loue, and such like idle discourses, that doe peruert the minds of youth oftentimes for all their ensuing time after: I must hearten them as they grow in yeares, to suffer aduersity, and to digest griefe, especially in Gods cause, and a good quarrell, telling them the examples of others, and how good a thing patience

and

and constancie is.

When they are fit to goe to schoole, I must procure that they haue discreet and calme teachers, such as are not cholericke, hastie, or curst, lest they take dislike and tediousnesse in learning; for they must be rather wonne vnto it by praise and emulation of others, than by bayting and stripes; I must see that they be taught such ciuilitie, courtesie, and complements, as their degree and the time requireth, and frame them as much as may be, to be gentle, humble, and affable euen to the meanest, rebuking them for angry and sharpe words, or disdainefull behauiour, euen to their inferiours: I must not suffer the boyes and girles to be much together, especially out of sight, after eight or nine yeares of age, lest they fall to vnhappinesse: Likewise my daughters must not be amongst the men, nor my sonnes amongst the women.

When

When they come to such age, that they must of force be in many companies, I must procure some sound and honest persons to be, for the most part with them, to informe me of their course. I must make them in any wise to be ware of lewd conuersation, which is the ouerthrow of youth, and therefore cause this point to be beaten into them, by good and zealous men. I must neuer assure or matrie them, vntill they be of sufficient age to make their owne choice, and frame their liking; neither force them to any match, lest they curse me all their liues after, as it often happeneth.

*An order how to spend euery day.*

IN time of health houres of going to bed and rising, may be either nine and fiue, or ten

and

and sir, or according to the strength, or weaknesse of euery mans body, so they be certaine. After I am vp, for a good pretty space it is good not to talke, but at the least for halfe a quarter of an houre to busie my minde in prayer and meditation, and then afterwards to talke if need require, because my businesse with God being greater than with any man, it is fit that he should be first talked with of matters concerning my soule, and then others of worldly things. I must procure to goe neately and handsome in my attire, agreeable to my calling, and to auoid all kinde of vndecencie, which breedeth dislike and contempt, and doth rather offend than please God.

When I am ready, I must goe to my prayers appointed, and before I set my selfe to pray, I must call to minde what I promised to doe for any at that time,

of what other necessary businesse I haue then to dispatch, and I must keepe mouth in my words in the least things, cutting off occasions of being interrupted, as neere as I may. In prayer I must consider the presence of God, not speaking vnto him carelessly, or negligently, but thinke a few prayers well said better and more acceptable, than many hastily shuffled ouer: and I must not omit to remember the ioyes of heauen, the paines of hell, mine owne death, and the death of Christ for me. After prayer I must goe about some exercise of worke agreeable to my faculties and vocation, such as may be of some profit, holding an especiall respect about all things to sequester idlenesse, the parent of all vice. When I goe to dinner, I must thinke and consider for what end I am to eat; which is to helpe and strengthen nature, and to make my selfe able to

serue

serue my Creator and feeder, not to content mine owne appetite. I must learne my little children (if I haue any) to say some godly grace, or at the least performe that duty of thanksgiuing my selfe. When I am set, before I lay hand to my trencher, I may pause a while, and define God to giue me temperance and mindfulnesse of his presence. At meale I must neither be too curious or doubtfull of what I eat, neither precise in the quantitie, fineneſſe or courſeneſſe of the meate, but of that which God hath sent, take a competent meale, measurable to my need, and not hurtfull to my health. After dinner I must thanke God for his gifte, remembring the end why he hath sente me, that I should be the better able to serue him. I must also thinke that in my haue wanted that sufficiency which I haue had, and would be glad to re-

cept

so much as thy iustice (from which I cannot flie) putteth a great terror into my conscience? but contrariwise when I consider thy great mercy, which (as the Prophet witnesseth) exceedeth all thy workes, then doe I feele forthwith a fresh and pleasant aire of hope, to refresh and strengthen againe my weake and sorrowfull soule. Wherefore should I then despaire to obtaine pardō of him who hath so oftentimes in the holy Scriptures inuited sinners to repentance, saying: *I desire not the death of a sinner, but that he should liue and be conuerted.* Moreouer, thine onely begotten Sonne, our sweet Sauiour Iesus Christ hath reuealed vnto vs by many parables, how ready and willing thou art to graunt pardon vnto all such as are penitent for their sinnes. This he signifieth vnto vs by the Iewell lost, and found againe. By the strayed sheepe brought

home

home againe vpon the shepheards shoulders: and much more by the comparison of the prodigall sonne, whose liuely image I doe acknowledge in my selfe, for I am he that hath most vniustly forsaken thee, my louing Father, and haue riotously consumed my substance, and by obeying the appetites of my flesh, haue disobeyed thy commandements, and by breaking of them, haue fallen into the most filthie prison of sinne, being brought to extreme miserie, out of which I know none other that can helpe me, but onely thou my Almighty God, whom I haue forsaken. Receiue therefore (O Lord) mercifully the humble that desireth pardon of thee, whom thou hast so patiently looked for, euen vntill this present houre. Alas I am not worthy to lift vp mine eyes vnto thee, nor once to call thee Father, but forsomuch as thou art a true Fa-

ther in deed, may it please thee to view me with thy fatherly compassionate eyes, for thy onely sight is powerfull to raise the dead, and it is that which calleth all those that wander out of the way to returne againe to themselues. For this repentance and sorrow for my sinnes I had not had, if thou hadst not beheld me with thy mercies eye. When I went wandring afarre off from thee, thou didst looke downe euen from heauen vpon me, and didst open mine eyes that I might see my selfe, and take a view how full fraught I was with infinite sinnes, and euen at this instant thou commest to receiue me againe, giuing me knowledge and mindfulnesse of mine innocencie which I haue lost. I doe not request thy most sweet embracings and kisses; nor the rich garment that was wont to cloath me; neither yet the ring of mine ancient dignitie:

tie: I sue not to be restored againe into the state and dignitie of thy sonnes: but thou shalt do very much for me, in case it may please thee to number me amongst thy bondslaues, and so to marke me with thy signe, and to fetter me with thy chaines, that I may neuer after runne away from thee.

Againe, it shall neuer grieue me to be in this life, one of the most abiect slaues in thy house, so that I may neuer be separated from thee. Suffer me not gracious Lord to ruine the erring steps that I haue formerly done: for thou didst consecrate me for thy temple, and I made my selfe an habitation for the Deuill: Thou gauest me armour, and didst bind me to be thy true knight, and I haue gone traiterously to thy enemies side, vsing thine owne weapons against thee; thou didst espouse my soule vnto thee in perpetuall charitie, and I haue

proued disloyall, following the loue of vanities more than thy truth, and esteemed a creature more than the Creator. But now I ord inclide thee vnto me, I beseech thee O father of mercy, granting me the fauour of thine onely begotten Sonne, and the remedie of his most grieuous passion and death: graunt me also thy holy spirit, that it may cleanse my heart, and confirme it in thy grace and fauour, that through mine ignorance I doe neuer runne againe into my late banishment, from whence thy louing kindnesse hath called me backe, but that I may continue in thy obedience, euen from this present houre of my repentance vnto the last houre of my transitory life. To thee O my Lord be perpetuall glory, honour, power, and dominion, world without end.

OF

# OF THE THREE SORTS OF MEN, ALL DIVERSLY affected in things concerning God.

*Men are either*

OPEN WICKED, Licentious and prophane liuers, professed enemies of the Law of the Lord. Iob. 21.14,15.

These are borne but after the flesh, therefore sauour they onely the things of the flesh, and remaine as they are by nature, children of wrath. Ioh. 3.6. 1 Cor. 2.16 Ephe. 2.3.

HYPOCRITES, *Outwardly religious, but inwardly wicked, hating Gods Law, and the true righteousnesse.* *Isay* 29. 13. *Mic* 3. 11.

*These seeme to be renewed, and born again of the Spirit, they are inlightened & beast of heauenly grace: yet continue they still in their old naturall corruption, vnwashed from their plehinesse.* *Heb.* 6.4. *Esa.* 65.5. *Ioh.* 8. 41.22. *Pro.* 30.12.

SAINTS, that rightly beleeue and obey Gods word, with their vtmost powers, the friends of the Lord. Psal 119.3. 5.10.11 &c.

These are borne anew, not of bloud, nor of the will of the flesh or of man, but of God: therefore they sauour the things of God, & minde heauenly things, being children of *Hasdome.* Ioh. 6.13. & 3.3. Luke 7.35.

| Open wicked. | Hypocrites. | Saints. |
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| These are neither chosen of God, nor called; being neither of the Church, nor in the same. Psal. 11.5. Reu.22.14. 1Cor.5.12. | *These are called, but not chosen, are in the Church for a while, but not of it. Mat.22.14. 1 Iob. 2.19.* | These are called and chosen of God; are both in & of the Church, and so continue. Ephes. 1.4. &c. Iob 17.9. |
| In these sinne daily increaseth inwardly and outwardly, till righteousnesse in thē be vtterly extinct. Psal.36.1.2.3.4. | *In these, righteousnesse increaseth outwardly, but sin liueth inwardly, and abounded. Isa.1.11. &c. Ier.3.4,5.* | In these, sinne dieth and righteousnesse reuiueth daily, both inwardly and outwardly. Rom. 6. 2,3,4,&c. |
| To these the law if it be sent cōmeth in tables of stone, (for such is the nature of hearts;) but they receiue it not; the tables are broken before they come at them, for these dance (as it were) about the golden calfe of their owne impietie, | *To these God giueth the stony tables, and they receiue them; but Moses face so shineth, that they cannot looke vpon him, vnlesse he veile his countenance. They outwardly keepe the law, and rest therein, they also teach others to keepe it, yet are themselues* | To these the law is not giuen, or it lieth not (ἐν πεῖται) on them. 1 Tim. 1. 9. for they haue the Gospell, the Law and Ministerie of the Spirit, and Gods word is written in fleshly tables of their hearts, within and without by the finger |

of

OPEN WICKED. know not what is become of Moses, they breake and violate all. Exod. 32. Yet vnto such the Law is giuen, and lieth vpon them as a curse and condemnation. 1. Tim. 1. 9. Deut. 27. 15. 26.

These keepe not the Law, neither are they kept by the Law, but breake forth into all sinne and wickednesse. Iob 24. 13. &c. Psal. 73. 8. 9.

These hate the Law, and professe their hatred. Psal. 2. 3. Iob. 21. 17.

These are naked, yet without shame: though all men see their

IMPERCEIVED transgressors of it, the inward power and vse thereof they cannot see. Exod. 34. 29, 30, &c. 2 Cor. 3. 13, 14. Rom. 2. 17, 22, 23, &c.

These, though they keepe not the Law, yet are kept by the Law, and restrained by terrour thereof, from open wickednesse. Matth. 23. 13. 26. 23. 25.

These hate the Law, but professe to loue it. Psal. 78. 36, 37.

These ashamed of their nakednes, cover it with figleaues, or spiders

SAINTS of God and they all behold as in a mirrour, the glorie of the Lord with open face, and are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord. 2 Cor. 3. 3. 18. Ezec. 11. 19. Heb. 8. 10.

These are the right keepers of the Law in spirit which sometime also were kept of the Law, til Faith came. Psal. 119. 33, 34. Gal. 3. 23. 25.

These loue the Law, and professe their loue. Psalme 119. 97. Rom. 7. 22.

Their have their nakednes covered of Christ, and

| OPEN WICKED. | HYPOCRITES. | SAINTS. |
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| filthinesse, they hide it not. Ier. 6. 15. and 8. 12. | *webs of their owne externall righteousnesse. Isay 59. 5. 6.* | the garments of his righteousnes. Reuel. 3. 18. and 16. 15. |
| These call not vpon God. Psal. 14. 4. | *These crie but God heareth them not. Isa. 1. 15.* | These call vpon God, and he answereth them. Ier. 29. 12, 13. |
| These accustomed to doe euill, neither change themselues nor their actions. Ier. 13. 23. | *These change their words and workes, but not themselues. Gen. 4. 3. & 8. 8, 9. Hos. 7. 16.* | These change both their actions and themselues; or rather are changed of the Lord. Rom. 12. 2. |
| These are strangers, not children nor yet seruants in the houshold of faith. Ephes. 2. 12. Psal. 58. 3. | *These are in the house, but as seruants, not as children. Iohn 8. 35, 36. Galat. 4. 22. &c.* | These are no more strangers but children of Gods familie, wherein they abide for euer. Gal. 4. 28. 1 Ioh. 3. |
| These go not out to meet the bride-groome, neither come to the wedding though they be inuited. Mat. 22. 5. | *These goe with their Lampes, but without oile; they come to the feast but want the wedding garment. Mat. 25. 3 & 22. 11, 12.* | These goe to meet the bridegroom with oyle in their lamps, & are arrayed with the wedding robe. Mat. 25. 4. |
| These are darkenesse, both | *These are light before the world,* | These are light, both before God and |

| OPEN WICKED, | HYPOCRITES, | SAINTS, |
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| before God and the world. Pro. 4. 19. | *but darkenesse before God. Mat. 6. 2. 5. 16. Isa. 58. 2. 3. 8.* | and the world. Ephes. 5. 8. Mat. 5. 16. Phil. 2. 15. |
| These, though sicke vnto death, yet like the mad man possessed of deuils, Mar. 5. 2, 3. &c. which raued, and felt not, nor discerned his owne miserie, they seeke no remedie for their disease. Prouerb. 14. 16 &. 23. 34. 35. | *These though they see and know their sicknesse, yet like to King Asa, they seeke not the Lord in their disease, but to the Physitians, or with salues and medicines of their own making, thinke to cure themselues. 2 Chro. 16. 12. Ioh. 5. 40 Hos. 5. 13.* | These see their sinnes and feele themselues wounded by those fierie serpents, but lift vp their eyes to the serpent of brasse: they seeke to Christ onely, the Physitian of their souls. Numbers 21. 8. 9. Ioh. 3. 14. 15. |
| These doe the euill which they loue and would doe. ob 20. 12. 13. Prou. 2. 14. | *These doe not the euill which they loue, but the good which they loue not. Nũ. 14. 2. 4. 40* | These loue good and desire to doe it, yet doe the euill which they hate. Rom. 7. 15. |
| These expect no saluation, either by themselues or by any other. Isay 22. 13. | *These expect saluation by themselues, and their owne righteousnes. Ro. 10. 3. Ier. 2. 3. 5.* | These expect saluation onely by Christs righteousnesse, not by themselues. Phil. 3. 9. Ro. 3. 24. 28. |
| These die by Moses sword, as | *These vnder Moses conduct* | These after Moses death, are |

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| OPEN WICKED, the Idolaters, Exod. 32. the Midianites, Numb. 31. the Amorites, Sihon, Og, and the like. | HYPOCRITES perish by God's hand in the desert, and come not into the Land of promise. | SAINTS brought by Iesus into the rest of Canaan: the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Heb. 4. 8, 9. |
| *These both shall perish, and be punished with everlasting perdition, from the presence of the Lord; their portion shall be with the devils in the lake of fire and brimstone, which is the second death.* Mat. 25. 30. 41. & 24. 51. Iob 13. 16. 2. Thes. 1. 8, 9. Reue. 20. 10. 13. 15. | | These shall enter into the ioy of their Lord; shall liue and reigne with him in heauen, and with his holy Angels for euermore. Amen. Mat. 25. 21. 34. 46. |
| The wicked shall turne into hell. Psal. 9. 17. | *The Hypocrites hope shall perish.* Iob 8. 13. | The Saints shall be preserued for euer. Psal. 37. 28. |
| *The reioycing of the wicked is short; the ioy of Hypocrites is but a moment.* Iob 20. 5. | | And men shall say, Verily there is fruit for the righteous, doubtlesse there is a God that iudgeth in the earth. Psal. 58. 11. |

*A prayer vnto God the Father.*

THou that rulest in the highest, reignest for euer, & onely canst doe all things, God the gouernour of heauen and earth, at whose becke all creatures tremble, and the pillars of heauen shake; O heauenly God, perfect workman and Potter, I wretch made out of clay, or rather of filthy mudde, with feare and trembling come before the throne of thy maiestie. I acknowledge and confesse my wickednesse, I know that I am nothing, yea, that I am meere abomination and horror in thy sight, if thy grace and mercie doe faile me: without thee I thinke no goodnesse, without thee I doe no good thing: without thee I am a contemptible creeping worme.

I cannot be saued without thine assistance, my saluation dependeth

pendeth on thy hands. I giue thee thankes O God, and in especiall for this, for that thou hast giuen me that knowledge, that I may see and know that I am nothing, & vnable to do any thing without thee. Thou art the Potter, I the clay; such as thou wilt haue me be, such canst thou forme and fashion me: if thou makest me blessed, thou shewest thy mercy and grace: if thou castest me into perdition, thou shewest thy iustice, and executest thy iudgement: neither is it my duty to contradict thee, why, or for what reason thou doest it. For thou hast mercy vpon him whom thou louest: these things I meditate with my selfe, O Lord, and I feare thy iudgements.

Since therefore all my safetie and saluation dependeth on thee, and consisteth in thy hand and power, and sith thou hast shewed thy selfe a merciful and long-suffering God to the whole world:

world: and hast testified the same indeed in that thou wouldest thy onely Sonne Iesus Christ the innocent should die for our offences, and expiate our sinnes with his bloud on the Crosse: Finally, since thou hast taught vs in all our perturbations to call vpon thee, and aske thy grace and mercy, for that thou wilt giue vs all things which we shall aske in the name of thy Sonne: I come vnto thee, being drosse and a lumpe of clay, O mercifull and celestiall Potter, beseeching thee most humbly, that thou wilt vse thy mercie, and make of this vnworthy matter, a vessell of eternall glorie. Vouchsafe also of thy meere grace, to fix my mind on perfect faith, assured hope, and chaste and holy loue, that being iustified by these thy gifts, I may become vpright, perfect, good and holy, according to thy good will, both in the midst, and end of my life, as also at the latter

day of iudgement.

O mercifull Father, grant me pardon of all my sinnes: through the death of thy beloued Sonne Iesus Christ, make me to please thee alone: grant me to be thy gratefull sonne and heire, increase in me that iustice whatsoeuer, which is giuen me, and granted from heauen, that I may continue and end my life in the same: increase in me that faith which thou hast giuen me: kindle my loue of thee, and make it more apparent, that by thy helpe, and the presence of thy grace, and the accomplishment of thy holy wil, I may obtaine euerlasting life which thou hast promised vs, to the end I may praise thee, and giue thee thanks in thy kingdome, for euer and euer. Amen.

*A Prayer to God the Sonne.*

O Thou maker and redeemer of mankinde, Iesus Christ, who

who saidest, I am the way, the truth, and the life, the way in doctrine, precept and examples: the truth in promises: the life in reward: I pray thee by thy vnspeakable charitie, wherewith thou daignest to imploy thy selfe wholly for our saluation, suffer me neuer to wander from thee who art the way: neither euer to distrust in thy promises, who art the truth, and performest whatsoeuer thou doest promise: neither to repose or relie on any other thing, because thou art eternall life, than which, there is nothing more to be desired, neither in heauen nor in earth. By thee haue we learned the true and ready way to eternall saluation, lest we should wander any longer in the Labyrinths of this life. Thou didst teach vs exactly how to beleeue, what to doe, what to hope, and in whom we ought to rest: by thee we haue learned how vnhappie we were

borne

borne through our first father *Adam*, by thee we have learned that there is no hope of salvation, except by faith in thee.

Thou hast taught vs that thou art the onely light that shinest to all men in the desert of this world, conducting them through the night of their minds, from the Egyptian darkenesse, to that blessed Land which thou promisest vnto the meeke, and such as follow thy humility. For in vs was nothing but vtter darknesse, who neither could see our calamity, neither know from whence to seeke the remedie of our misery: thou daignedst to enter into the world, vouchsafedst to take vpon thee our nature, that thy doctrine might disperse the cloud of our ignorance: that by thy precepts thou mightst direct our feet in the way of peace: by the examples of thy life, thou didst limit out a path for vs to immortality; and beating it with

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thy steps, thou madest it of a tedious and rough, an easie and beaten way. So becamest thou vnto vs a way that knoweth no errour, in which left we should be wearied, thy bounty with great & assured promises, vouchsafed to assure vs: for who could be wearied, that thinketh how in following thy footsteps, there is an heritage of eternall life prepared for him? Therefore whilst we are in this iourney, thou wouldest in steadi of a staffe be an assured hope vnto vs, whereby we might be sustained.

Neither was thy goodnesse tōtented herewith, but acknowledging the frailty of our natures, in the meane space with the comfort of the holy Spirit thou repairest our courages, to the end that we may more willingly run vnto thee. And as thou being made a way vnto vs driuest away all errour, to becoming our truth, thou takest away al distrust.

Finally,

Finally, being made life vnto vs, thou giueſt heat vnto thoſe that are dead in ſinne, a life through thy holy ſpirit which quickeneth all things; vntill all mortality laid aſide, in the reſurrection we may alwaies liue with thee and in thee, by reaſon that thou art vnto vs all in all things: For it is eternall life to know the Father, and the Sonne, and the holy Ghoſt to be one true God. Wherefore I beſeech thee, O moſt mercifull Father, to increaſe faith in me who am thy vnworthy ſeruant, leſt at any time I wauer in thy celeſtiall doctrine: increaſe obedience in me, leſt I ſwerue from thy precepts: increaſe conſtancy, that walking in thy wayes, I neither be allured by the inticements of Satan, nor dejected by his terrors, but that I may perſeuer in thee who art the true way, to my liues end. Increaſe my faith, that poſſeſſed of thy promiſes, I may neuer

wax

wax slow in the study of godlinesse, but forgetting those things I haue left behinde me, I may alwayes striue and endeuour for more perfection.

Increase thy grace in me, that daily more and more being mortified my selfe, I may liue and be incouraged by thy holy Spirit, fearing nothing but thee, than whom there is nothing more amiable; glorying in none but in thee, who art the true glorie of all the Saints; wishing nothing but thee, than whom there is nothing better; desiring nothing but thee, who art full and perfect felicitie, with the Father and the holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

*A Prayer to God the holy Ghost.*

HOly Spirit, our Aduocate, who on Whitsunday didst descend vpon thy Apostles, filling their

their bosomes with charity, grace, and wisdome: I pray thee by that thy vnspeakable mercy and liberality, that thou wilt vouchsafe to fill the secrets of my soule with thy grace, and water my inward heart with the vnspeakable sweetnesse of thy loue. Come holy Ghost, and from heauen send a beame of thy light. Come thou Father of the poore, come thou giuer of gifts, come thou light of hearts, come thou gracious comforter, thou sweet guest of my soule, my pleasant refresher. Come thou Physitian of those that faint, come thou purger of sins, come thou strength of the frayle, come thou remedie of sinnes, come thou doctor of the humble, come thou destroyer of the proud, come thou excellent ornament of all vertues: come thou onely saluation of the dying. Come my God, & adorne a bed for thee, in which I may worthily entertaine thee, with

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all thy riches and mercies: fill me with the gifts of thy wisdome, illuminate me with the benefit of vnderstanding, gouerne me with the gift of counsell, confirme me with the gift of fortitude, instruct me with the gift of science, wound me with the gift of pietie, and pierce my heart with the gift of thy holy feare.

O sweet louer of cleane hearts, burne & inflame all my bowels with the sweet fire of thy loue, that being inflamed, they may be carried & rauished into thee, who art the center and finall end of all my good: ô sweet louer of holy soules, since thou art not ignorant that I can do nothing of my selfe, nor by my selfe, stretch out thy fauorable hand ouer me, & grant that I may forsake my selfe, & flie vnto thee: mortifie, extinguish & dissolue in me whatsoeuer is displeasant vnto thee, that in all things thou mayst conforme me vnto thy will, that my

life

life hereafter may be a perfect sacrifice in thy sight, or rather an offering which may wholly be consumed in the fire of thy loue.

O who shall giue me the grace, that I may at least attaine this chiefe good? Looke vpon me, ô Lord, looke vpon me, and see here this thy poore creature, my soule sighing after thee day and night, how she thirsteth after God: when shall I come and appeare before the presence of thy grace? When shall I enter into that admirable place of thy Tabernacle, that I may attaine the house of my God? When wilt thou fill me with the light of thy countenance? when shall I be satiate with the presence of thy glory? When shall I by thy meanes be deliuered from all temptations? and when shall I ouercome this frailty of my mortalitie? O eternall fountaine of light, bring me backe againe to the Abysse of eternall goodnesse,

by

by whom I am created, that there I may know thee, euen as I am knowne of thee, and may so loue thee, as I am loued by thee, that I may see and enioy thee in the societie of all the elect, euen as thou also hast seene me from euerlasting. Amen.

FINIS.